VILL LANA MARRY TURHAN? by Louella Parsons

Modern Screen

MBER

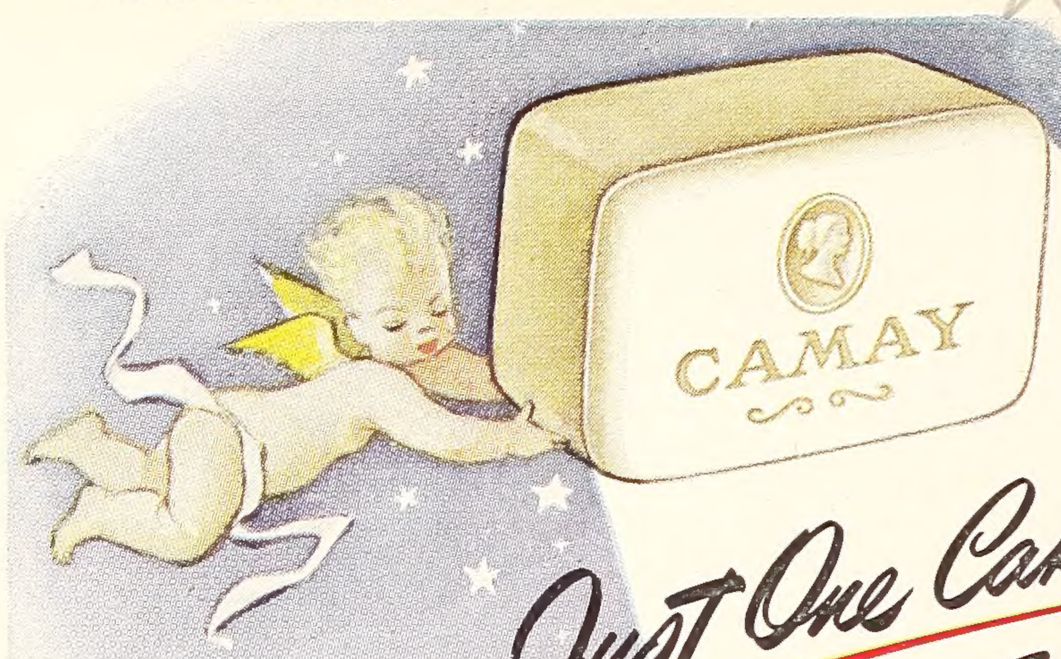
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Just One Cake of Camay and you can have Softer, Smoother Skin!

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Two's a Honeymoon . . . on their picturesque schooner, Glad Tidings. "Now that I'm a sailor's sweetheart—for life," smiles Stella, "I count on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet to help keep my skin nice, despite wind and air." To win *your* lovelier Camay complexion, follow instructions on the Camay wrapper.



—the former Stella Mikrut,
Mrs. Robert F. Linder Jr.
Little Neck, Long Island

Please—make each cake of Camay last! Precious war materials go into soap.

"All you care about is pretty girls!"



GIRL: And if a girl's like me, and *isn't* pretty, *she might as well stay home!*

CUPID: Or, my peevish pigeon, she might remember to stop glooming and start gleaming! Even a *plain* girl's pretty when she turns on a sparkling smile! And that means *you,* Sis!

GIRL: Wonderful! And maybe you'll tell me what happens if I haven't *got* a sparkling smile . . . What then?



CUPID: You look at your tooth brush, Sugar. See any "pink" on it lately?

GIRL: And if I have?

CUPID: You see your dentist right away!

GIRL: Dentist? My teeth don't hurt!

CUPID: Angel . . . dentists aren't just for toothaches. And that tinge of "pink" is a warning to see yours soon! He may find your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Oh? And *right away* I get a brilliant, sparkling smile, huh?

CUPID: Not at all, Sugar. But massaging a little Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth will help you to healthier gums. And that means brighter, sounder teeth. A smile with more sparkle. A smile you can use to fill up your date book. Start with Ipana and massage today!



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IPANA AND MASSAGE

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The greatest star of the screen!

We've just composed a two-word definition of good motion picture entertainment. It's "Anchors Aweigh", the title of M-G-M's big Technicolor musical salute with a full complement of 21 show-stopping numbers.



★ ★ ★ ★

Here's the picture with everything: Stars, a good story, gifted direction, music, dancing, *and* that certain something to make you completely content.



First for the stars. "Anchors Aweigh" has Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly, and Jose Iturbi.

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From FRANK SINATRA you get four numbers, duets with other principals, and—shiver our timbers!—some fancy footwork as a bonus! From honey-throated KATHRYN GRAYSON you get the title song, a Spanish number, six popular arias, and that smash song, "All of a Sudden My Heart Sings"!

★ ★ ★ ★

From GENE KELLY you get plenty of the dazzle-dancing you expect—only it's more dazzling—plus duets with Frankie and Kathryn, and a dance number with —we swear it!—an animated mouse!

★ ★ ★ ★

From the three you get romantic escapades with complications of hilarity. From JOSE ITURBI you get music—by a 100-piece band, a symphony orchestra, a Hollywood Bowlful of 18 grand pianos!

★ ★ ★ ★

From these four—and from Dean Stockwell, Pamela Britton, "Rags" Ragland, Billy Gilbert, Henry O'Neill—you get the merry musical story of two sailors on leave in Hollywood with nothing on their minds but what you'd expect.

★ ★ ★ ★

Isobel Lennart's screen play provides many a gay situation which George Sidney's direction and Joe Pasternak's production turn into sheer delight.



★ ★ ★ ★

Technicolor enhances the beauty, gaiety, and charm of it all.

★ ★ ★ ★

It doesn't take a prophet to forecast the success of "Anchors Aweigh". It's a nautical nifty from M-G-M's top musical drawer.

—Lea

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It was all yo-ho-ho and a barrel of fun when Dana Andrews played host to two gobs, two gals and a spanking fresh swimming pool 30

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ALBERT P. DELACORTE, *Executive Editor*
HENRY P. MALMGREEN, *Editor*
SYLVIA WALLACE, *Hollywood Editor*
OTTO STORCH, *Art Director*
BILL WEINBERGER, *Art Editor*
GUS GALE and WALT DAVIS, *Photographers*

Editorial Assistants: Charis Zeigler, Mickey Ghidalia, Beryl Stoller.
Service Dept.: Toussia Pines. Information Desk: Beverly Linet



POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3578 and copies returned under Label Form 3579 to 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York
Vol. 31, No. 4, September, 1945. Copyright, 1945, the Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 149 Madison Ave., New York. Published monthly. Printed in U. S. A. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Single copy price, 15c in U. S. and Canada. U. S. subscription price, $1.50 a year. Canadian subscription, $1.80 a year. Foreign subscription $2.70 a year. Entered as second class matter Sept. 18, 1930, at the post office, Dunellen, N. J, under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional second class entries at Seattle, Wash., San Francisco, Calif., Dallas, Texas, and New Orleans, La. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Names of characters used in semi-fictional matter are fictitious. If the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trademark No. 301773.

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FRANK SINATRA ★ KATHRYN GRAYSON ★ GENE KELLY

ANCHORS AWEIGH

with JOSE ITURBI



DEAN STOCKWELL • PAMELA BRITTON • "RAGS" RAGLAND • BILLY GILBERT • HENRY O'NEILL

Screen Play by Isobel Lennart • Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

SONGS! "WHAT MAKES THE SONSET?" ★ "I BEGGED HER" ★ "I FALL IN LOVE TOO EASILY" ★ THE WORRY SONG ★ "MY HEART SINGS" ★ "ANCHORS AWEIGH"



by Virginia Wilson

MOVIE REVIEWS

Christmas in Connecticut

■ Christmas would be okay in Connecticut or anywhere else, with a cast like this. Barbara Stanwyck, Dennis Morgan, Sydney Greenstreet, S. Z. Sakall and Reginald Gardiner all do their best to make it a merry one. La Stanwyck alternates comedy and romance with the greatest of ease, as Elizabeth Lane, author of the famous "Diary Of a Housewife" in Smart Housekeeping magazine. Thousands of readers drool over Elizabeth's descriptions of mince pies baking in the huge oven of her Connecticut farm kitchen. They would be pretty upset if they were to find out that she really lives in a small New York apartment and can't so much as boil an egg. Alexander Yardley (Sydney Greenstreet) the magazine's publisher, would be even more upset. He, like his readers, believes Elizabeth to be a perfect wife, mother and cook! He has even extended an invitation to a young war hero to be a guest at Elizabeth's farm for Christmas.

This makes things a bit awkward. Because she not only hasn't a farm—she hasn't a husband or baby, either. If Yardley finds that out he'll fire her, and the department store will take back her new mink coat. In desperation, Elizabeth decides to marry a dull young man whom she's known for years. His name is John Sloan, and he has a perfectly beautiful farm in Connecticut. They can be married at the farm, and Elizabeth will take Felix along to do the cooking. Felix (S. Z. Sakall), who runs a restaurant, gives her all her recipes anyway.

It might have worked except for a couple of (*Continued on page* 8)



Sophisticate Elizabeth Lane (B. Stanwyck) poses as domestic type to war hero D. Morgan.

WINNER OF SIX ACADEMY AWARDS...
WINNER OF A NATION'S PRAISE...
WINNER OF A WORLD'S HEART...



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WILSON

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RUTH NELSON • SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
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AND A HUGE CAST OF 12,000

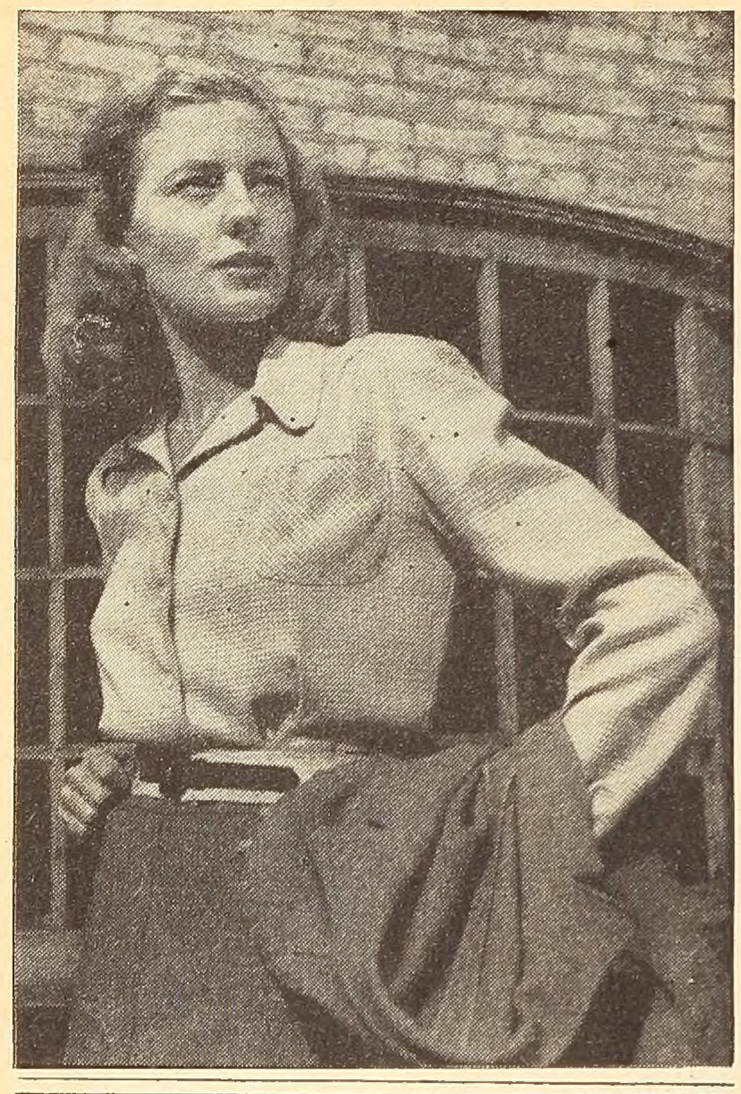
20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

Directed by HENRY KING

Written for the Screen by LAMAR TROTTI

200 SPECTACULAR SCENES! A SCORE OF 87 HEART-STIRRING SONGS!

EVERYBODY HAS A SWEET TOOTH FOR THESE TATTERTOOTH CHECKS!



Write your favorite store or the store nearest you, for it . . . by all means get America's newest smash-hit blouse! Beige or blue tattertooth check by Mooresville, "French flannel" finish fabric with the Crown Tested "go-ahead-and-wash" Green label. Sizes 12 to 20 . . . and only about $5.



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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT

unforeseen complications. A—the hero, J. Jones (Dennis Morgan), arrives before Elizabeth and John have time to get married. B—Elizabeth immediately falls in love with Jonesie. And he begins to think there might be something to this marriage business after all. When he sees Elizabeth with the baby (borrowed from a neighbor for the occasion) he goes all sentimental, and wishes he had a wife and little girl like that. Elizabeth wishes so, too, but it's a little hard to explain to him how easily it could be managed. Because Mr. Yardley has come to spend Christmas with them, and he mustn't find out she isn't married to John.—*War.*

P. S.

The fourteen-foot Christmas tree used in many of the scenes was the most temperamental actor in the picture. An out-of-season item, it had to be replaced four times during the production so that it would be as fresh looking at the end as at the beginning. . . . When Miss Stanwyck's birthday rolled around during production, the cast presented her with an enormous birthday cake and the usual armload of "gag" presents. Another cause for celebration was a visit from her Navy husband, Lt. (j.g.) Robert Taylor. . . . Dennis Morgan's collection of war maps was practically worn ragged before the picture was finished. Crew members checked them daily to follow the progress of the swiftly moving war. . . . When two cows were brought onto the set to provide a bit of farming atmosphere, Wisconsin born Dennis proved himself a true product of the Dairy State by going right to work and milking them. . . . With a long list of film appearances behind him, S. Z. Sakall's career was kissless until this one came along. Barbara is the gal who gets to plant a kiss on his chubby cheek. . . . In two years, Sydney Greenstreet has become one of Hollywood's top-flight character actors, famed as a creator of terror at its most terrifying. But in this one, Mr. Greenstreet is neither killer nor spy—merely a magazine publisher. . . . Despite (or maybe because of) his 280 lbs. Sydney was the big hit of the square dance sequence. . . . Reversing the usual procedure, twin babies played the part of one infant. Restrictions allow small children to be before the cameras only four hours a day, so the two look-alikes were a great help in meeting production schedules. . . . Reggie Gardiner returned from a USO tour in the icy reaches of the Arctic Circle, blessing the California climate. The first day he reported to the set it was buried beneath tons of artificial snow.

OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES

Set a thief to catch a thief. I'm referring to Margaret O'Brien, and before anyone starts suing for libel, let me say hastily that I refer to the good old Hollywood sport of scene stealing. In "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes," Margaret hooks scenes right out from under the noses of such accomplished scene stealers as Edward G. Robinson, James Craig and Jackie Jenkins.

The basic theme of the picture is the charming relationship between little Selma Jacobson (Margaret O'Brien) and her father, Martinius (Edward G. Robinson.) Selma is a cute child of seven who gets into the normal amount of mischief but makes up for it by her sweetness. The big farm they live on is a fine place for children to play, and Selma usually has her cousin, Arnold (Jackie Jenkins), to keep her company. Arnold is two years younger than Selma, which makes her a little bossy. She doesn't always get away with it, though.

At the moment, a couple of exciting events have taken place. One is the birth of a new baby calf. What makes that so thrilling is that Selma's father has told her she can have it for her very own. Her mother (Agnes Moorehead) says quietly, "Do you mean *really,* Martinius, or just pretend?" He means *really,* and Selma is almost overcome with delight. The other excitement is the arrival in town of a new schoolteacher. Miss Johnson (Frances Gifford) is young and pretty, and the editor of the local paper (James Craig) begins to take more than a reporter's interest in her.

Selma's father has something on his mind these days. His neighbor, Bjornson, has just built an enormous new barn, with all the most modern improvements. Martinius would love to have a barn like that, too. "I'll bet Mrs. Bjornson sometimes wishes she was a cow," Mrs. Jacobson says grimly, and it's true that in this Wisconsin farm country, the barn is apt to outshine the house.

The seasons pass. Autumn, with school beginning. Christmas, and Selma reading a Christmas story at the school entertainment. Spring, when the river overflows and Selma and Arnold float off in a bathtub. Summer, and Bjornson's barn burns down. The sequel to that makes one of those scenes where Margaret walks off with your heart all over again.—*M-G-M*

P. S.

Instead of filling a scrapbook with clippings about herself, Margaret O'Brien's collecting all the news of her favorite actress, Elizabeth Taylor. Margaret's personal clippings are taken care of by Mrs. O'Brien, who's had to buy a filing cabinet to accommodate all the news of her wonder child. . . . After seeing "National Velvet" nine times, Margaret decided she had to have a horse. So Producer Joe Pasternack presented her with a colt named "Lightning." Margaret is hopefully waiting for it to develop into a prize winning racer like the hero of her favorite picture. . . . It's officially "Butch" Jenkins now. The studio tried to dignify him with the name of Jackie, but "Butch" stuck to him like glue. So now for the first time he's getting screen credit under his nickname. . . . For awhile it seemed that "The Canterville Ghost" had gotten loose on the set. In one scene a Christmas tree was all decked out in long strings of popcorn. Mysteriously, the popcorn disappeared from the tree between scenes. Eventually it was discovered that both Margaret and Butch were devouring the props. . . . Workmen labored four long hours above the sound stage rigging up rain pipes. When the water was finally turned on it couldn't compare with the California "dew" falling on the outside. Eddie Robinson suggested it might be a lot easier just to cut a hole in the roof. . . . Agnes Moorhead playing the farm wife, is one of the few women in

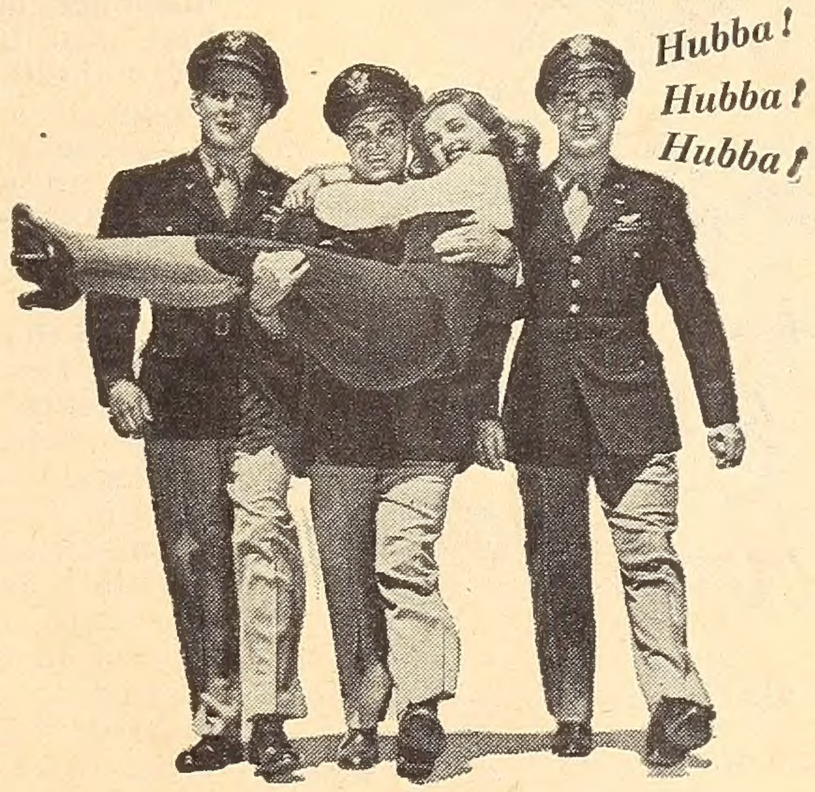


You Came Along



beautiful . . . blonde . . .
aloof . . . alluring . . .

What a gal to be picked to ride herd on three wild and willing bird-guys!



Robert "Princess O'Rourke" Cummings
Lizabeth Scott
Don DeFore

in HAL WALLIS' Production

"You Came Along"

Four wonderful kids—living
the great love story of our day

with CHARLES DRAKE • JULIE BISHOP
KIM HUNTER • HELEN FORREST
Directed by John Farrow
A Paramount Picture

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Hollywood who would feel right at home in the part. She owns a prosperous farm back in Ohio. . . . James Craig, who is thoroughly at home playing a newspaperman after a long line of such parts, ran into a bit of trouble in his role of country editor. One scene had him composing a news story while simultaneously setting it up on the linotype and reading it aloud to Frances Gifford. . . . Lionel Barrymore paid Margaret O'Brien the compliment of her life when he presented her with a gold ring owned by his actress grandmother, Mrs. John Drew. He said Margaret was the first actress worthy of having the treasured heirloom.

CAPTAIN EDDIE

The critics admitted that Fred McMurray was quite an actor when they saw him in "Double Indemnity." His performance as Eddie Rickenbacker in "Captain Eddie" is even more convincing. You remember the newspaper accounts of Rickenbacker's miraculous rescue after weeks adrift on a raft? Just the bare facts, as told in those accounts, brought a lump to your throat. Now the whole story of Eddie Rickenbacker's life has been filmed, and it couldn't be more inspiring.

It begins in Columbus, Ohio when Eddie is twelve years old. His passion for machines of all kinds is forever getting him into trouble. One day he borrows an umbrella from one neighbor and a baby buggy from another, and constructs an "airplane." All the kids in the vicinity collect to watch Eddie "fly off the roof of Smith's barn." Eddie flies *off*, all right and lands on the ground with a horrible crash. He's lucky he isn't killed. Next he uses his only five dollars to go up in a plane which takes sightseers over the County Fair. The plane hits an air pocket before it really gets up, and Eddie again escapes death by a narrow margin. This time his mother makes him promise never to fly again.

Eddie's father (Charles Bickford) understands and sympathizes with the boy's love of machinery. "Pin your hopes and dreams to a machine," he tells his son soberly, "then work to make your dreams come true." Eddie always remembers that, long after a machine has been the death of his father. He goes to work for an automobile company, and it's through an automobile that he meets his future wife. Adelaide (Lynn Bari) isn't much impressed at first with either the car or its driver. But Eddie eventually sells her on the idea that the automobile is here to stay, and sells himself with it. Then comes World War I and he switches from cars to planes and becomes America's leading flier.

At the time of the second World War, Eddie is no longer young. But he still knows planes better than anyone, and the government needs his services. When Eddie and his crew are forced down at sea, the search for them is carried on with all possible resources. The story of the grim, heartbreaking weeks on that life raft is something for you to remember always.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

Producer Winfield Sheehan had six biographers work two years collecting data on Rickenbacker's life before a single word of the screen play was put on paper. When enough material was uncovered, Alva Johnston put it into a life story of over 700 pages, from which John Tucker Battle fashioned the screen play. . . . Before shooting, permission was obtained to impersonate all the living persons in the story. To insure absolute accuracy, technical advisers from the fields of aviation, auto racing, and the Army were engaged. . . . 20th Century-Fox scouts scoured the whole country and managed to dig up 34 old-time cars that could still percolate. Everything from a 1902 Columbus Horseless Carriage to a 1928 Rickenbacker sedan are driven by stars Fred MacMurray and Lynn Bari. . . . Before "Captain Eddie" was finished, Fred, disgusted at the subterfuge necessary to round up a package of cigarettes, bid goodbye to the habit without too much wear and tear on his disposition. . . . Both Lynn and Fred were happy about the love scenes. Well over six feet, Fred usually makes love to a girl who is perched precariously on a box. Lynn, on the other hand, claims to have made most of her love scenes in stocking feet to cut her height. . . . Lynn has the distinction of having been under contract to 20th longer than any other player on the lot. She had an early start though—got her first contract at the ripe old age of 13. . . . Before undertaking the part of Lt. Whittaker, Lloyd Nolan spent almost a week with the Lieutenant and got at first hand the details of the time Lt. Whittaker was adrift with Rickenbacker on the sea. . . . Both the Army and the Navy cooperated in making the picture. The Army Air Corps loaded a B-17 and life rafts for the Pacific crash, and the Navy allowed the use of a pontoon plane for the rescue scenes.

PARIS UNDERGROUND

Whether a war picture is dated or not depends a lot on how it is handled and who is in it. Connie Bennett, Gracie Fields and Kurt Kreuger make "Paris Underground" so convincing that you forget it all took place some time ago. The story begins the day the Germans enter Paris. There were some people, even that day, who wouldn't believe that the Germans were actually coming. Among them is chic and glamorous Kitty de Mornay (Constance Bennett). Kitty has just left her husband after one of their periodic battles, and is more concerned with that than with the approaching army. She comes to the apartment of her old friend, an Englishwoman named Emmeline Quayle (Gracie Fields). Emmy has quite a time convincing the irresponsible Kitty that they must leave Paris. In fact, Kitty insists on having her hair done first, and so they miss the last train.

"We'll drive to the south of France," Kitty decides. It's a good idea, only everyone else has had it, too. The road is so full of traffic that in five hours of driving they only get twenty miles from Paris. In disgust, Kitty turns off the main highway, and drives to a little inn she knows on a side road. It is night, and the inn seems to be closed, but she finally persuades the owner to let them in. He is very nervous, and at last confesses to Kitty that he has an RAF flier concealed there. Kitty and Emmy stow the flier in the car's luggage compartment, hoping to get him to England, but a suspicious German patrol stops them and sends them back to Paris.

En route, they encounter a German staff officer, Captain Von Weber (Kurt Kreuger). Kitty flirts with him disgracefully, but even Emmy admits it was a good idea when, through his unknowing protection, they get the flier safely to her apartment. There is still the problem of getting him out of the country. It is, ironically, Kitty's husband who helps them become members of the French Underground. In an amazingly short time they have assisted not only this flier, but many others, back to England. Eventually, however, the day of reckoning arrives.—*U.A.*

P. S.

With this dramatization of Etta Shiber's

WITH SHINING PRIDE

WARNER BROS.

WILL SOON PRESENT

JOHN GARFIELD

as Sgt. Al Schmidt, U.S.M.C.

in

Pride of the Marines

with

ELEANOR PARKER

DANE CLARK



Directed by
DELMER DAVES

Produced by
JERRY WALD

Screen Play by
Albert Maltz

Adaptation by
Marvin Borowsky

From a Book by
Roger Butterfield

Music by
Franz Waxman

a love story

born out of the bedrock of the human spirit

The magnificent story of one man and one woman and the love they so thrillingly shared--incredible because every breathless moment is true!

best seller, Constance Bennett adds producing to her other accomplishments. Connie's the boss-lady on this one. After emoting to the satisfaction of Director Gregory Ratoff, Connie carried on her various producer's duties from her dressing room. . . . Over five hundred applicants were interviewed before convincing-looking Germans with matching accents were found. . . . Two celebrations occurred during the first week of production. Gracie Fields celebrated her birthday at a four o'clock tea, and Eily Malyon's 15th anniversary in the theatrical world rolled around. . . . Miss Bennett's six suit wardrobe was the creation of Adrian—Hollywood's master designer. . . . Borrowed from private owners, Coco and Pouquie, pedigreed French poodles, needed only one week's training before making débuts worthy of old hands at the game. . . . The famed Parisian sections of Montparnasse and Montmartre mushroomed right in the middle of one of the studio sound stages. Designer Nicolai Remesoff created apartment houses that were complete even to the installation of a three-floor elevator. . . . The props on one of the sets were valuable antiques handed over by the leading art dealers of Hollywood and Beverly Hills and were carefully guarded night and day. . . . One of the very, very nasty Gestapo spies is played by socialite Harry Hays Morgan, brother of Gloria Vanderbilt. . . . Comedienne Gracie Fields departed from her accustomed roles and for the first time in her movie career went strictly dramatic. . . . Director Gregory Ratoff and bit player Dina Smyrnova had quite a reunion on the set. Their reminiscences concerned the days when both were starred on the stage of the Petrograd National Theater. . . . The set was a veritable Tower of Babel. Gregory Ratoff is the master of four tongues, dialogue director Dr. Serge Bertensson speaks four, and leading man George Rigaud speaks six.

MEN IN HER DIARY

Jealousy can be serious, or it can be funny. In this new Peggy Ryan picture, it's very funny indeed. Jon Hall, Louise Allbritton and Peggy get themselves tangled up in the darndest mess you ever saw. Jon plays a handsome business man, Randy Glenning, whose wife, Isabel (Louise Allbritton), is abnormally jealous. She has an idea Randy is playing around, either with someone in his office, or with an ex-girl friend, Diane (Virginia Grey). When she finds he is backing Diane's new show, she is sure it's Diane. Then she discovers a present he has bought for his pretty secretary and veers back to the "office wife" theory. She manages to have the secretary sent away and replaced with the plainest girl she can find. Certainly even Randy should be safe with Doris (Peggy Ryan) who is a very mousy type.

Unfortunately, Doris is romantic. She has never had a boy friend or any fun in life, so she makes up exciting happenings and writes them in her diary as if they were real. She develops a mad passion for Randy immediately, and makes him the hero of all her diary's most lurid passages. When he asks her advice about what kind of fur coat Diane should wear in the first act of the new show, Doris writes down that he has given *her* a mink coat. When he speaks curtly to her, she imagines that he is wildly jealous. All in all, it's quite a diary, and it's just too bad that Doris leaves it open on the desk one day when Isabel happens in. There it is in black and white, all the things Isabel has suspected Randy of. She promptly institutes proceedings for divorce, naming Doris as correspondent.

One person is delighted by this. Diane sees in it her chance to get Randy back. But she's afraid that when the judge sees the mousy Doris, he won't believe a word of the diary, so she spends the next month turning Doris into a glamor girl. Her efforts are so successful that she almost breaks up the courtroom. It all comes out fine, eventually, but when you get home maybe you'd better burn that diary!—*Univ.*

P. S.

F. Hugh Herbert, author of the stage hit "Kiss and Tell," collaborated on the screenplay, which is a good enough beginning for any picture. . . . "Men in Her Diary" reunites the romantic team of Jon Hall and Louise Allbritton, who appeared so successfully in "San Diego, I Love You." . . . Hall and partner Del Dickerson completed a 40-foot speed crash boat which they named "The Hurricane" after Jon's first Hollywood picture. Before "The Hurricane" was built, the partners sold a life boat they had designed to the city of Santa Monica, California. . . . Peggy Ryan turned her back on her usual slapstick shenanigans. She plays her first strictly dramatic, no-singing no-dancing role. She also has her first grown up romance complete with marriage and honeymoon. . . . Ernest Truex came directly from "Night in Paradise" to "Men." After flitting about for several months garbed in the flowing toga and laurel wreath of a Greek scribe, he was only too glad to report for work in a business suit. . . . Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom spent his between scenes spare moments getting into condition in the studio gymnasium. The former light heavyweight champion is preparing for a ring comeback and will fight

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY



"But you didn't have to deliver it yourself, Mr. Schmidlip!"

South America's heavyweight champ, Arturo Godoy. . . . In a Los Angeles warehouse, Universal dug up a thousand feet of practically non-existent English louvre glass, paid $1,300 for it and built it into the handsome movie offices of Jon Hall. . . . Samuel S. Hinds, who was a retired attorney when he entered films, plays his fifty-first judge. It was "Judge" Hinds' 350th screen credit in 12 years.

NIGHT IN PARADISE

You've heard of Aesop's fables and probably you've seen pictures of Aesop—a bearded, hunchback slave. Hardly a romantic figure, but that was before Universal got hold of him. Now the beard and hunchback are just a disguise, and underneath them Aesop is handsome, dashing and romantic as all get out. He is, in fact, Turhan Bey.

Aesop assumes the disguise because he finds that wisdom is only recognized in the old. He achieves considerable fame as a sage in Samos, and when that little island is threatened by the great King Croesus, Aesop is sent to him as ambassador. It isn't as good a job as it sounds. He's got to tell Croesus that Samos refuses to pay tribute, and Croesus will quite likely have him thrown to the lions. Maybe it's because he's in no hurry to be eaten that Aesop doesn't declare himself when he first gets to Croesus' court. He sticks around until he sees what's up. In this case, what's up is the arrival of Delarai (Merle Oberon) who has promised to marry Croesus.

Delarai is really beautiful. She makes Aesop wish he had never adopted the beard and hump. Croesus greets her with enthusiasm, and Aesop thinks maybe this is a good time to break his news. However, Croesus flies into a rage over his message, and if it weren't for Delarai's intervention, would have had him killed immediately. She is amused by the greybeard and his fables, until Aesop tells her a few things about women who marry for money. Then she gets furious and conspires with the Prime Minister to "frame" Aesop. The king, in the meantime, has become fond of the ex-slave. Nobody but Aesop can soothe him when he is in one of his rages.

Delarai makes a date with Aesop for midnight in her apartment, and tells the Prime Minister to come in half an hour later. But Aesop shows up as his true, handsome self. When the Prime Minister tries to come in, the door is locked! Eventually, of course, the king hears about it. You know how those things get around. So Aesop is sent off on a mission to the Oracle of Delphi, from which Croesus hopes he'll never return. Delarai follows him, to an exciting climax.

This is one of Universal's lavish Technicolor extravaganzas. It's decorative and amusing enough so nobody cares whether it makes sense. Thomas Gomez and Gale Sondergaard are among the cast.—*Univ.*

P. S.

"Paradise" is heaven. For the gentlemen in the audience, Merle Oberon takes her first screen bath—in Technicolor, too. For the ladies, Turhan Bey plants one of his first "heavy" screen kisses on a leading lady. Closest he ever got before was when he hugged Maria Montez in "Sudan" . . . In the beginning, Merle was so-o-o excited about her glamorous Persian princess wardrobe. After a few weeks of being swathed in heavy draperies, she was only too happy to admit that those days are best left to the past. . . . The day Turhan came to the set decked out in a false beard, Universal saw him as a walking fire hazard. The added fuzz was sprayed with

(Continued on page 16)

He didn't <u>forget</u> to kiss you, honey!



<u>You</u> are the one who forgot—to keep yourself nice to be near!

IF KISSES were rationed they couldn't be scarcer. But she doesn't dream it's her own fault. Poor, puzzled wife! *Foolish* wife—to trust just her bath alone instead of topping it off with safe, dependable Mum.

For your bath washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum safeguards you against risk of underarm odor *to come.*

So take just 30 seconds to smooth on Mum. Then you will be free all day or evening from fear of offending. Free from the fault men don't forgive.

Mum guards charm. And charm and romance go together like love-birds. Ask for Mum today. (Note: You can use Mum even *after* you're dressed. Quick, safe, sure—Mum will not injure fabrics or irritate your skin.)

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.*



Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Perhaps your pillow knows different

Are you *sure* you don't have scalp odor? It's so easy to offend—*and not know it.* Check your pillow, your hat, your hairbrush.

For, you see, your scalp perspires just as your skin does—and unpleasant odors are quickly collected by the hair, especially oily hair.

To be safe, simply use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. This gentle, thorough-cleansing shampoo contains pure, medicinal pine tar. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears.

To have a clean, fresh scalp... soft, fragrant hair, get Packers Pine Tar Shampoo. You'll find it at any drug, department or ten-cent store.



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Keep nails nice. Avoid hangnails or brittleness. Use Manicare!

Manicare 35¢ *a jar* Plus tax

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MODERN SCREEN'S PICTURE QUIZ

Batters up! Get ready to hit a home run on these questions. Gee, a tried 'n' true M. S. reader shouldn't have a bit of trouble with these toughies. So start picking the correct answer from the three suggested beneath each pic. If you score from 9-12, you're Pennant material. 6-9 just makes the Big League but below 6? Three strikes, you're out! (See page 71 for the answers.)



1. These two appeared together in "Birth of a Nation" and 25 years later they re-met as supporting actors. They're Mae Marsh and:
 a. Mickey Rooney b. C. Aubrey Smith c. Donald Crisp



2. Ernst Lubitch is the one-man show known for his:
 a. "touch" b. cigarettes c. meekness



3. Hubby's with the Fighting French even though Maria Montez was born in:
 a. Mexico b. the Dominican Republic c. France



4. Off-stage sparks flew between Fontaine and de Cordova when they finished playing lovers in:
 a. Frenchman's Creek b. The Moon and Sixpence c. Captain Blood



5. He won the first "special" Academy Award in 1942 for:
 a. the most outstanding role of the year b. most distinctive foreign direction c. establishing the French Research Foundation



6. This primitive family group existed in:
 a. the nineteenth century b. the author's imagination c. Dutch Guiana



7. "The Three Caballeros" marks the first time that:
 a. Donald loses his temper b. Humans act with cartoon figures c. Disney has used a South American locale

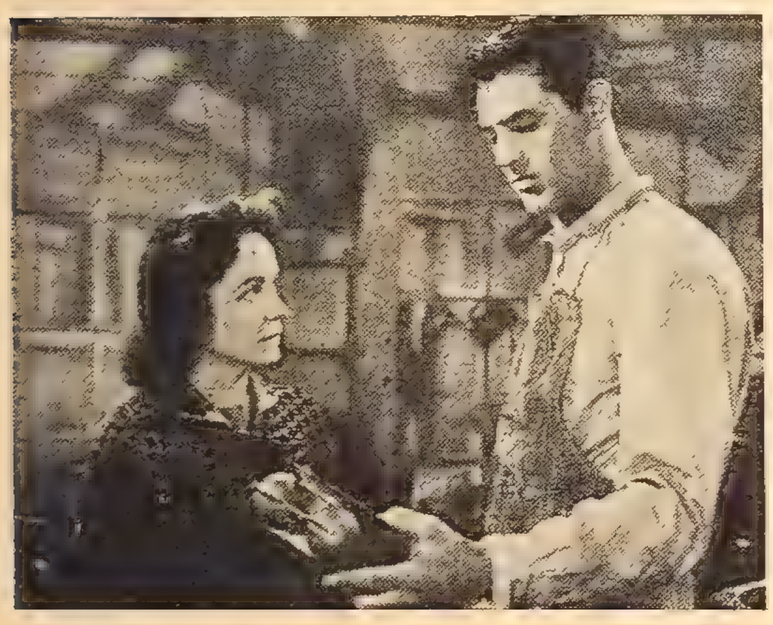


8. New poppa Ronald Colman, whom you loved in "Kismet," is about:
 a. 30 years old b. 40 years old c. 50 years old





9. You know that Arthur Shields and Oscar winner Barry Fitzgerald are brothers, but what is their family name?:
a. Shields b. Fitzgerald
c. de Maupassant



10. As a lad in Bristol, England, Babs Hutton's estranged hubby answered to the name of:
a. Al McGonegal b. Milton Berlinger
c. Archibald Leach



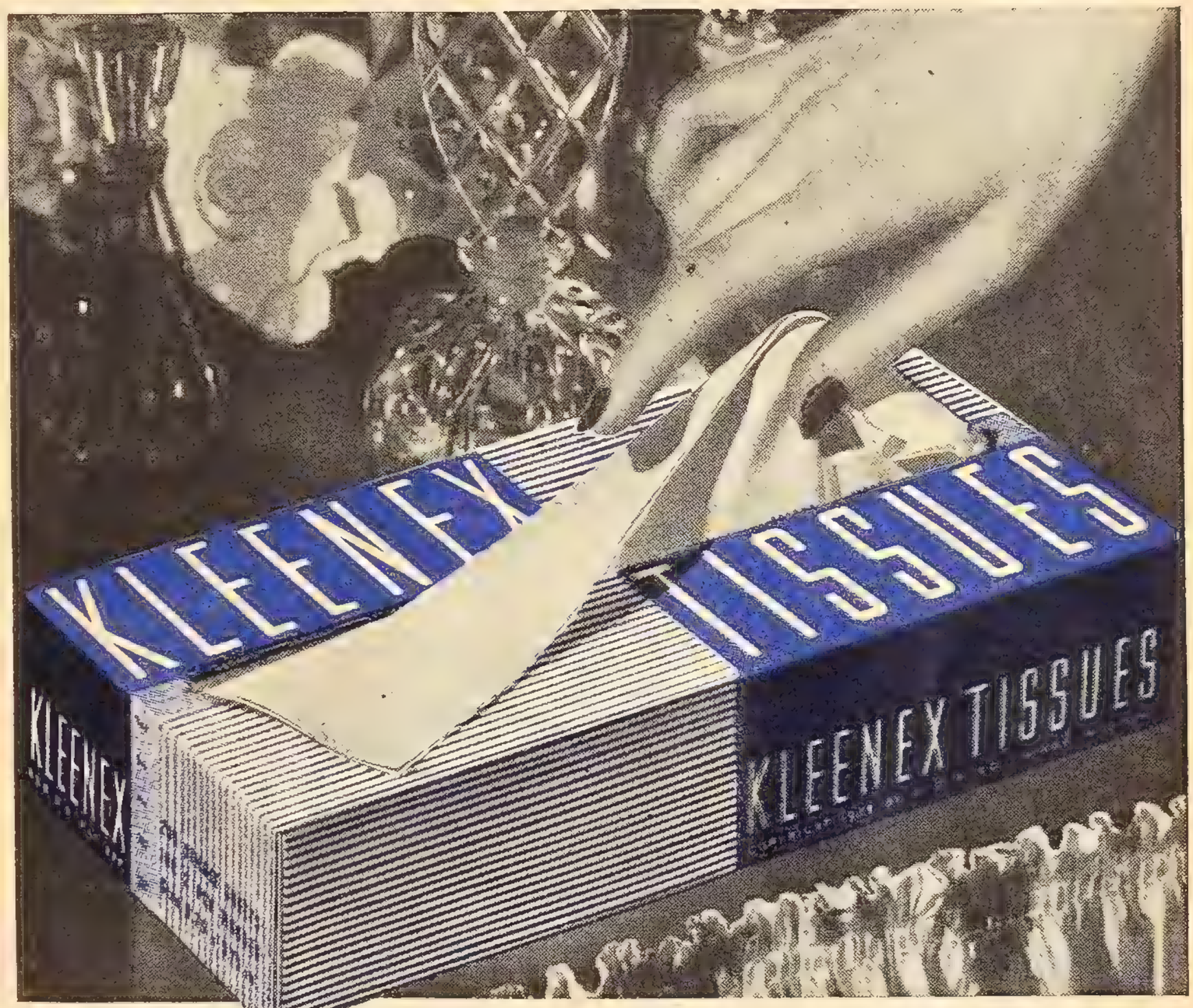
11. "How Green Was My Valley" dealt mainly with:
a. An annual flower show b. Welsh chorales
c. the coal miners' strike



12. We hadn't seen him since the '30's, now he "runs away" with the tree that grew in Brooklyn. He's:
a. Lloyd Nolan b. James Dunn
c. John Beal

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at beauty shops and cosmetic counters.

Also Mary Lowell HAND CREAM
for softer, smoother, lovelier hands and skin. Neither sticky nor greasy. *Jar, 55c plus tax.*



House of Lowell, Inc., Tipp City, Ohio

non-inflammable material so it wouldn't go up in smoke when Turhan worked with the torch carrying extras. . . . The 26-foot high statue of Aphrodite was affectionately called "Kewpie" by the crew. The lady was fashioned by Eduardo Simone, the Hollywood sculptor whose work is known throughout the world. . . . Thomas Gomez, Paradise's King Croesus, drew unrestrained giggles from the crew. An enthusiastic makeup man sent him forth each day, his toes sparkling with vivid red polish to match his bright red beard. . . . Though Gale Sondergaard's role runs through the whole picture, she worked with the rest of the players just once. Most of her scenes required trick photography and were shot away from the crowd on Universal's secret process stage. . . . Turhan Bey was the father of a brand new fad when he began to learn Aesop's fables for his role.. After quoting fables for a couple of days, every joke around the set was introduced by "Aesop says" instead of the old gag, "Confucius says". . . . For four weeks workers labored on the beautifully decorated cake for the Croesus banquet scene. When it was done to perfection, it took just 12 seconds on the screen to burn to ashes. . . . Little Mairzy Doats, making his screen debut, took to direction so well Director Arthur Lubin rewarded him with extra footage. But Mairzy wasn't too impressed, being a five-week-old lamb.

ALONG CAME JONES

How dumb can a guy be, anyway? The all time high—or do I mean low?—is probably reached by one Melody Jones in this picture. Melody is played by Gary Cooper, who is as lean, gaunt, and attractive as ever. His pal, George (William Demarest) spends most of his time being disgusted with Melody's dumbness. You can hardly blame him. Certainly no guy with any intelligence would be so flattered when a strange town seems to be terrified of him that he would go on letting them think he's a stagecoach robber, just for fun. But no one has ever been impressed by Melody before, and it goes to his head.

It starts when he and George ride into Payneville, and someone spots the MJ on his saddle. They think it stands for Monte Jarrat (Dan Duryea), robber and murderer. Melody fits the only description that has been circulated, and when he walks into the saloon everyone practically dives under the table. Then a beautiful girl named Cherry (Loretta Young) kisses him in public and calls him Monte. She hurries him out of town. Even Melody realizes that she's using him as a decoy to lure the sheriff's posse away from the real Monte, but he doesn't seem to care. He has, George decides sadly, lost what few brains he had left.

The two of them are suddenly enmeshed in the manhunt of the decade. Melody is pursued by the posse, but that's not the worst of it. Jarrat has seen him with Cherry, and has sworn to kill him. Then Cherry shows Melody where the loot from the robbery is hidden, and that really puts him on a spot. An investigator for the Express company becomes a corpse at an awkward moment, and Melody's chances of emerging from all this intact seem to be vanishing. A desperate gun battle between Jarratt's men and the posse finds Melody right in the middle. But he's just dumb enough to get away with it—with Cherry's assistance.

There is laughter as well as shooting

FREE OFFER!

Hurry, hurry! There are just 500 FREE DELL Mags waiting for 500 lucky people who will fill in the Questionnaire below and send it to us—pronto! And pronto means not a minute later than the 20th of August. These Dell mags are swell—filled with stories of star doings, star pics, everything you want to know about your favorites. So be quick—and maybe you can be one of the lucky ones!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our September issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Shore Leave (Dana Andrews) ☐
Tom Drake's Life Story, part 1 ☐
Cameo Kid (Phyllis Thaxter) ☐
Romances They Won't Talk About by Louella Parsons ☐
That's My Pop! (Van Johnson) ☐
"Anchors Aweigh" ☐
Who Said Divorce? (Dick Haymes') ☐
Hey, Sexy! (Peter Lawford) ☐
Join a Fan Club! by Hedda Hopper ☐
Small in the Saddle (Elizabeth Taylor) ☐
Rhapsody Man (Robert Alda) ☐
Good News by Louella Parsons ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference.....

.....

.....

My name is.....

My address is.....City.....Zone.....State.....

I am.....years old.

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Sweet Sixteen AND NEVER BEEN KISSED (?)





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Play and Screenplay by F. HUGH HERBERT



starring **SHIRLEY TEMPLE**
as Corliss Archer



with JEROME COURTLAND · WALTER ABEL · ROBERT BENCHLEY
PORTER HALL · TOM TULLY

Produced by SOL C. SIEGEL • Directed by RICHARD WALLACE

WHY FILMDOM'S YOUNGER SET CHOOSES

"The Only Pet that Sings!"



Cheryl Walker...

talented and pretty young starlet, soon to be seen in Sol Lesser's production, "PARIS CANTEEN," says:

"A Canary puts a song on my lips... Makes me feel light-hearted and happy all day long."

A canary is so *easy* to care for, so radiant with happiness that you, too, will agree, "Canaries make wonderful pets!"

Have a canary for your very own... or, for a delightful gift to someone you love, give a songster!

To keep your canary at his peak of happiness, feed America's favorite bird diet—FRENCH'S Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit)—the time-tried canary food containing 11 proven aids to canaries' health and song.

LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN THE U. S.



in "Along Came Jones." In fact, no one seems to take the plot very seriously, which is probably all for the best.—*RKO.*

P. S.

"Along Came Jones" is Gary Cooper's first assignment as producer-actor. Gary says he's now "a member of the aspirin group" 'cause he used up a half dozen bottles soothing the headaches that are a producer's lot. . . . As "Melody," Gary sings for the first time on the screen. But Crosby and Sinatra needn't loose any sleep. 'Tis said that as a singer, Gary's a swell producer-actor. . . . An entire cattle ranch was built on International's sound stage, complete with ranch house, barn, hillside, and a menagerie of horses, cows, and chickens. . . . The fact that as a youth Dan Duryea didn't even own a BB gun doesn't influence producers who persist in casting him in "shoot 'em in the back" roles. Dan's reconciled to playing "heavies" though—they're very much in demand nowadays. However, he's always shocked when he hears himself described as "the most revolting man on the screen." . . . Loretta Young found herself in an enviable position in the role of Cherry. She's the only woman in the picture. . . . Bill Demarest, unruffled by the rude laughter of his coworkers when they saw him in a pair of very baggy, very saggy woolies, insisted the oufit would make him the favorite pinup of the WACS and WAVES. . . . When Gary came out from Montana in 1922 he brought with him his trusty pair of leather chaps. They came in very handy in his cowboy extra days, but one day they disappeared. Walking onto the "Jones" set, Gary spotted the chaps on an extra who had been dressed by a costume company. Until he could buy them back at the end of the picture, Gary, as producer, had to pay rental on his own pants.

BLOOD ON THE SUN

"Blood On The Sun" is probably best known for having had its première in San Francisco during the Peace Conference. Actually, more important is the fact that it's the fastest moving, most exciting picture to come out of Hollywood in some time. Jimmy Cagney is at his toughest, which is plenty tough. He insults Japanese statesmen, tosses Jap cops over his shoulder, knocks out various villains, and finds time in between to make love to Sylvia Sidney. Sylvia, by the way, stages a splendid comeback as the alluring Oriental beauty in the plot.

Jimmy plays Nick Condon, newspaperman who has put Premier Tanaka and his cohorts in a dither. Nick has written a piece about Tanaka's plan for conquering the world, and the Secret Police come around immediately to demand the source of his information. Most of Nick's material was guesswork, but he lets them think he knows something. Later he realizes that there is more to this "Tanaka Plan" than he had believed possible. Two murders result from it, and since the victims are friends of Nick, he takes it upon himself to find out who is back of it all. There isn't much in the way of a clue. The two who were killed were Ollie Miller, a newspaperman, and his wife. Nick glimpsed a girl's hand with a ruby ring on it just closing the door of the Miller room after the first murder. That's clue number one. Ollie gives him clue number two just before he dies. It is the original document of the "Tanaka Plan."

But Nick is arrested by the Secret Police before he can accomplish much sleuthing, and the document is stolen. When he's let out of jail, he is surprised to find that the police haven't got it. They want it and Tanaka wants it. So who has it? Nick is still wondering, when he is introduced to Iris Hilliard (Sylvia Sidney) who is enough to take any man's mind off his troubles. Only with Nick it works just the other way. Especially after he finds a ruby ring in the jewel box in her bedroom. It's hard to tell what side anyone is on, in this melee of spies and counter spies. But it's a lot of fun trying. —*U. A.*

P. S.

Produced by brother William, this is James Cagney's second venture into the field of independent pictures. . . . Though it is a fictional story, "Blood" has its basis in fact. It was inspired by Garrett Ford's fanciful solution to the mystery of the Tanaka Memorial, Japan's Mein Kampf conceived by the infamous Baron Tanaka. . . . As managing editor of the Tokyo Chronicle, Jimmy is right in his stride. He's played a newspaperman so often the role fits him like a glove. . . . Sylvia Sidney returns to the screen after three years spent on Broadway. When she came to Hollywood for the health of her young son, Jody, she had no idea of returning to the films. She had already rejected several picture deals when Producer William Cagney offered her a role in "Blood On The Sun." As bait he showed her sketches of the wardrobe that would be hers if she'd only say yes. After taking a peek at the luscious gowns created by Michael Wolfe, a newcomer to Hollywood, she hesitated no longer. . . . An outstanding makeup job was done by Ern Westmore and Joe Norin, who managed to transform the Caucasian actors into very believable looking Japanese villains. John Emery and Robert Armstrong had the doubtful pleasure of reporting to the makeup department four hours before their set calls to have their elaborate Oriental faces put on. . . . Cagney continues along his famous two-fisted way. The old Cagney form is displayed in two wild slugfests with John Halloran, a knock-down, drag-out with two policemen, a couple of rounds with a ship's steward, a fight with Rhys Williams, and a real judo bout that spares nothing in its attempt to be realistic. . . . Rosemary DeCamp at long last appears as herself. After playing "mothers" for some time, Miss DeCamp accepted a small role in "Blood" just to be able to appear on the screen as a woman her own age. . . . Director Frank Lloyd, three-time Academy Award winner, does his first work since returning from 18 months with the Army Air Forces.

JOHNNY ANGEL

Remember the moment in "To Have And Have Not" when the camera focused on an odd, wistful little man at a piano? The screen acquired a new personality in that moment—Hoagy Carmichael. Now he's back as a talkative taxi driver in "Johnny Angel," starring George Raft, Claire Trevor and Signe Hasso. Hoagy sings "Memphis In June" and helps along the romance at every opportunity. I mean the romance between Johnny Angel (George Raft) and Paulette (Signe Hasso) whom he meets in the French Quarter of New Orleans.

Johnny is looking for the murderer of his father, Captain Angel. The Captain's ship was reported missing, and Johnny himself took a ship out to look for it. He found it adrift in the Caribbean, with nothing but bloodstains to show what had happened to the Captain and the crew. So now Johnny is back in the home port of New Orleans, and a lot of people wish he wasn't. He has found evidence on the ship of the presence there of a French girl in a green raincoat. He combs the Quarter till he finds her—lovely, frightened Paulette. She tells him the whole story when she sees

(Continued on page 88)

Stars ★ Girls ★ Laughs ★ Music!

Hot..sweet..solid! A SCANDALS to make even Broadway raise its eyebrows!

GEORGE WHITE'S

Scandals

JOAN DAVIS
JACK HALEY

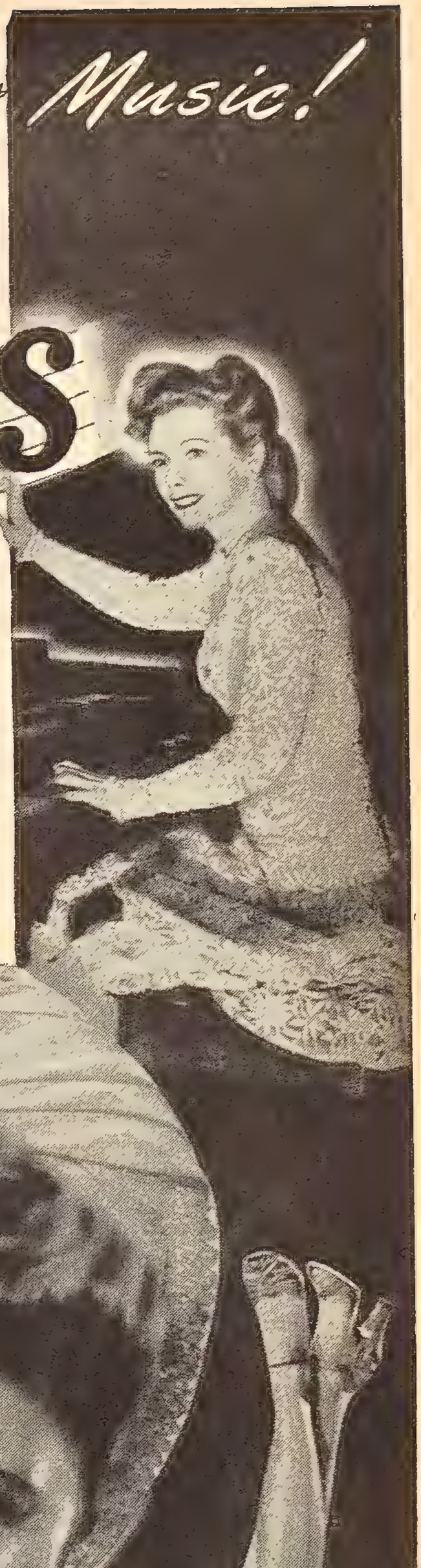
PHILLIP TERRY · MARTHA HOLLIDAY · BETTEJANE GREER · FRITZ FELD

GENE KRUPA · His Drums and His Band

ETHEL SMITH · Hit Parade Swing Organist

Produced by GEORGE WHITE
Directed by FELIX E. FEIST
Screen Play by Hugh Wedlock and Howard Snyder · Parke Levy and Howard Green







100 Scandals Girls
EVERY ONE A SWEETHEART

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Joan Davis back on the air beginning Monday, Sept. 3rd at 8:30 P.M., E.W.T. CBS

Sweet and Hot

BY LEONARD FEATHER

■ This month, we ditch our usual format. We leave a lot of records plaintively crying to be paragraphed off and talked about, and, without a backward glance, go away to a date with Diana Lynn. After all, a man's human.

Diana was in town on a short visit, and she said she wanted to tour the swing spots, so Editors Al and Henry contacted Boy Scout Feather. "How'd you like to show a beautiful blonde some hot music?" Well, like I said, a man's human.

I called for Diana at the Sherry-Netherland Hotel. I called a little early, and she came a little late. But it was in a good cause—"you see there was this Bond Rally and I had to wait to go on and I'm terribly sorry—"

We got started, finally, along with friendly Bob Gilham of Paramount, and went to the Copacabana for dinner. The Copacabana is a lovely place, and Xavier Cugat was playing there, but (*Continued on page* 102)

1. Diana Lynn lends a pink appreciative ear to Onyx Club's Stuff Smith with Leonard F. and bride.

2. Para's Bob Gilham joined party at Kelly's Stable, which features hepcats . . . not horses.

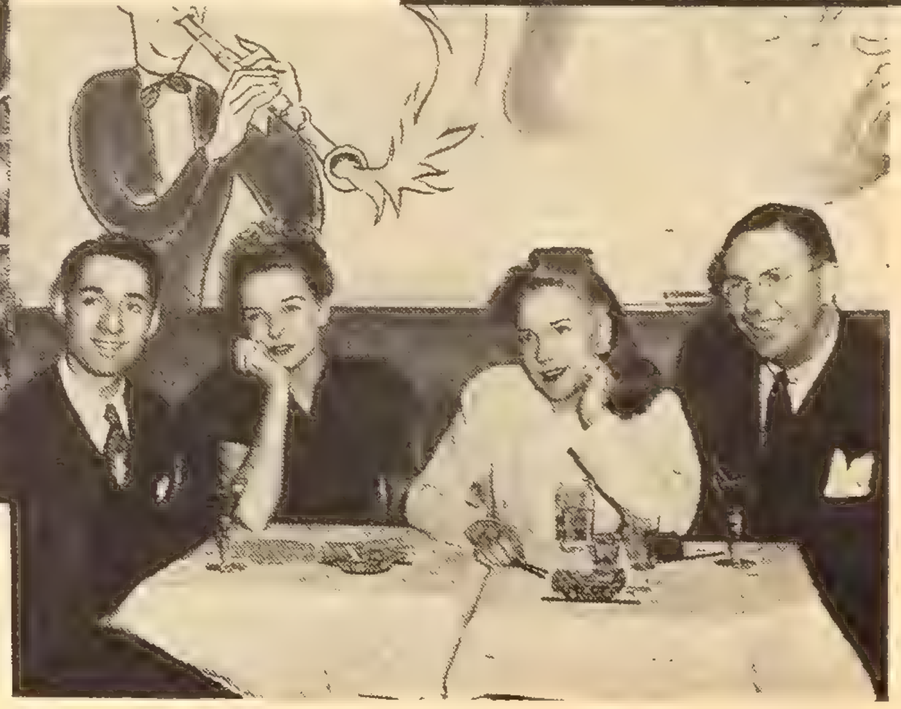
3. Chalk up another naval victory! Gob spotted Diana at The 3 Deuces and got that autograph.



3.



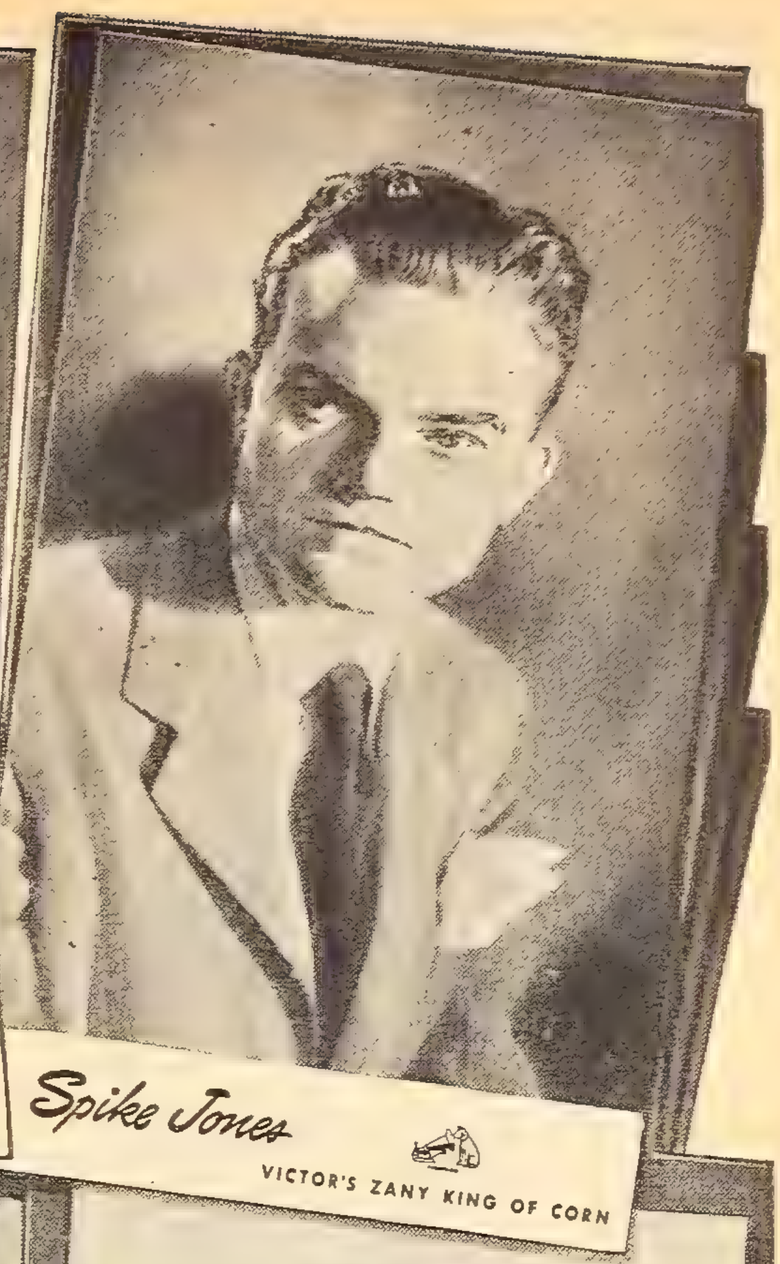
1.



2.







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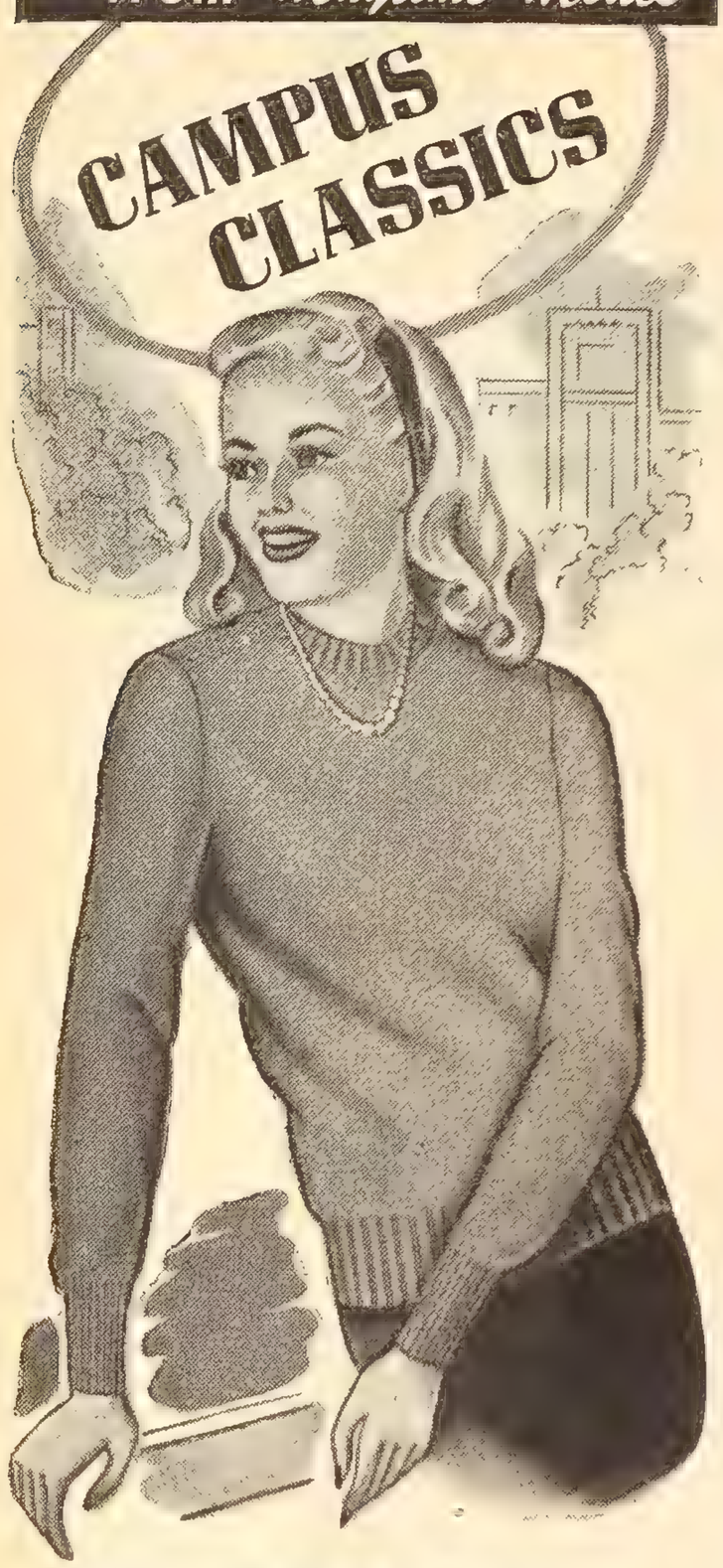
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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

120 pictures rated this month

We're listing just the very topnotch films that we think ought to be on your "must" list. Ratings are gleaned from our critic and newspaper critics the country over. 4★+ means unsurpassed, 4★, excellent, 3½★, very good, and 3★, good. C denotes that the picture's recommended for children.

Movie	Rating
Abroad With Two Yanks (United Artists)	3½★
Affairs of Susan, The (Paramount)	3½★
A Medal For Benny (Paramount)	4★
And Now Tomorrow (Paramount)	3★
And The Angels Sing (Paramount)	3½★
Barbary Coast Gentleman (M-G-M)	3★
Belle of the Yukon (International Pictures)	3★
Between Two Women (M-G-M)	3½★
Between Two Worlds (Warners)	3½★
Big Noise, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Body Snatcher, The (RKO)	3★
Bowery to Broadway (Universal)	3½★
Brazil (Republic)	3½★
Brighton Strangler, The (RKO)	3½★
Bullfighters, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Canterville Ghost, The (M-G-M)	4★
Can't Help Singing (Universal)	4★
Carolina Blues (Columbia)	3★
Casanova Brown (International Pictures)	3½★
China Sky (RKO)	3★
Climax, The (Universal)	3★
Colonel Blimp (Archers Films)	4★
Conflict (Warners)	3½★
Conspirators, The (Warners)	3½★
Corn Is Green, The (Warners)	4★
Counter-Attack (Columbia)	3½★
Dangerous Passage (Paramount)	3½★
Dark Waters (United Artists)	3½★
Delightfully Dangerous (United Artists)	3★
Desert Song, The (Warners)	C 3★
Double Indemnity (Paramount)	4★
Doughgirls, The (Warners)	3½★
Dragon Seed (M-G-M)	4★
Enter Arsene Lupin (Universal)	3★
Escape In the Desert (Warners)	3★
Falcon in Hollywood, The (RKO)	3★
Fighting Lady, The (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Flame of the Barbary Coast (Republic)	3★
Frenchman's Creek (Paramount)	3★
Gang's All Here, The (20th Century-Fox)	C 3★
Gaslight (M-G-M)	4★
God Is My Co-Pilot (Warners)	3½★
Going My Way (Paramount)	C 4★
Goodnight, Sweetheart (Republic)	3★
Hail the Conquering Hero (Paramount)	4★
Heavenly Days (RKO)	C 3½★
Hollywood Canteen (Warners)	3½★
I Love a Mystery (Paramount)	3★
I Love a Soldier (Paramount)	3★
Impatient Years, The (Columbia)	3½★
In Old Oklahoma (Republic)	C 3★
In The Meantime, Darling (RKO)	3★
In Society (Universal)	C 3★
Invisible Man's Return, The (Universal)	3★
Irish Eyes Are Smiling (20th Century-Fox)	C 3½★
It's In the Bag (United Artists)	C 4★
Janie (Warners)	C 3½★
Jungle Woman (Universal)	3★
Junior Miss (20th Century-Fox)	C 4★
Kismet (M-G-M)	3½★
Lost in a Harem (M-G-M)	3★
Marine Raiders (RKO)	3½★
Marriage Is a Private Affair (M-G-M)	3½★
Meet Me in St. Louis (M-G-M)	C 4★
Molly and Me (Twentieth Century-Fox)	3½★
Mr. Skeffington (Warners)	3½★
Music for Millions (M-G-M)	4★
National Velvet (M-G-M)	C 4★
Naughty Nineties (Universal)	C 3★
No Time For Love (Paramount)	3½★
None But the Lonely Heart (RKO)	4★
Objective, Burma (Warners)	4★
Out of This World (Paramount)	4★
Pan Americana (RKO)	3★
Pillow to Post (Warners)	3★
Pin-Up Girl (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Practically Yours (Paramount)	3½★
Riding High (Paramount)	3★
Roger Touhy, Gangster (20th Century-Fox)	3★
San Diego, I Love You (Universal)	3★
San Fernando Valley (Republic)	C 3½★
Secret Command (Columbia)	3½★
Sensations of 1945 (United Artists)	3½★
Seventh Cross (M-G-M)	4★
Show Business (RKO)	C 3½★
Silver Fleet, The (Archers Films)	4★
Since You Went Away (United Artists)	3½★
Something for the Boys (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Son of Lassie (M-G-M)	C 3½★
Song of Bernadette (20th Century-Fox)	C 4★
Song to Remember, A (Columbia)	3½★
Step Lively (RKO)	C 3½★
Sunday Dinner for a Soldier (20th Century-Fox)	C 3½★
Summer Storm (United Artists)	4★
Sweet and Lowdown (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Take It Big (Paramount)	3★
Take It or Leave It (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Tall in the Saddle (Republic)	C 3½★
That's the Spirit (Universal)	3½★
Thin Man Goes Home, The (M-G-M)	3★
Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo (M-G-M)	4★
32 Rue Montmartre (French Films)	3½★
Those Endearing Young Charms (RKO)	3★
Thrill of a Romance (M-G-M)	3½★
Till We Meet Again (Paramount)	3½★
Together Again (Columbia)	3½★
Tomorrow The World (United Artists)	4★
Two Girls and a Sailor (M-G-M)	4★
Unseen, The (Paramount)	3½★
Very Thought of You, The (Warners)	3½★
Way Ahead, The (Two Cities)	4★
Where Are Your Children? (Monogram)	3★
Where Do We Go From Here? (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Wilson (20th Century-Fox)	4★+
Wing and a Prayer (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Winged Victory (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Without Love (M-G-M)	3½★
Woman in Green, The (Universal)	3½★
Woman in the Window (RKO)	3½★
Wonder Man (RKO)	4★



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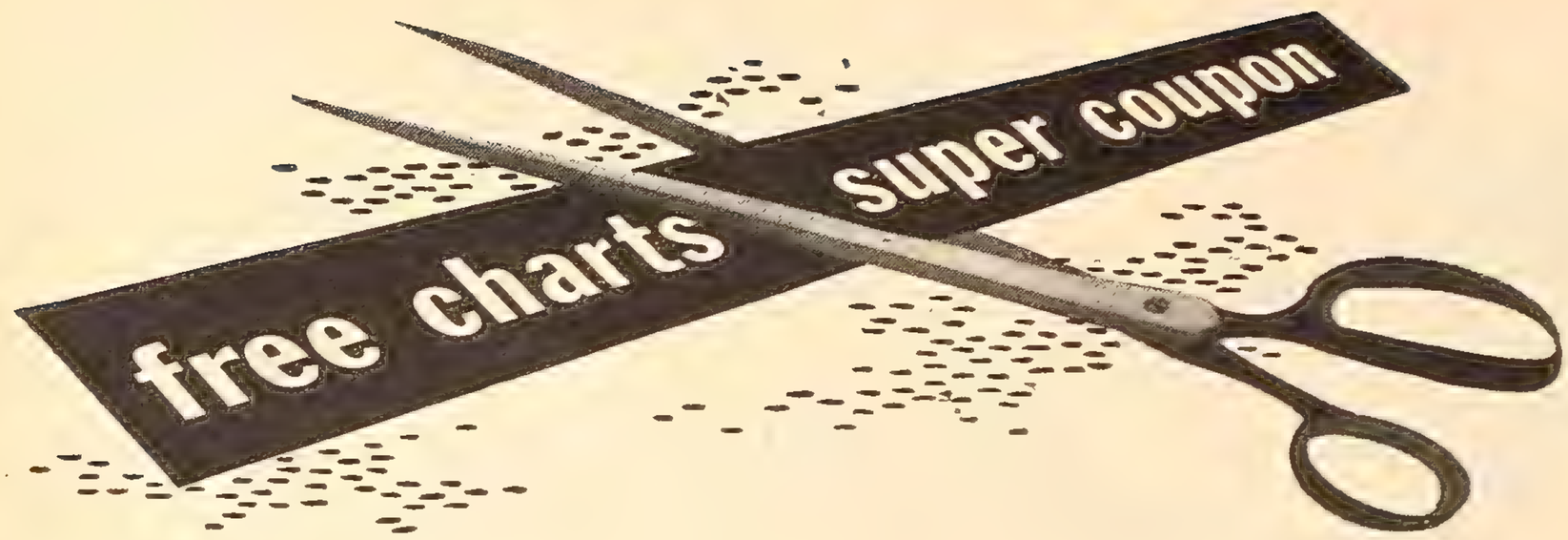
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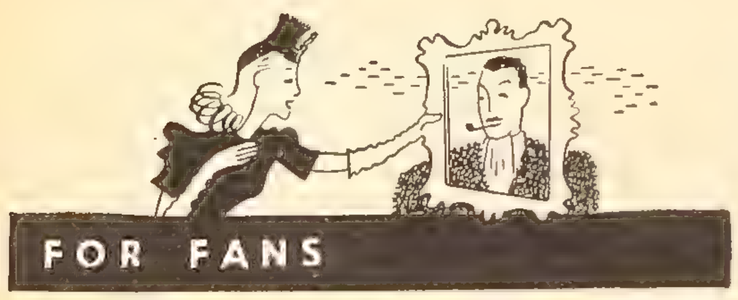
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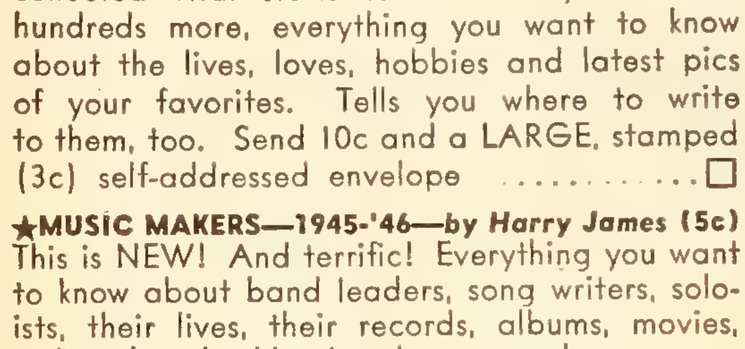
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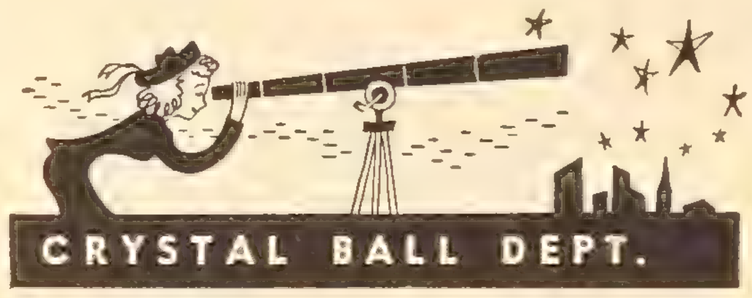


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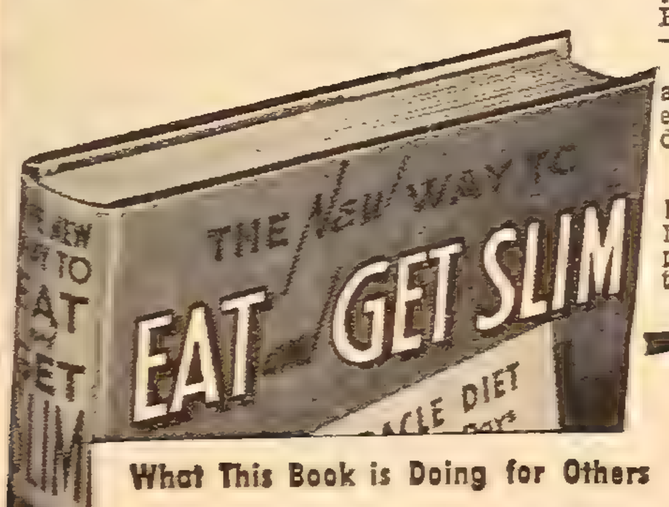
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You'll eat three delicious, fully-satisfying meals a day, including a big breakfast. You'll be allowed to "snack" between meals. This new *scientific* lazy-way—described in the fascinating book, *"The New Way to Eat and Get Slim,"* by Donald G. Cooley—brings you a slimmer, more attractive figure, and also greater health and beauty! Your skin becomes smoother, clearer . . . your hair softer, more lustrous . . . your eyes more sparkling. You have more energy, pep, get-up-and-go.

What Is This Amazing Secret?

The whole secret lies in your food—not just how *much*, but also *which kinds*. And it isn't (as you may have imagined) merely a matter of "calories." It's the *kind* of calories that makes the difference! Some foods are high in *fat*-producing calories. Others are high in *energy*-producing calories. If you merely cut down the *amount* of food—without being sure to get more *energy*-calories than *fat*-calories—you don't lose weight at all. Your body simply "slows down"—and continues to store fat!

Many people think they know about calories. But *do* they? Suppose you had to choose between a large glass of orange juice and half a sirloin steak? You would probably reach for the orange juice. Actually, *the steak would give you 15 times as many precious ENERGY*-calories. Yet the total *number* of calories in each is roughly the same!

What This Book Can Do For You

Mr. Cooley's book shows you, quickly and clearly, how to apply this simple principle of selecting *energy*-calories instead of *fat*-calories. It gives you a "10-Day Miracle Diet" by which you lose a pound a day for 10 days; a diet for losing 10 pounds in 30 days; a "tapering off" diet for losing 8½ pounds in 30 days; and a "Stay-Slim" diet, so that when you reach the right weight, you STAY there.

You don't have to adhere rigidly to these diets, either. The book's Substitution Table gives you dozens of meats, and other foods you may eat instead. The partial contents, on this page, suggests only a *few* of the ways this book goes about improving your figure, health, appearance, and general disposition.

What This Book is Doing for Others

"Lost the specified 10 lbs. in 10 days. Feel better than in years."—Wisconsin.

"My sister is very short, weighed 196. Was so thrilled to be losing weight, would even get up in the night to weigh herself. Now weighs 120, is healthier, happier."—Michigan.

"Kindly forward me the book. Have a friend who lost 34 lbs., is now ever so much better in health, appearance."—California

"Most sensible way to reduce I have seen yet. I'm a registered nurse and can fully appreciate sensibility of this means."—Massachusetts.

"Lost 35 lbs. in 41 days. Compliments to your book."—West Virginia.

Examine It 5 Days FREE

It costs only a stamp to examine this book FREE. No money need be sent now. *"The New Way to Eat and Get Slim" (in a plain wrapper)* will be sent with the understanding that you may keep it 5 days. If, even in that short time, you are NOT convinced it offers you the quick, safe, lazy-way to reduce—return it without obligation. Otherwise, keep it for only $2.00, plus few cents postage.

A body that is slim, healthy, and *alive* will win admiration the rest of your life. Take the first step toward lovely, alluring slenderness *now*. Mail Free Examination Coupon at once. WILFRED FUNK, Inc., Dept. R359; 354 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

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CO-ED

So you're all grown up now . . . had a summer job 'n everything . . . and you're thinking of leaving school! But are you sure you're thinking? Really?

■ Summer career gals, what would w do without you? You in the dungaree and pigtails pitching hay, 'cause th farmer's boy is pitching grenades thi year. You in the crisp white apro brewing our elegant sundaes, buildin our meatless Dagwoods—'cause you pop's in the Army, and mom can us the extra dough. All you bright-faced bright-haired angels who've been sel ing paint in hardware stores, mindin babies, making bomber parts—thanks We couldn't be more grateful. We' miss you next month when you go bac to school, but we know that school i the most important job you have righ now. You know it too, down deep i your heart, but some of you have got ten a little mixed up. Some of you gal think you're being more patriotic, more useful working in a war plant tha grinding away in a school room. Some of the lads are muttering, "The hec with plane geometry, I'm going to en list." Whoa, kids! Let's talk about it

There *is* a labor shortage, but if i were acute enough, the Governmen would close the schools and conscrip student labor. This hasn't been done so obviously industry can get alon without your help. Uncle Sam think it's ever so much more important fo you to get all the education you ca so that your clear, trained young min can help set the world to rights whe the war is over.

"But I'm Beyond all That!" You're thinking, "Gee, all summer I've had m own money. Been my own boss. I don' want to go back to school and be a *baby* again, asking mom for every nicke I need." Of course you don't want to do that, but can't you work out a schedule whereby you work two or three hours a day after school, longer on Saturdays? Can you dope out a deal whereby you'll have your own little income, your nice grown-up pride—without forfeiting your priceless edu cation? We (*Continued on page* 90)

CO-ED LETTERBOX

What do you think about Dutch treats? Do boys ever expect you to pay your own way? J. C., Dallas, Texas.

If a boy asks you for a date, you may be sure that he has the price of the movie and soda in his gray flannels. He'd be kind of surprised and a little embarrassed if you attempted to pay your half. However, if you meet a boy you know in front of the movies and he asks you to sit with him, don't expect him to pay for your ticket. Likewise, if you run into a lad at the bus stop, have your nickel all ready for the conductor. Unless you're somebody's date, you ride on your own dough. (In both these cases, should the boy make a sincere attempt at paying, don't hurt his feelings by refusing, of course.) If you invite a guy over for dinner and the movies, have your tickets in advance so that he's not put in the position of a.) having to buy them himself, or b.) squirming while you step up to the box office.

I broke up with a boy a few weeks ago over a foolish quarrel. Would it be wrong for me to take the initiative in patching (*Continued on page* 90)



JEAN KINKEAD

Color Harmony Shades...



for ***BLONDES***



BRUNETTES



BROWNETTES

REDHEADS





Jinx Falkenburg

in a Columbia Picture

"THE GAY SENORITA"

1..it imparts a lovely color to the skin

2..it creates a satin-smooth make-up

3..it clings perfectly...really stays on



You'll like this famous face powder created by *Max Factor Hollywood* in Color Harmony Shades to accent the natural, youthful beauty of each type...blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead. Try your Color Harmony Shade of *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder and see how lovely your make-up will look ..$1.00

Max Factor • Hollywood Face Powder

MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP
...FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK

Straight from Paris

these exciting young hair-dos!

On this page Drene brings you, through its Paris correspondent, news of how smart young Parisians are wearing their hair!

LOVELY MADELON MASON . . . one of New York's top-flight fashion models, a Cover Girl and a "Drene Girl" . . . posed for all three photographs.

For this perky up-swept arrangement her hair was parted down middle from forehead to nape of neck, pulled up toward each side and tied firmly with narrow ribbon. The lustrous smoothness of Madelon's hair is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, which Madelon always uses. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous yet so easy to manage.

(*Left*)—HUGE RIBBON BOWS, one at each side, are the fashion feature of this lovely centerpart hair-do! Back hair set as for a page boy, combed to each side, from center, and held firmly with rubber bands. Ends arranged in big, smooth curls. Bows attached with bobby pins. Madelon's hair illustrates the wonderful combination of sheen and smoothness found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action.

(*Below*)—NEW PARISIAN PAGE-BOY! Notice the covered ear . . . and how the hair slants sharply down from above the ear to a long, long back! Notice, too, the smooth sleek look, the shining beauty, due to Drene with Hair Conditioning action.





No other Shampoo...

only Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Make a Date with Glamour! Now . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. ✓ *Extra lustre* . . . up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. ✓ *Such manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing. ✓ *Complete removal of unsightly dandruff*, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Drene Shampoo

WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION

Product of Procter & Gamble



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping







There's never a dull moment down at MODERN SCREEN. We keep on the go. The other day, for instance, we hired ourselves the high priest of Swing!

High priests are very scarce these days. So we're extremely proud of ours. His name is Leonard Feather (see Sweet and Hot, page 20) He is the critic for Esquire magazine and heads the judges who pick Esky's All-American Band each year. He is one of the editors of Metronome. He is one of the country's finest composer-arrangers . . . having worked with the top bands. His piano playing is half way between Frankie Carle and Teddy Wilson. But what *really* impresses me is his collection of three thousand records!

Henry and I stewed around a lot about meeting the guy. Primarily because neither of us had a thing to wear. Not a reet pleat between us. No suede shoes. Mortifying, don't you know.

But Leonard wasn't zoot. Leonard, in fact, was born in London 28 years ago and is a very serious young man, who beats time discreetly with one knowing finger while he listens to hot music.

Aside from that one fault, he's the nicest high priest you'd care to know. He has all those human qualities that you never expect from a man of his achievement. He's shy and sincerely modest. And *so* absent-minded. He has a worried habit of writing himself memos on odd sized slips of paper, which he crumples into his pocket. As often as not, he forgets to read them.

He was having lunch with us one day in a little Italian restaurant and kind of subconsciously fishing in his jacket while we waited for the spaghetti. He got a nibble from a piece of canceled check and started reading what he'd scribbled on the back. Sweat broke out on his face.

"Gosh, fellows, this is *awful!*" He looked at his watch. "You'll really have to excuse me. I'm getting married today, and I'm already half an hour late. My bride will be quite cross!" And off he dashed, frantically scratching a vivid dash of tomato sauce off his conservative tie.

You see what I mean about his being the nicest high priest I ever met?

Executive Editor



P.S. If you're between 14 and 20, take a look at page 113.



Host Dana Andrews had more fun than anybody at party. Showed up late, so Mrs. Brand casually mentioned how prompt Tyrone Power always is!

"Dear Naval Aid," they wrote. "We're Two gobs who'd like Two gals. Can you help?" They did. Dana Andrews did. So did we.

shore leave

■ "Dear NAA," he wrote—

"I hear you influence people and help gobs. I'm a gob who needs help. My worries are strictly social. Also slightly unreasonable. But after seventeen months in the South Pacific, it'll take more than a brush-off to kill me.

"So I'll come straight out with it. You couldn't fix me up a date with a movie actress, could you? I'm no hog, NAA. I don't ask for Betty Grable. If she's tied up with the James guy, let's don't horn in. Matter of fact, there was a girl in "Lifeboat" who's just my style. Not the ritzy dame, but the one who played the nurse. Maybe that's why. Seeing what they did for us, we guys go for nurses in a big way. Then there's another kid I'd like to meet, name of Cathy Downs. Used to be a model, but I hear she's in Hollywood now. She was our (*Continued on page 102*)



That's Mrs. Sybil Brand, head of NAA, who dreamed up party. Tall, dark and handsome sailor is Kice Miller, Gunner's Mate, of Illinois. Blue-eyed pal hails from Ohio; he's Steve Balogh, Electrician's Mate.

What's a barbecue without hot dogs . . . ? Mary Anderson (see "Within These Walls") in print suit, and Cathy Downs (nickname's "Kitten!") heckle Chef Dana for gobs . . . of mustard!



leave



Mary, Steve, Dana, Cathy and Kice drove to Sunset Plaza Apts., switched to swim togs. Steve's on way to Pacific.



The water's the sáme . . . but the Navy was never like this! Kice, 22, has seen action at Tarawa, Saipan, and Tinian, but refuses to wear campaign ribbons. Too shy!



Dana subs for blackboard in tic-tac-toe game. Mary played Anne Baxter role in stage's "Guest In The House." Studied diction to lose drawl from German teacher; lost drawl, aaquired German accent!



Later, Dana piled kids into car, chugged to NAA party for returned vets at Ciro's. Danced till end of a perfect day.





Batter up! Steve, a former motion picture projectionist, prefers Mary to baseball. Dana (see "State Fair") is in practice from games with son, David.

"Just try it on for size!" says Kice to Mary. Cathy adores Mexican jewelry, sun-tanning, gets dreamy-eyed over exotic perfume, thick steaks! So do we!

tom drake



By Ida Zeitlin



Tom's learning to sing at studio's request; but they can't make him spruce up conservative wardrobe! Career soared after "This Man's Navy." Hidden talent: Sketching! Drew Judy G. for Vince Minelli.

They're gone now . . . but Tom and his sister can't forget the blithe spirit of Mom and Dad. (Life Story, Part I)

Drakes need a new home with bannisters for three-year-old daughter to slide down. Present landlady objects for fear baby will sabotage her heirlooms! Tom owes Chris a million dollars . . . in gin rummy paper stakes!



■ His name, which is Tom Drake now, was Buddy Alderdice then—Alfred, after his father, in the family Bible, but nobody ever called him that. He was five years old and Claire was six, and they sat very close together because their big sister Monona had died.

Monona had been like some faraway princess, whom you didn't get to see except once in a while. Being sixteen, she belonged to the grownup world. But mostly they didn't see her because she was ill. Or because Dad had taken her to another doctor in Europe. Once they were all going, only Mother hated crossing the water, so at the last minute Dad and Monona went alone. You could tell, the way he looked at her, how much he loved her. Her name was after the lake in Wisconsin where he'd met Mother, and there was just nothing he wouldn't do for her. When she was little, he'd even arranged for Santa Claus to ring his sleighbells down the chimney for her—

"Why doesn't he ring them for us?" Claire had asked.

Mother'd looked sad. "I guess your father hasn't the heart to ask him—"

Sometimes, when she felt well enough, Monona'd



Tragic death of older sister Monona (she died a few years atter picture was taken) shocked five-year-old Tom, made him cling to little sister Claire. Still close today, they gave their children same name.



Fourteen-year-old Tom signed this picture "Buddy," his nickname; Wife Chris prefers it to "Tom" also. To tease her, Tom calls her "Izzy"; *her* real name was Isabel! His was Alfred; never used it.



In 1941, Tom (second from right, bottom row) played stock at The Red Barn Theater in Westboro, Mass. Experience was great, salary small: $25 a week, but room and board were included!

tom drake

play hide-and-seek with them. And Buddy remembered the time he'd wandered into the livingroom, and there was Monona giving Claire a dancing lesson, both holding their skirts and laughing and looking pretty. And the time she was angry with him for hitting Claire. Claire was bigger and could always beat him, no matter how hard he hit back, but Monona said that didn't make any difference. "A gentleman never strikes a girl—" What Monona said was law to Buddy. Never again did he hit back at Claire.

Now his eyes strayed to the Scotch collie, curled on the rug. He'd been sent from Scotland for Monona, and had come only a few days ago. There was trouble getting him, on account of something called quarantine, but Daddy told the man about (*Continued on page 122*)



After Claire grew up (she's 23 here) she moved to New York City, and roomed with Isabel Knapp (Chris Curtis) . . . who became Mrs. Tom Drake!



om and Claire grew up in New York City's suburbs. Claire's married, has two daughters Tom adores; he oves to shop for fancy-duds the kids don't need.



3-year-old Tom's proud boast was that he never had more han one girl . . . at a time! Requirements for little lack book were high: Dates had to dance well, be pretty.



That's my Pop!

■ A couple of months ago MODERN SCREEN ran a story about Van Johnson, told by his father to our Jean Kinkead. Van was deeply moved by the story. He wrote to Jean: "It meant more to me than I can tell you. I learned things about my dad I'd have died not knowing, if I hadn't read it."

Charles Johnson could tell Jean how he felt when his kid trotted off to school for the first time and when the 18-year-old, who'd never been further than Providence, set out with his straw suitcase to conquer the world. In a million years he couldn't have told Van. That's the masculine way. Besides, the elder Johnson, descended from Swedes, was less given to gab than most men. What you felt was apparent in what you did. Words were excess baggage. They'd have embarrassed Van no less than himself.

Van admits he was disturbed when he first heard about the story from his dad, whom he calls at regular intervals.

"I've been busy," said Dad. "Drove to Providence to pick up a writer and cameraman for MODERN SCREEN. Told them about you—"

"Are you kiddin'?"

"Certainly not. Had a good time doing it too—" (*Continued on page 92*)



Like Van, his blonde dad has same freckles and pale lashes. Van lives in terror of friends dropping in while he's having lashes dyed. Submits to hated ordeal only because studio insists, for photographic purposes.



Mrs. Keenan Wynn jitterbugs with Van at Palladium. His current gal is June Bright, Conover model. Van's studio worries about his persistent headaches, result of that old motor accident.

Last May we let proud Dad

Johnson have his say about son

Van; now it's Van's turn!

BY KAAREN PIECK

by Willinger



Willinger

by Fredda Dudley

"Look," a friend said earnestly to the Dick Haymes', "you kids have something pretty special here . . . hang on to it!"

who said divorce?



■ Bill Burton, who is probably the best friend Dick and Joanne Haymes will ever have, picked up his morning paper and promptly went into his dance. His war dance. The news, on Page One, was that Dick and Joanne had announced their separation! Bill Burton couldn't believe the type. There must be a mixup somewhere. Dick and Joanne, that pair of deeply-in-love characters—separating! Bill took a benzedrine and a fast trip into the country, arriving in time to find Dick in the pool and Joanne minding her young daughter, better known as Pigeon, in the music room.

"You stay right there," he told Dick. "Don't you move until I have time to knock your head against a brick wall."

Then he descended upon Joanne in the manner of a Dutch uncle mending dikes. "All right," he boomed, giving her that 50-calibre look, "what goes on here?"

She launched into a tearful story that indicated that friends are not sometimes the best people but a bad influence. Seems that Dick and his radio company decided to have dinner after the show one night, and one of the men in the group had a new girl friend whom he brought along. The girl sat between her escort and Dick. Naturally, being the light-hearted type, Dick laughed and chatted with the girl as well as with other people (*Continued on page 76*)

Dick (at Ciro's with wife Joanne) will tour Army camps after "Kitten on Keys."



HEY, SEXY!

Every girl Pete Lawford went out with promptly fell in love . . . with somebody else!

■ Between two requests for his autograph, Peter Lawford, unknown, became Peter Lawford, new dreamboat of the Bobbysox Brigade. He's not sure which of the two gave him the bigger laugh.

The first book was handed him as he left M-G-M one day. Even at the studio, they barely knew him from Adam. He had to show his pass to get in. So he was thrilled but puzzled when the little girl said: "Can I please have your autograph?"

Her companions hung in the background, their voices carrying farther than they knew. "Who's he—?"

"Nobody—"

"Then what does she want his autograph for?"

"She has to be polite, doesn't she, else how can she ask him about You-know-who?"

With difficulty suppressing the shout in his throat, Peter returned the book. Its owner glanced rapidly at the signature, then lifted a pair of limpid eyes. "Thank you *so* much, Mr. Lawford. Could you tell me when (*Continued on page* 114)





C.B.S. draws a thirsty couple: Shirley Temple and Peter. Like Shirley, he started as a child actor (only, he debuted on the Continent) and was known as "England's Jackie Coogan."

Athletically inclined, Peter Lawford holds an honorary locker in U.C.L.A.'s gym. School ball team conferred award. Right now, he's enthused over post-war flier's license. Pete's in "Son Of Lassie" with June Lockhart.

Nancy Winslow Squire



JOIN A FAN CLUB!

by Hedda Hopper

A fan club's a big happy family, exchanging letters and snapshots with its adopted star.

■ It was the night of Frank's last broadcast for the Hit Parade, and the president of The Sigh Guy fan club was in a dither. Not that that was anything new, really. She'd been in one since the night when she'd answered the phone and *that* voice had said "Pam? Want to do me a favor, hey?" That had been a month ago—the busiest month Pam had ever spent. Now, watching Frank come onstage for the broadcast, she thought about what he had said that night.

"Look. You know, Pam, my fan clubs around the country are spending an awful wad of dough on presents for me lately. And it's kind of silly, because I've got money to buy things for myself. So how about you contacting the clubs in New York State and persuading them to send the money to the Halloran Hospital Swimming Pool Fund instead? Would you?"

Would she? As if he'd had to ask! That had been the beginning. And now (*Continued on page* 108)



Hedda (The Hat) Hopper rejoices with Gwen Littlefield and June. Gwen, president of June's fan club, won M.S. Fan Club Assn.'s coveted award for club that's been most active.

Maybe you're one of the few who hasn't heard of Gil Lamb yet . . . but you will! Estelle Grey's prexy of his fan club, and if her efforts count, he'll hit the top in no time.

What an Oscar is to motion pictures, Modern Screen's silver loving cups are to members of the Fan Club Association. Here's big winner, Gwen L., with Inspiration June Allyson.





■ Miss Margaret O'Brien's stand-in and boon companion called from the doorway of Margaret's dressing room, "Come *on*, Margaret, come play hopscotch with me."

"I'm sorry, but I can't," said Margaret abstractedly. "I'm busy working on my scrapbook."

"It isn't EITHER your scrapbook. It's a scrapbook about Elizabeth Taylor—so there!"

"She is my ideal," stated Margaret with great dignity, "and when I grow up, I'm going to be a jockey exactly like Elizabeth." She cut another picture from the magazine at hand, then delivered the ultimate haymaker of hero worship. "And I'm going to start a collection of horses *exactly* like hers."

Furthermore, Margaret has taken up horseback riding despite the fact that she is mildly allergic to horses and contact with the giddyups brings on a minor case of asthma. The doctor says she will outgrow this in time—meanwhile, she suffers in order to emulate her shining heroine, Elizabeth Taylor.

If you have seen "National Velvet" you are probably as berserk over this 13-year-old English girl as



"Twinkle Toes" applies to both, but it's cocker spaniel's name. Pet alley cat's called "Squeaker." Elizabeth's favorite sports: Swimming and . . . you guessed it, riding!



Small in the Saddle

by Cynthia Miller

New star Elizabeth Taylor can sing, cook, and sew a fine seam . . . but not with a horse around!



Eliz. studies piano, voice, and ballet. Only public appearance before movies was at age of 3; danced at recital before British Princesses Eliz. and Margaret Rose!



Shirley Johns attends M-G-M school with Elizabeth, whose favorite subject is art . . . but she likes spelling, reading, and . . . whispering! Other classmates include Gloria Jean, "Butch" Jenkins. She'll star in "Now That April's Here."

Small in the Saddle

Margaret is; and if you didn't see "National Velvet," your local picture purveyor just isn't doing right by you, that's all.

But, to go back to Margaret's threat to start a collection of horses like Elizabeth's, such a feat will take a bit of doing—even taking into consideration Margaret's impressive talents—because Elizabeth currently owns something like 30 miniature nags and 3 genuine hayburners.

Boarding at the Riviera Riding Academy are Prince Charming, the pony given to Elizabeth by Producer Joe Pasternak; Sweetheart, brother Bill Taylor's mount; and King Charles, as magnificent a specimen of horseflesh as ever neighed at a pretty filly.

King Charles is the real name of "The Pi," on whose back Velvet won the Grand National. During the filming of the picture, one scene was planned to show the influence of Velvet over the undisciplined, mettlesome steed: The Pi was to come (*Continued on page 141*)



Studio wanted a taller girl for "National Velvet," so Elizabeth did stretching exercises, ate plenty of eggs and milk, slept ten hours nightly . . . and grew three inches! Catching up to Mother!

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!



ANOTHER POND'S BRIDE-TO-BE—Shirleyan Gibbs' engagement was announced in May



SHIRLEYAN GIBBS HELPS A SOLDIER make a record to send home. She has been taking a special course in Occupational Therapy to fit her for work with convalescents in the hospital—bringing the patients cheery diversions like the record machine in the picture, teaching arts and crafts planned to re-educate stiff muscles. Many more girls and women are needed to help in this important work. Can't *you* volunteer in your community?



SHIRLEYAN'S COMPLEXION is one of her greatest charms—and the cream she uses to help guard its fresh "soft-smooth" look is Pond's!

Shirleyan Gibbs of Detroit

to wed James E. Scripps, Merchant Marine Officer



SHIRLEYAN'S RING is unusually lovely—a marquise diamond surrounded by small diamonds.

SOFTLY curling dark hair, wide-spaced, velvety-brown eyes, patrician clear-cut features—that is Shirleyan.

And her fine, smooth complexion has that clear, fresh satiny "Pond's look" you'll notice about so many engaged girls these days.

"I really *love* Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's so soft and silky, and it does a perfectly grand cleansing job."

This is her quick Pond's Beauty Care . . .

She *smooths* on Pond's fluffy-soft Cold Cream generously. Pats it lightly all over her face and throat to help loosen dirt and make-up. Tissues off carefully.

She "*rinses*" with *more* Pond's, sliding cream-covered fingers all over her face with little spiral strokes. "It's this *extra* cleansing and softening that's so special," she says. "Twice-over cleansing is just *twice* as good, I think."

Copy Shirleyan's beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream, every night and morning—for in-between clean-ups, too. It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Get a *big* Pond's jar today—the big wide-topped jars are a joy to use!

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney · Miss Nancy Leeds · Lady Doverdale

Cameo Kid

No glamor here, no glitter.

Just loving a boy with wings

and being his wife, Phyl Thaxter.



Phyl, weary from emoting for "Bewitched," got talked by her mom into swapping books for tennis.

by Jack Wade

■ There must have been, say, three hundred service men on leave at the Hollywood Canteen that night. Short and tall, in blue and in khaki, fresh as wet paint or moanin' the blues, all very busy gawking and all lonesome as the devil. So what happened? Instead of a nice gin rummy or doughnut dunking fiend appropriating Miss Anything-For-The-Boys Phyllis Thaxter for a quiet evening, the jitterbug champion of the U. S. Fleet tagged her for a torso heaving session. She whirled and wiggled, twirled and twisted, flipped, flopped and flew off into space. She did her best but it was no use. When the music stopped, the gob gave her a severely critical look. "I thought you said you could jitterbug, Baby," he remarked scornfully. "*So long,*" he added with emphasis.

Well, Phyl felt pretty crushed at her failure and she knew she'd never see that sailor any more. But after a couple of numbers, there he was right back again, holding out his hand and asking, "Dance?"

"Well!" huffed Phyllis. "What are *you* doing back?

The PRIZE of the Pirate Loot—

HIS...if he can Tame Her!

THIS reckless son-of-danger, feared by men, meets his match in the loveliest, most dangerous of females—his captive bride!



...in Glorious TECHNICOLOR

The SPANISH MAIN

starring

PAUL HENREID · MAUREEN O'HARA · WALTER SLEZAK

with BINNIE BARNES • JOHN EMERY

A FRANK BORZAGE *production*

RKO RADIO

Executive Producer ROBERT FELLOWS • *Associate Producer* STEPHEN AMES • *Directed by* FRANK BORZAGE

Screen Play by GEORGE WORTHING YATES *and* HERMAN J. MANKIEWICZ



Cook-pal Margot's busy popping raw carrots, custard and quarts of milk at the meal-forgetful Phyllis, checking to see she doesn't sun worship herself into a crisp and dusting off her Crosby-Jive-classical record collection.

A born putterer, only her wee garden (with willow tree!) can wrest her from eternal auto washing. Phyl's misty-eyed over hubby Capt. Aubrey, would ditch career for lo-o-ve "like *that*!"

Cameo Kid

I thought you said I couldn't dance!"

"You can't," sighed the sailor. "But neither can my wife—and hell, I'm homesick!"

Her fellow glamor hostesses almost swooned when they got a giggled report of the conversation—who ever heard of a dancing partner being popular because she *couldn't* dance?

But then, for that matter, whoever heard of a singular character like Miss Phyllis St. Felix Thaxter turning into a Hollywood star practically overnight? A girl who's allergic to glamor? (*Continued on page 131*)



Joan McCracken, hit of "Bloomer Girl," and her adoring shadow, Lynn Clayton, admire their Bates "Big 'n' Little" print dresses

As bright as "Tmorra!"

Fresh as a new day are Bates "Big 'n' Little" prints . . . another smash hit by Bates' designers. They're twosome cottons with a single theme, beautifully styled for grown-ups and scaled down in perfect proportion for small fry. The "Little" prints are smart for accessories, too.

BATES FABRICS, INC., DEPARTMENT F, 80 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK 13

Bates
FABRICS

Bates Keeps Living Costs DOWN! Supplies for civilian use are limited but you can still buy famous Bates Fabrics at the same prices you paid for comparable quality in the Spring 1942.



Happy days—but Bob and wife Joan remember when he doubled as wage-earner and baby nurse after their son was born. Bob's in "Rhapsody In Blue" with Joan Leslie.

By Abigail Putnam

Warners searched two years for right man to play Gershwin; then they discovered Alda. Background for role: Six years as "straight man" in burlesque, night club singing, and comedian in USO Camp Show Units.



■ Love is everywhere. Even in delicatessens. The mother of Alphonse D'Abruzzo said to him one afternoon when he came home from school, "Run down to the store and get a pound of bologna, son."

Now Alphonse D'Abruzzo believed in Fate. He still does—implicitly. But if some good reliable fortune teller, wearing five red petticoats and four layers of beads, had told him at that moment that he was about to meet the girl he was to marry and set out on the adventure that was to take him to Hollywood as Robert Alda, he would have said, "Bologna—one pound for my mother." Which he did.

The delicatessen had another customer, a blue-eyed, blonde-haired slip of sugar cane named Joan Brown. *Her* mother had sent her to purchase a pound of salami. Bob looked Joan over and his corpuscles said, softly, of (*Continued on page 99*)

RHAPSODY MAN

They started out with more blue than rhapsody:

Bob Alda lost his job just before the wedding!

for

ever

changing

fashion . . .

the

never

changing

Beauty

of

Marvella

Pearls



*Jewelers' Quality Pearls**

AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

ILLUSTRATED, THE BEAUTIFUL MARVELLA ZENITH

*Simulated

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. . . $18 (PLUS 20% FEDERAL TAX) . . . DINNER DRESS BY BEN REIG

Suit-ables For Fall

The suit story, with accent on you.

Angela Lansbury models three glamorous

new versions of the feminine suit.



This winged-sleeve suit by Leeds forecasts the newest, smartest fashion. It's for you!

Dress up this classic Kessler Schwartz suit to get that best-dressed-gal air Angela has.



Lady-like version of your guy's trench coat by Junior Deb. Sissy sailor dresses it up for work, for play, for dawn to dusk glamor.



■ We've been thinking ahead to Fall. To bright blue days that are suddenly cool as an air-conditioned movie, to dark blue evenings that are *cold*. We've been thinking about the first roaring fire in your long-neglected fireplace, about russet leaves and the first frost, and lights in the windows at suppertime. And naturally we've been thinking about Fall clothes. Anticipating the switch from straw hats to fedoras and from dress whites to dress blues. And do you know, we're looking forward to the change of scene, the stepped-up tempo? Are you, too?

To get ready for it, begin checking over your wardrobe, airing the things you've had in mothballs. Look over belts and buttons and make replacements where necessary. Then figure out what you absolutely need in the way of supplementary clothes. A good basic dress? Maybe. Some really good looking accessories? Probably. A suit? Almost certainly.

Foreseeing your needs, we're covered the suit market thoroughly and come up with these dreamboats, all of which you're going to love, one of which you're going to want to have. We're proud of them, because they're all as good as they are beautiful.

For a Bride: If you want something heart-stopping enough for a honeymoon, practical enough for an old married woman, you'll adore this sweet softie of a brown wool, its lines new as your marriage vows. The winged victory dolman sleeved silhouette gives you all the drama you crave with its fullback shoulders and ballerina waist, and the marvelous fabric by American Woolen handles the practical side. Fashion wise are the hand and button detail, the waist-cinching belt. The well cut skirt is slim and uncluttered as your wedding ring. *He'll* like the good, clean lines, the fact that it makes you more beautiful than you've ever been before. And the price, of course, which is only $25.

Top it off (*Continued on page* 121)

By Jean Kinkead and Toussia Pines

Newest Make-up Idea...A Broadway Success

TWO MAKE YOU TWICE AS LOVELY



Jergens Make-up Cake + Matching Jergens Powder



"With Jergens Twin Make-up, it's one . . . two . . . and surprise . . . you're twice as lovely!" says Jean Sorensen of Broadway's famous "Latin Quarter."

One! Sponge on new Jergens Make-up Cake (made with special skin-softening oils). See what a flawless look it gives you . . .

Two! Fluff on *matching* Jergens Powder . . . and your new complexion is complete!

Matched and in one box . . . the Cake and Powder . . . that's Jergens Twin Make-up. A $2.00 value for $1.00.* Six skin-tone shades. Wear YOURS today . . . for twice the loveliness!

Jergens Twin Make-up
Both in one box
Both for $1.00
($2.00 value)

JERGENS POWDER "TRY-IT" SIZES, **25¢, 10¢***

*Plus Tax

Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

HAND-MADE BEAUTY

■ "Somebody should tell Linda Darnell there are no vitamins in fingernails!" wrote a columnist in what must have been a very peevish moment. Come, come, Mr. Columnist. Maybe in one hectic moment you *did* see Linda nibbling at her nails. But I assure you that she doesn't make a habit of it. The girl has beautiful hands. As have any number of Hollywood people: June Allyson, Gloria De Haven, Joan Fontaine and our pretty model, Lana Turner. . . . Such beautiful hands, in fact, that they're models for all of us. We want handsome hands and— zip—to our aid comes any number of intriguing hand grooming items. For example, there's that gadget that I've grown to love. It's a plastic affair, shaped like a fountain pen. Packed with it, is a bottle of fine pink oily cuticle remover. Uncap the barrel, fill it with the lubricating liquid. There's a nib (see, I said it's like a fountain pen) that when pushed against the cuticle



Oily polish remover tackles old polish.



Shape your nails into smooth, even ovals.



Oily remover keeps cuticle trim, healthy.



A base coat prepares the way for polish.



Long, firm strokes apply polish evenly.



Hand cream or lotion keeps hands velvety.



Regular manicures do it. Lana Turner, of M-G-M, has two winning hands!

releases just one drop of the liquid. That's enough remover for one finger and you use the nib to push back the softened cuticle. No ado about orangewood sticks, cotton wads or separate bottles. A really smooth performance. Incidentally, the whole works also comes packaged in a strictly masculine box. It weighs less than eight ounces, there's no request necessary . . . all in all, a fine overseas gift.

Here's another item you're bound to like, a liquid to apply over nail enamel. Usually, isn't it true that after you've done an enameling job, there is a long, long pause in your life while you wait for the darn stuff to dry? The new oily liquid takes care of all that bother.

It goes right on over polish *and* cuticle both, sealing in and drying polish and softening cuticle simultaneously. It safeguards fresh polish from smudging. As soon as you have applied polish to both hands, the first finger should be ready for your speed-drier. Only a thin coating is necessary. Wait a few seconds and then wipe off lightly. Polish is shielded from marks and scratches, cuticle has extra lubrication . . . and the time you've saved!

Such hand-maids of beauty are wonderful at keeping fingertips at their best . . . and you cooperate with regular care. None of us are ever going to neglect that weekly manicure. To make sure we use the correct process, let's whip through the routine so that we'll be properly briefed for our next manicure session!

Removing Polish: Roll absorbent cotton in a ball. Moisten it with an oily polish remover, place on fingernail and hold firm for a few seconds . . . long enough to soften the polish. Then, still with a firm hold, draw the cotton pad away from the base of the fingernail to the tip.

Cuticle Remover: That fountain pen gadget does a wonderful job at this step of the game. If you use the regular method, be sure the remover has an oily base . . . your cuticle will be grateful! We all know that a little cotton should be wound on the end of an orangewood stick when it's dipped in cuticle remover. But do you know that it actually saves time and effort if you roll cotton on both ends of the stick?

Filing: Never ever file up and down the fingernail. If you do, you'll have a frayed edge that catches in everything, absorbs dirt and looks pretty awful. And don't file too deeply into the corners. Allow nails to grow out at the sides to protect tips and to make fingernails more graceful.

Nail Enamel: Dazzlingly beautiful stuff, this. Take your pick of different tones of red . . . true red, tawny or blue-tinged. Just because it's so pretty, be nice to it. Apply it perfectly. Try using a base coat that lets polish flow on smoothly, evenly. Or, there's a protective over-polish liquid that guards against chipping and peeling.

Day In—Day Out: Creamy, silky-textured hand lotions are what you need for every day care. No more chapping, no more redness, no more roughness! Instead of that unpleasant trio, lotions give you the hands *he'll* like to hold. Beforehand, when setting to work, a lotion protects your hands. And, of course, you know about using a lotion every time your little fists have been dabbling in water.

Special hand creams also do a dandy softening job. Nice to use just before climbing into bed. Massage cream on firmly with the same movements used in drawing on a pair of snug kid gloves.

* * *

Beauty hand-outs! That's what I've got for you if any problems of hand-care, of makeup, of skin care or of hair grooming, have been troubling you. Write to: Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.*

PERFECT POPPY REDHEAD — BY SUNDBLOM



Redheads rejoice! Artist Haddon Sundblom creates the image of your complexion glorified with this original* "Flower-fresh" shade of

CASHMERE BOUQUET face powder

Here's the right Cashmere Bouquet shade for *you!*

FOR LIGHT TYPES
Natural, *Rachel No. 1
Rachel No. 2

FOR MEDIUM TYPES
Rachel No. 2, Rose Brunette

FOR DARK TYPES
Rose Brunette, Even Tan

Oh! Lady be good to your fair, fresh beauty. Play up the rosy, Titian tones in your skin with Cashmere Bouquet's new "Flower-fresh" Rachel No. 1. It clings to your skin in a superfine finish. veiling those tiny blemishes. Stays on smoothly for hours without need of re-powdering. Cashmere Bouquet comes in brand-new "Flower-fresh" shades to flatter every lovely complexion from a honey-blonde to an exotic brunette.



Lana bitterly regrets all the publicity her past romances received, now that she's in love with Pvt. Turhan Bey of "Night In Paradise."

Romances they won't talk about



The stars used to wear their hearts on their sleeves . . . but too many hearts got broken!

by Louella Parsons

■ So they won't talk!

I mean these new love birds of Hollywood who have practically broken out in an epidemic of coyness, shyness and reserve. There was a time when a new amour was the inspiration for not only the love light in a glamor girl's eyes, but the springboard for her conversation both privately and for the press. But those were the old days of the Harlows, Crawfords, Lupe and the Alice Whites.

These are the new days—and believe me—the picture has changed.

I am not saying I have not talked to Lana Turner about Turhan Bey; to Robert Walker about Jennifer Jones and his new love, Florence Pritchett; to June Allyson about Dick Powell; to Bogey about Lauren—but it's like pulling teeth. Parsons ain't a girl to give up easily, but if I were, there's many a heart story I would have to write off to: "They aren't talking."

Why?

Well, every love story is different with its peculiar problems but this I believe to be true: These new youngsters of Hollywood are acutely conscious of good taste and ofttimes of just solid common sense and they have become wary of proclaiming a new love to the world until they are sure it is the real thing.

For that I really (*Continued on page 62*)





Bogey (at La Rue's) and Lauren were in a tough spot when he forgot the "think before you speak" rule and blabbed about marriage before Mayo's divorce was final. But he's learned his lesson now!

Bob Walker won't talk about his romance with Florence Pritchett (together at Ciro's) until his divorce from Jennifer Jones comes through. He said he'd never marry again . . . but don't bet on it!

respect them—and if I didn't have to earn my living the hard way, I *might* think they are right!

I remember what Lana Turner told me the day she dropped by my house after work.

"Louella," she said, "you know I am very much in love with Turhan Bey. Everyone knows it. But I hesitate to talk about it because, well, I have discussed other romances of mine in the past—and now I regret that very much.

it's real for lana . . .

"You see, I am a different person now in every way. I'm not just a carefree girl as I was when I thought I was in love with Greg Bautzer and Artie Shaw and when I married Steve Crane. I was just a kid then—perhaps more in love with love than anything else.

"But suddenly, after I married Steve and had little Cheryl, everything changed. I'm only twenty-four years old now—but I'm a woman with a daughter to bring up—and I want always to have my little girl's respect and admiration. My whole outlook on life has changed because of her. Sometimes I am bitterly sorry for all the publicity I had as a night club girl—seemingly out dancing with a different beau every time my picture was taken.

"What I feel for Turhan is something entirely different in my life and that is why it is so hard, almost impossible, for me to discuss him with anyone.

"The thing I love best about him is that he is so devoted to Cheryl. Sometimes, I think I have two children to look after. He's so very young for his age. And then, again, he is so wise and gentle about everything concerned with the happiness of the three of us.

"That is the way the situation is now—just happiness for us—and no plans. How can there be, with Turhan in the Army? I'm just another woman waiting for the man of her heart to come home—and until then we can just dream about our future."

Personally, whether Lana talks or doesn't talk, I believe these two will be married as soon as her divorce from Crane is final and when Turhan can make her his wife whether he is still in the Army or not. I also have very good reasons to believe that by the time this is printed in MODERN SCREEN, petite June Allyson will be the wife of Dick Powell—another romantic duo who have certainly given their romance the silent treatment.

There are two reasons why June wouldn't "give" in the early days of her courtship with Dick. First, he was separated from Joan Blondell, but not divorced. Second, it is no secret that M-G-M, her company, wasn't as much in love with this romance as June was with Dick. In fact, hell did a little poppin' every time any scribe tried to get June in a corner and talk to her about the man of her heart.

Perhaps it was good business on the studio's part to try to keep the little Allyson girl heart whole and fancy free. She's the idol of a small army of GIs. One boy even wrote in that he couldn't stand it unless June waited for him to get back before making up her mind to marry anyone!

But trying to advise her not to fall in love with Dick was like trying to tell a pneumonia victim that she shouldn't have caught cold! She couldn't mention his name without lighting up like a Broadway sign. Every time she said "Dick," her face was illuminated by the inner spotlight of her feeings. Somehow she touched me deeply. She was so darn young about it.

Just like a high school girl, she would say to me, "Isn't Dick wonderful? Oh, not just on the screen in 'Murder, My Sweet,' but on the radio, too, and in everything he



Fingertip Glory!

Your hands come to life,
as graceful and delicate as an exquisite flower . . .
when fingertips are done with glorious,
glamorous Dura-Gloss. Dura-Gloss, the polish of
perfection, is smooth to apply,
dries with speed, stays on for days.
At all cosmetic counters. 10¢ plus tax.



Something New
Dura-Gloss Nail Polish Dryer—
dries polish faster. Try it.
10¢ plus tax.

the DURA-GLOSS touch!

16 Exciting Shades

Dura-Gloss is the only nail polish that contains Chrystallyne
Copr. 1945, Lorr Laboratories, founded by E. T. Reynolds

does!" But in June's conventional little soul there burned even more brightly the warning signal of good taste. Until Dick was legally free of his former marriage her lips were sealed. I wrote that interview for my paper—but, believe me, it was a job of blood, sweat and tears.

She did admit to me, however, that she was a little worried that Dick had been married twice before and she had never been married. The fact that he is fifteen years her senior made no impression on her at all! But she worried that he might find her inexperienced and childlike.

Junie said, "I know I must seem young to Dick for he has lived broadly—and, more important, he has learned and benefited from everything that has happened to him. But he is sweet about not treating me as a child. He respects my opinions and consults me about even his business affairs.

"When I marry (she still wouldn't say 'When I marry Dick') my husband would always come first and my career second." (Oh, M-G-M—are you l-i-s-t-e-n-i-n-g?) "I would always do what my husband wanted me to do."

Well, there's one particularly nice thing about June's being in love with Dick Powell. He will hardly ask her to give up her screen career, for not only is he an actor and entertainer himself, but he is proud of the strides she has made and feels that loving her has been lucky for him. Maybe Dick and Junie won't talk—but their love speaks so loudly it isn't really necessary.

The most amazing non-talkers of them all have been Errol Flynn and Nora Eddington in what has been the most talked-about romance and secret marriage (and possibly divorce by now) of them all.

Unfortunately, what Errol did have to say about it, in the beginning, was the wrong thing, and landed him in plenty of Dutch with the press and with Nora. Flynn is an Irishman whose temper flares and I am sure he did not realize how it would look in black and white when he said to a reporter, after the birth of his and Nora's baby in Mexico, "If I were married as many times as the papers say, I would win an Academy Award for bigamy!"

When Nora came back to Hollywood from Mexico with their beautiful little daughter, everyone was sure there was a divorce in the offing for these two. I talked with her soon after her arrival, and was surprised to find her not cynical nor bitter, but deeply hurt and still madly in love with "Flynn," as she calls him.

FEMALE, KEEP THAT V-MAIL!

Ten years from now, when Joe Serviceman is Joe Civilian, and sits around the fire telling tall tales to the kiddies, you'll be glad you saved his V-Mail letters . . . if only to prove he didn't really *take that hill single-handed! So store them carefully in one of those practical transparent V-Mail files before they get too ragged to read!*

heart freedom for flynn . . .

"Perhaps he will be angry with me for talking at all," she said, "but there is no reason why he should fear anything I could or would say about him. If there is anyone to blame about the humiliating position I am in now—it is myself. I fell in love with Flynn with my eyes wide open, realizing he was not the type of man

(Continued on page 72)

Ann Dvorak REPUBLIC Pictures Star



Overnight...

YOU'LL HAVE LOVELIER HAIR

Convince yourself with one application of this Famous 3-Way Medicinal Treatment

Many of Hollywood's most beautiful stars use this *overnight* 3-Way Medicinal Treatment. You, too, can make your hair look lovelier, more glamorous, with an overnight application. Glover's will accentuate the natural color-tones of your hair with clear, sparkling highlights—freshened radiance—the soft, subtle beauty of hair well-groomed. Today—try *all three* of these famous Glover's preparations—Glover's original Mange Medicine—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress. Use separately, or in one complete treatment. Ask for the regular sizes at any Drug Store or Drug Counter—or mail the Coupon!

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Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative FREE booklet. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packaging and postage.

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LOUELLA PARSONS' Good News

Judy's Mrs. Minelli and the John Paynes are parenting. Are Van's bachelor days numbered?

■ Judy Garland's wedding to Vincente Minelli was the most simple and unpretentious ever held in Hollywood. Judy wanted no fuss or fanfare and only ten people attended the ceremony, which was held in the living room of her home.

Just before the wedding, a pianist played "I Never Knew What Love Could Do," Judy's favorite ballad, and as the music stopped Judy came from one side of the room and Vincente from the other, and they met before a large window to exchange their vows.

She was wearing a soft gray jersey silk dress with a matching hat and she carried beautiful white peonies. The belt on her dress was really a lovely thing—and the only ornament. It was studded with medals of the Renaissance period in assorted bright colors.

The bride spoke so softly she could hardly be heard but Minelli was very emphatic in his "I do's."

After the ceremony he kissed Judy very tenderly on the forehead and then kissed her hand. They looked into each other's eyes for a minute—wordless, and then turned smilingly to their guests. Somehow there was more emotion between them than if they had been the usual demonstrative newlyweds and everybody wishes little Judy great happiness in her marriage this time.

* * *

The other June bride, Donna Reed, managed to get herself in Dutch but plenty with the Los Angeles press. She knew that she was to be married July 15th to Tony Owen, the agent. But when the newspaper crowd asked her for information, she said, "I have no plans."

Her happy bridegroom was certainly less evasive and freely admitted that he and Donna were getting married and leaving for Chicago almost at once. Having had experience with the lady before when she denied she was getting a divorce from Bill Tuttle, I went ahead and printed the



Lieut. and Mrs. Van Heflin in a rare outing to the Santa Anita racetrack; rare 'cause when Pop's home on furloaf, it's strictly home and baby. Mrs. H's hunting a good movie script, Van'll do the best seller, "The Green Years."



At NBC, Reggie Gardiner kept imitating wallpaper so H. Lloyd had to lend June Allyson his goggles for better concentration. Harold's movie comeback marks Hal, Jr.'s debut. Junie's Dick Powell just bought their $33,000 wedding home.



GI bound, Laddie'll sell his home for $65,000 while Bob, fainting from exhaustion, was warned by MD's, "Go easy or else!" Mrs. Payne, of course, is baby expecting.



With "The Life Of Walter Mitty" his next, Danny's publicist's so sure of the Kaye success, he works several hours daily in a war plant! Clark's Eng. bound, will do a pic, sight-see freed countries.



Just out from Santa Ana hospital, Don O'Connor's down to 115 lbs., but reports "I'm great." Pronounced okay for active duty, he reports for special service in N. J. (Coke-sharing with the Mrs.)

advises even his adorable *Child Powers Models* to use *only* this shampoo!



Certainly You'll Want This Remarkably Beautifying Shampoo For *Your* Child's Hair

Mother! those darling little *child* Powers Models whose pictures you see in magazines are also advised by Mr. Powers to use *only* Kreml Shampoo to wash *their* hair.

And there are very good reasons why Mr. Powers *always* recommends Kreml Shampoo—and why you should buy Kreml Shampoo for your *child's* hair.

Beneficial Oil Base Helps Keep Hair From Becoming Dry

Kreml Shampoo thoroughly cleanses scalp and hair of dirt and loose dandruff. It leaves hair so much softer, silkier—easier to comb—just gleaming with *natural* sparkling beauty.

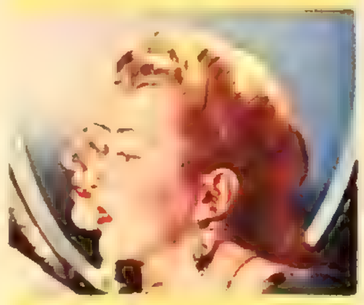
Kreml Shampoo never leaves any excess dull soapy film. It positively contains no harsh caustics or chemicals. Instead it has a beneficial *oil* base which makes it so excellent for shampooing children's hair—which helps keep hair from becoming dry and brittle.

Why not take a tip from the gorgeous grown-up Powers Models and glamour-bathe *your* hair with Kreml Shampoo? Sold at any drug, department or 10¢ store.

Buy The Large Size—Let Your Whole Family Enjoy Its Benefits

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — If Defective or Not As Advertised Therein — Replacement or a Refund of Money

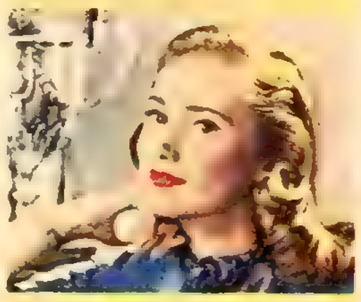
What Kreml Shampoo Does For Powers Models' Hair



Brings out natural sparkling beauty and lustre



Helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle



Leaves hair with silken sheen that lasts for days

Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

story in spite of her denials.

Donna must learn that newspaper reporters will forgive a lot of things, but not being on the square with them is one thing they will never forgive or forget.

* * *

I've got bad news for you, kids. I think Van Johnson is really interested in lovely Jacqueline Dalya. He's had more "solo" dates with her than any other Hollywood charmer. Want to compare yourself to the new honey and see if you are Van's type?

Jacqueline is 5 feet 5 inches tall. Weighs 120 pounds. Has creamy olive skin and black hair with brown eyes. She's very vivacious in type, laughs a great deal, and speaks in a husky, attractive voice which is unusually low but still not as deep as Lauren Bacall's. She once worked as an extra in an M-G-M picture, which may be where Van met her. She rides, dances, cooks simple dishes—particularly a terrific spaghetti sauce—loves the color "electric" blue, is twenty years old, and hails from New York.

* * *

Nora Eddington Flynn has made more friends than ever since Bruce Cabot's birthday party for Errol Flynn. Bruce, who dearly loves to kid his pal, invited Nora, Lili Damita (the first Mrs. Flynn) and three blonde girls who were a part of Flynn's gay bachelor days.

If ever a girl conducted herself with dignity it was Nora. Every eye in the room was upon her, but she certainly proved she is a little thoroughbred.

Although Lili had promised Bruce she would come after dinner, she didn't show up. When the cake was brought in the inscription read: "NOT ENOUGH ROOM FOR ALL YOUR BIRTHDAY CANDLES." I asked Errol how old he really was. He said, "I'm a Warner Brothers 32!"

I must say he gave none of the blonde cuties a tumble, spending the entire evening at Nora's side.

But when they went home—she went to her house and he to his home on the hill. They are still married but living apart.

* * *

Bing Crosby's 10-year-old chip off the old block, Lindsay, is certainly a rooter and tooter for his Old Man.

Lindsay makes no secret of being allergic to Frank Sinatra, not for any personal reasons, but because he also croons. The kid takes plenty of ribbing because everybody, by this time, is on to his sore spot.

Even Bing gives him no peace. The other day he said, "You know, a singer like Frankie comes along just once in a lifetime."

"Yeah?" said Lindsay. "Well, it's too bad he had to come along in your lifetime!"

From Crosby père—no comment!

* * *

Ouch! Was there a fuss from all concerned when I said Clark Gable and Joan Blondell were dinner dating off the set of "Strange Adventure." What can I say after I say I'm sorry—if it wasn't true. But certainly no one

will deny that Clark and Joan have a lot of fun kidding each other on the set.

It certainly isn't true that Gable, the one and only, and Greer Garson have developed a chill. I know—because I was out on the set one day, had some laughs with both Greer and Clark, and had my pitcher taken with them.

* * *

After sitting on the fence for months, fighting and then kissing and making up, affirming and denying they were rifting—it is now all over for the Robert Huttons. (I guess! With these two you never know—or do you care?)

Anyway, Bob turned a little pink under the collar when the following happened on the set of "Janie Gets Married." Director Vincent Sherman was kidding Joan Leslie. "What type of a man would you really like to marry?" he asked with an amused twinkle in his eye.

Joan must have taken his remark seriously. "I'd like to marry a man like Bob Hutton," she said. Everyone roared—and Bob couldn't have looked more embarrassed.

P.S. He used to take Joan out before he met and married Natalie Thompson.

* * *

Errol Flynn's car broke down on Laurel Avenue the other evening. A huge mail truck came along and pushed him up the grade to a filling station.

"Thank you," said Errol with a wave of his hand.

"Not so fast, Mr. Flynn," said the mail man, "while I've got you, you might as well pay up for these letters with postage due!"

Which goes to prove, I suppose, that every silver lining has a cloud!

* * *

Believe it or not—Marguerite Chapman has made twelve movies and never been kissed in any of them, until she got a big kiss from Fred MacMurray in "Pardon My Past." When asked to comment, the lady said, "It wasn't much!"

Oh, Marguerite! Or should I say—Oh, Fred!!??????

* * *

Gloria De Haven Payne laughed her sides out when she returned home the other day and found that her groom had left a poem on her dressing room table. It read:

"Gloria De Haven and Johnny Payne
Hope it will be a boy—but if it ain't—
They'll take a girl—because,
Only a girl can wear a curl!"

"And," laughed Gloria, "Johnny had the nerve to take a bow on what is probably the worst poem ever written!"

* * *

Bogart on the Bias: He likes booths in a cafe because he has a little habit of cat napping after a meal. . . . He swears that he has never called Lauren Bacall "Baby" and that she never calls him "Bogey". . . . He is one of the most completely honest men in Hollywood. If he doesn't like you—you know it. . . . Martinis are his favorite drink. . . . He says nothing could happen to his face that hasn't already happened! . . . He hates to wear coats and prefers soft wool shirts—but he gets dressed up when his bride asks him to . . . his favorite flower is the carna-

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His pen was clogged, he thought it doomed!



Till Suzie Smart suggested Quink...
He tried this pen-protecting ink!



It's solv-x keeps his pen so clean
Now all is peaceful and serene!

Every drop of Quink contains solv-x—protects pens 4 vital ways:

1. Ends gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting—even flow.
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Parker Quink solves most pen problems caused by ordinary high-acid inks. For only Quink contains *solv-x*, yet Quink costs no more than other inks. Ideal for any pen. 7 permanent, 2 washable colors. Regular size 25¢. School size 15¢. Also in pints and quarts. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

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Counters

ADA MOHL

A member of the chic international set in Paris before the war, she is now Fashion Directress for one of New York's exclusive shops.



"As Important as the Clothes You Wear"

Countess Mohl says:
"I use Djer-Kiss perfume and I've noticed how many really smart women do, too. I know the fragrance a woman chooses is just as important as the clothes she wears. For me, there is no lovelier scent than Djer-Kiss."

Pronounced "DEAR KISS"



DJER-KISS PERFUME

Kathleen

WORLD'S MOST ROMANTIC SCENT



With the wedding rice scarcely out of her hair (she'd traveled half way round the world to meet and marry fiancé Col. Tex McCrary, former editorial writer), Jinx Falkenberg threw a fancy dress Mexican party to celebrate opening her dress shop. (Hot dogging it with Esther Williams.)

tion because it's "got a smell to it". . . . He would like very much to be a father and hopes any baby they would have would look like "The Look." Of course, I mean Humphrey Bogart.

* * *

I don't know anybody in the world who takes things more to heart than Frank Sinatra.

He was bluer than indigo because of criticism over that plane priority business.

In all justice to Frankie it must be said that he had to get to New York in a special hurry to leave on an entertainment tour overseas. And he had been detained in Hollywood until the last minute making a juvenile delinquency film (for which he received not one penny) until the very last minute.

He could have explained all this to the New York reporters and thus been completely in the clear. Instead, he felt it sounded too much like boasting to say anything in defense of himself and just went into a blue funk instead.

Frank Sinatra is going to have to learn to state his case. In the spot he is in, he is the target for much unfair criticism and snide comments.

* * *

Jeanne Crain's boy friend, Paul Brooks, looks so much like Errol Flynn that poor Jeanne is getting rumored about as having dates with Errol—which ain't true.

She told me, "I'd like to pin a sign on Paul saying, "MY NAME IS BROOKS—NOT FLYNN. WANT TO MAKE SOMETHING OF IT?"

* * *

In spite of her great beauty, Hedy Lamarr is a very practical gal. Just before her baby was born she was upset because her house wasn't big enough for a nursery and a baby kitchen.

One night she awakened in her sleep, excited, and jumped out of bed much to the concern of husband John Loder who had been sleeping calmly.

He found Hedy out on the back porch, yardstick in hand. She was making notes excitedly and mumbling to herself.

The back porch is now the new nursery and a former broom closet has been converted into a kitchen for the nurse to cook baby's food.

* * *

Glenn Ford told Walter Brennan that he and Eleanor Powell were having trouble getting enough milk for the baby and what does Walter do but present them with a real cow! The Fords, who live in a Hollywood apartment, have to board Bossy out until they can find a home—or a farm.

* * *

That publicity hound—and I mean HOUND, "Blaze," is at it again!

The other day, Faye Emerson brought the famous pooch to the studio and at the end of the day they went into the projection room to see the rushes on "Danger Signal."

On the screen Zachary Scott is supposed to be chasing Faye on the beach and trying to kiss her. She squeals and tries to get away—which is all Blaze needed.

All he needed was to hear Faye's voice crying out for help and he made a mad dash

(*Continued on page 71*)



Once they called
her Dateless Dora,



Now her dates
would fill a book



I gave her
my beauty secret

See—she has
that Ivory Look!



Here's how you can have a lovelier complexion—

"Date bait"—the younger crowd calls it. We call it that Ivory Look—the smoother, more radiant skin that invites romance.

You can have a complexion like that—if you'll change to baby's own beauty soap—pure, mild Ivory. Take doctors' advice: stop being careless about skin care. Start regular, gentle cleansings with a cake of Ivory Soap. Ivory contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin.

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More doctors advise Ivory—

THAN ALL OTHER BRANDS PUT TOGETHER! 99 44/100% pure



DON'T BE A SOAP WASTER! Soap contains materials important to the war effort. So make every cake of Ivory last and last!

She was the biggest sucker of them all!



Back in the hooch-happy days of the Terrific Twenties Texas Guinan greeted the mob at her famous night club with her famous shout of "Hello Suckers" . . . but she was the biggest sucker of them all, for she was desperately, hopelessly in love with a man . . . gambler and racketeer . . . she could never marry.

•

Texas was famous for another expression, "Give this little girl a great big hand" an expression that she would use again today if she could see Betty Hutton as Texas Guinan in "INCENDIARY BLONDE." Betty is slightly more than terrific as the great Guinan . . . she has to be for Texas was a fabulous personality, rodeo queen, Ziegfeld girl, Hollywood star, and owner of her own night club, telling off the gun-toting gangsters who tried to muscle in on her.

•

Paramount has filmed Texas Guinan's exciting story in a riot of color, with a cavalcade of great hit tunes, and at a mile a minute pace. The picture is so good that Paramount has chosen it to mark its Third of a Century of Entertaining the World.

•

Paramount presents

"INCENDIARY BLONDE"

IN TECHNICOLOR

starring

Betty Hutton

ARTURO de Cordova

with CHARLES RUGGLES • ALBERT DEKKER

BARRY FITZGERALD

(and Mary Phillips • Bill Goodwin • Edward Ciannelli

The Maxellos • Maurice Rocco

Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL

Original Screen Play by
Claude Binyon and Frank Butler

Paramount—Entertaining the World for One Third of a Century!

AUTOGRAPHS!

Why do things the *hard* way? Suppose you do live in Kansas . . . or Oregon . . . or Quebec . . . or any place that's thousands of miles away from a movie star? If you really crave the autograph of any of the stars listed below, why, all you've got to do is send a quarter to us for each one you want. There's a bonus of an extra autograph if you order four! And the best part is this: Your quarters go to the NAVAL AID AUXILIARY FUND, that organization which watches over a sailor's family while he's off somewheres fighting.

June Allyson
Don Ameche
Dana Andrews
Lois Andrews

Lauren Bacall
Jane Ball
Lucille Ball
Jess Barker
Anne Baxter
William Bendix
Joan Bennett
Ingrid Bergman
Turhan Bey
Julie Bishop
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
Charles Boyer
Eddie Bracken
Jim Brown

Eddie Cantor
Marguerite Chapman
Dane Clark
Claudette Colbert
Nancy Coleman
Ronald Colman
Richard Conte
Gary Cooper
Joseph Cotten
James Craig
Jeanne Crain
Dick Crane
Stephen Crane
Bing Crosby
Xavier Cugat

Helmut Dantine
Linda Darnell
Bette Davis
Gloria De Haven
Olivia de Havilland
Tommy Dix
Ted Donaldson
Brian Donlevy
Tom Drake
Jimmy Dunne
Irene Dunne
Jimmy Durante

Nelson Eddy
William Eythe

Jinx Falkenberg
Alice Faye
Geraldine Fitzgerald
Errol Flynn

Clark Gable
Ava Gardner
John Garfield
Judy Garland
Peggy Ann Garner
Greer Garson
Paulette Goddard
Betty Grable
Farley Granger
Cary Grant
Bonita Granville
Kathryn Grayson

Jon Hall
June Haver
Dick Haymes
Susan Hayward
Rita Hayworth
Sonja Henie
Paul Henreid
Katharine Hepburn
John Hodiak
Skippy Homeier
Bob Hope
Lena Horne
Betty Hutton
Bob Hutton

Harry James
Gloria Jean
Van Johnson

Jennifer Jones
Arline Judge

Danny Kaye
Kay Kyser

Alan Ladd
Hedy Lamarr
Dorothy Lamour
Carole Landis
Peter Lawford
Joan Leslie
John Loder
Myrna Loy
Ida Lupino
Diana Lynn

Fred MacMurray
Lon McCallister
Joel McCrea
Reddy McDowall
Fibber McGee & Molly
Dorothy McGuire
Alan Marshal
Trudy Marshall
Marilyn Maxwell
Carmen Miranda
Maria Montez
George Montgomery
Constance Moore
Dennis Morgan
George Murphy

Tom Neal
Lloyd Nolan

Merle Oberon
Edmond O'Brien
Margaret O'Brien
Virginia O'Brien
Donald O'Connor
Maureen O'Hara
Dennis O'Keefe
Kevin O'Shea

John Payne
Gregory Peck
Susan Peters
Walter Pidgeon
William Powell
Tyrone Power

Frances Rafferty
Ella Raines
Martha Raye
Ronald Reagan
Walter Reed
George Reeves
Ginger Rogers
Roy Rogers
Rosalind Russell
Gail Russell
Ann Rutherford
Eddie Ryan
Peggy Ryan

Ann Sheridan
Dinah Shore
Ginny Simms
Frank Sinatra
Red Skelton
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck

Shirley Temple
Gene Tierney
Phyllis Thaxter
Spencer Tracy
Sonny Tufts
Lana Turner

Robert Walker
Cornel Wilde
Esther Williams
Jane Withers
Monty Woolley
Jane Wyman

Loretta Young
Robert Young

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State

NAA EDITOR, MODERN SCREEN
9136 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

LOUELLA PARSONS GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 68*)

for the screen trying to chew Zachary's shadow to pieces. She really had to struggle to hold him—and that marked his first and last (albeit devoted) appearance in a projection room.

* * *

I saw Private Donald O'Connor dining at Chasen's during his brief furlough in Hollywood. I thought he looked much thinner and much more serious than before he left Hollywood but he told me he is completely recovered from the illness he had when he first went into the service.

"I'm doing some radio stuff for the Army while I'm out here," he said, "writing the material and getting the kids on the air."

I asked him if he was still just as glad to get his fan mail. "You bet," he said enthusiastically, "the studio holds it for me—and I spent one whole day a few weeks ago going over it. Sure, I certainly want my friends to keep on writing."

* * *

Shirley Temple entertained for a dozen of her classmates two nights after graduation at the Beverly Tropics, and with no one to supervise their eating, all the kids ordered the exotic Chinese plate with pressed duck and all the trimmings.

The little hostess wore a Kelly green sports suit, matching bag and a very cute off the face hat with a bright feather.

One of my spies, sitting nearby, heard one of the girls ask Shirley, "Are you really going to wait three years to get married?" to which she made the surprising reply, "No, I'm not."

Don't know what that means but we might watch out.

Shirley, who has always said she liked costume jewelry better than the real variety was, nevertheless, wearing the lovely diamond-studded watch her parents had given her for a graduation present.

Another thing she said was that she was planning to attend college at UCLA (University of California at Los Angeles) because "a college education is just as important for a girl as for a man."

* * *

Poor Alan Ladd has finally found a place where he can eat in peace. It is the very quiet and very dimly lighted Beachcombers, and everytime I go in there I usually spot Alan and Sue at a little table for two almost completely surrounded by bamboo walls.

There are plenty of stars in Hollywood, popular, too—who can go almost anywhere without being molested. But Alan isn't one of them. He's just as popular with the home grown fans as he is with the "outside" variety.

QUIZ ANSWERS

(*Continued from page 14*)

1. c
2. a
3. b
4. a
5. c
6. b
7. b
8. c
9. a
10. c
11. b
12. b.



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ROMANCES THEY WON'T TALK ABOUT

(Continued from page 63)

to be tied down in the conventional sense.

"But it doesn't matter, because I love him very much. I think it is better to love greatly for even just a short time than never to feel real love at all. If he wants a divorce I will give it to him and all I expect is just support for our baby. I'm well and strong and I can work and support myself."

My heart went out to Nora that day. She is such a pretty, refined looking girl, with auburn hair and a peaches-and-cream skin. The newspapers had printed that she met Errol when she was behind the cigar counter at the Court House during his trial. But she told me this was not true.

"I worked at the Court House for a few days, relieving a girl friend of mine who had the job and was ill," Nora told me. "I saw Flynn passing through daily—but I did not meet him until several weeks later at a party. But it isn't important where or how we met. The important thing is that I loved him from the start."

She was such an unhappy little thing then and I am almost sure she felt Errol would ask her to divorce him. But what a change several days later when I had a telephone call from Nora telling me that "Flynn" was entertaining in her honor at a party at his home and that he was introducing her to all his friends as his wife.

I attended that party and I must say Mrs. Flynn was graciousness itself, completely charming all of Errol's friends. Since then they are still refusing to talk—but I have seen them on several occasions at night clubs and Errol is certainly attentive to his wife. In fact, his manner is completely that of an infatuated swain as he dances cheek to cheek with Nora.

Whether or not this marriage will last is in the lap of the gods. Personally, I think Nora is good for Errol. If he can be happy with anyone I believe he can be happy with her. But I can only repeat Nora's own words, "Flynn doesn't like to be tied down; he's a free soul." So we can only wait and see what we shall see—for these two are saying no more.

Judy Garland and Vincente Minelli are another duet of love birds who have had little to say about their romance beyond the mere announcement of their engagement and then of their marriage in June.

There were none of the usual reasons for Judy and Vince to lapse into silence, for Judy had filed for her divorce and Minelli was not married.

I think Judy's reserve where her new love was concerned was due to business reasons! Not heart reasons! Here is what happened:

During the making of "Meet Me In St. Louis," the first picture Minelli directed her in, he had several tiffs with the front office. There were even rumors that another director might take over. But Judy went to bat and the mat for him, and this was the first tip-off that there was more than a casual interest between them. The movie turned out to be one of the little Garland girl's biggest hits—so she certainly proved her point that she was right about Vince's talent.

Everyone commented on the fact that Judy glowed in that picture as she hadn't glowed on the screen in a long time. "It was because she was in love," a very close friend of hers told me. "Judy is the type of girl who wilts and fades when she is not loved—and in love herself.

"The pictures she made when she and Dave Rose first broke up—and she was unhappy—prove this. She just wasn't herself. But Minelli rekindled the spark in her heart and it radiated once again in her personality."

Vincente is the type of man who was bound to interest Judy. She is attracted to the artistic, sensitive man such as Dave Rose or Minelli. Before he came to Hollywood to direct pictures, he had been very successful putting on artistic stage shows in New York. She has great respect for his judgment and there's no doubt but that he will be a big influence on her career from now on.

But it is no particular secret that studios are not too crazy about lovers or husbands who have too much influence over the careers of top feminine stars!

Judy knew she was going to make another picture with the man of her heart, "The Clock," and so, being a very wise little girl, she just decided not to talk too much about her husband-to-be! I call that smart, if you ask me.

bogart ya-ta-ta . . .

It is hard to include Bogey (Humphrey Bogart, in case you don't know) and Baby (Lauren Bacall) in any group of "silent"

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*3+8=11 1+1=2

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lovers because the very-much-in-love Mr. Bogart certainly shot his mouth off even before he was legally free to do so!

After making me promise I wouldn't tell a soul that *he* had told me he was marrying Baby as soon as Mayo Methot Bogart obtained her divorce, what did Bogey do but go to New York and give out an interview spilling the beans all over the place. Later, he wrote me that he was sorry and had spoken in confidence.

all's swell that ends well . . .

It put Lauren in a very bad spot and there was nothing she could do but say that "perhaps" she and Mr. Bogart would be married following his divorce. Of course, you know that they have been Mr. and Mrs. since last May and by now are settled down (I hope!) as one of Hollywood's happiest married couples.

I will say in defense of Bogey that he is so much in love with Lauren that he just can't help talking. He is 46 and she is 20 and I don't think he has quite recovered from the fact that she fell in love with him in spite of the difference in their ages. Like most older men in love with very young girls, he can't do enough for her and showers her with gifts of jewelry—not to mention a little $46,000 home he just bought as a honeymoon nest. "I didn't even like the joint," he said in his typical fashion, "but Betty did." That settled it!

Both of the Bogarts are wise-crackers and talk like a Damon Runyon story. But under the brittle, sophisticated surface they are very much in love.

Not long ago I was on one of his sets when Lauren blew in, all excited about this particular house I have just mentioned. At that time Bogey had not yet seen it. Lauren, or "Betty" (her real name), went on and on about the floor plans and the den and the gardens. "All houses have those things," said Bogey, suddenly serious for him. "All I want to know is, is there a room that can be turned into a *nursery?*"

Very much on the q.t. at this writing is the hot and heavy romance between Robert Walker and the former fashion editor of the New York JOURNAL AMERICAN, Florence Pritchett. She is a raven-haired honey and one of the most stunning girls to hit Hollywood in a long time.

Oddly enough, she came into Bob's life at a time when everybody thought he was trying to put out the torch occasioned by Jennifer Jones' divorce by having dates with little Diana Lynn. These two youngsters were having a wonderful time night clubbing, dancing and going to all the parties together. Then the sophisticated New York girl came onto the scene. Since then, Bob has had eyes for no one else.

When I interviewed Bob not so long ago, he was very emphatic when he said: "I don't expect ever to marry again. The big interest in my life is my two sons—they're wonderful little boys and I still have the greatest admiration in the world for their mother. To me, Jennifer is the most exciting actress on the screen."

But saying he would never marry again occurred before he met the eye-filling Miss Pritchett.

Florence he finds to be a marvelously gay companion, and I think he is proud that every place he takes her all eyes follow her slim, chic figure in obvious admiration. Bob is head over heels, and that's no mistake. But he's still sticking to his story—"no story."

"My divorce isn't final yet," he said, when I cornered him at a recent party, "and won't be for almost a year. I'm not sure what will happen in that time."

Yes, Bob, like all the rest of them—won't talk—but he can't hide that love light in his eyes. That speaks louder than words.

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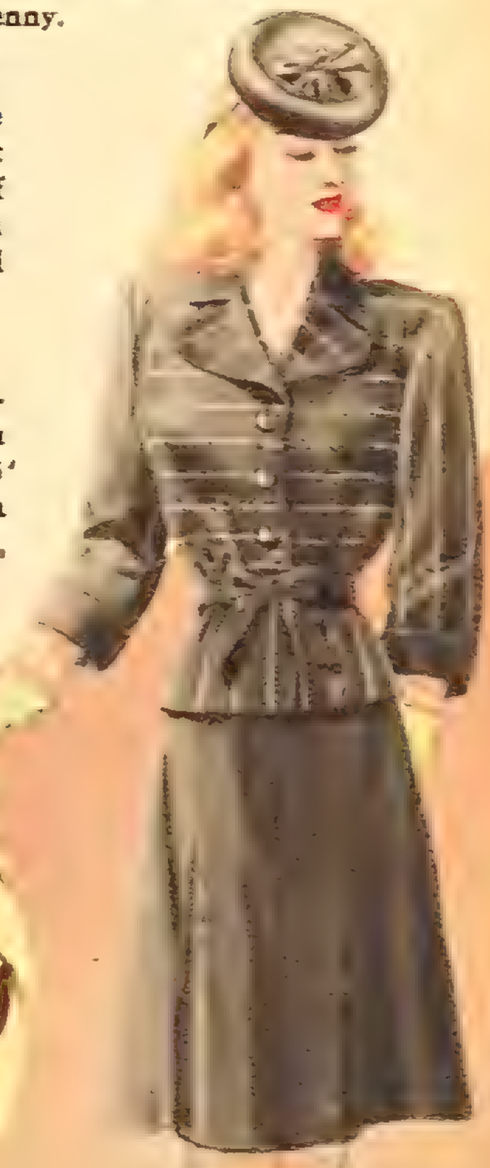
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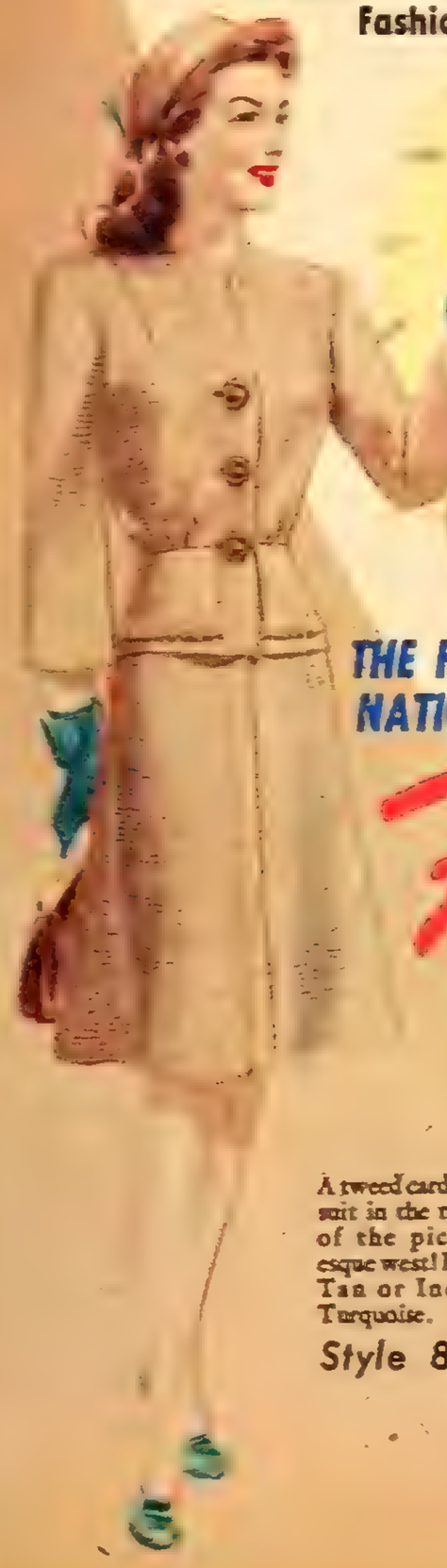
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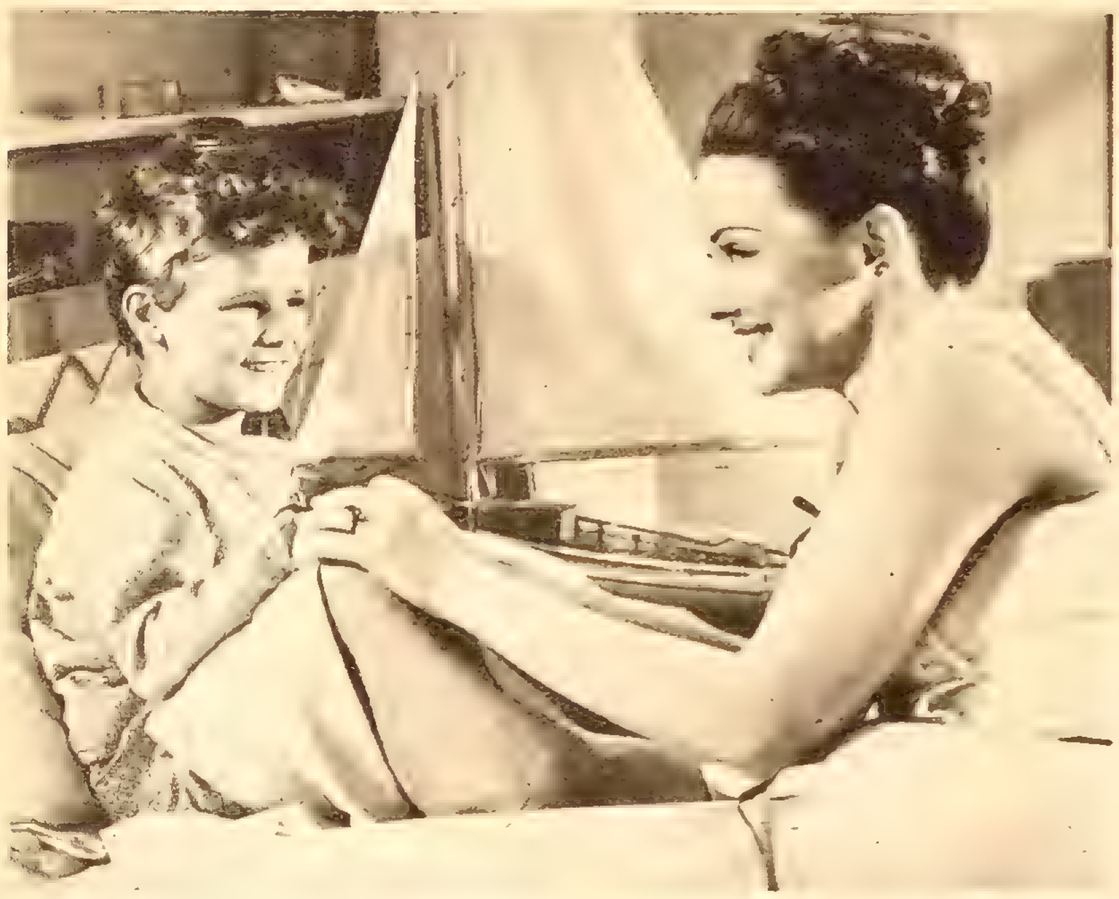
City.....*State*.....

Age.....*Dress Size*.....

"ANCHORS AWEIGH"



1. Clarence Doolittle (Frank Sinatra) is "a bum from Brooklyn" who used to sing in a choir. In on leave with his pal Joe (Gene Kelly) he tags along with the "wolf." Otherwise he'd spend his liberty in the library.



4. Donny's parents are both dead (his father was a Navy man killed in action) which is why Susie (Kathryn Grayson) has to leave him in the landlady's care while she's out working to make a home for them both.



5. Joe doesn't want any ties, and besides, he's faithful to Lola, a cute trick he dates. He and Susie go to a county fair where a fortune teller prophesies Susie's marriage to a "tall, blue-eyed man—like *him*."



7. But Susie's a nice kid, the boys figure, and if it'll make her happy, they'll arrange to have her audition with Iturbi. Of course, the fact that they don't know the great man doesn't faze them, they'll gate crash.



8. They never *do* get to see Iturbi, but Susie corners him herself and wangles an audition. Their leave up, the boys report to the ship where a concert is underway, featuring Iturbi's "great new song star"—Susie!



2. A police car picks them up, drives them to headquarters to try and persuade a little lost boy to identify himself. He finally tells the gobs his name is Donny (Dean Stockwell), a "sailor" who lives with Aunt Susie.



3. Contrary to the sailor's image of Aunt Susie as a wrinkled old lady, she turns out to be a lovely young girl who works as a movie extra but longs to be a great concert star, singing with conductors like J. Iturbi.



6. In the meantime, Joe has fallen in and out of love with Susie. For a guy with only a public library to date, he gets around, because he's found The Girl, a blond waitress who's "swell—she's from Brooklyn."



9. All's well that ends swell. Choir boy Clarence is off books and onto blondes (from Brooklyn) forever, Joe's wolf howl is a thing of the past and the boys are off to fight the war—Anchors Aweigh!

by Maris MacCullers and Mary Stanley

When Shy Guy Sinatra

takes lessons in love from Wise Guy Kelly,

it's full speed ahead, no holds barred.

STORY: The band fanfared once more and then the Admiral stepped forward, moving toward the small group of men lined up on the deck of the huge battleship. Behind him the sun was high over San Diego harbor. The Admiral's voice boomed out as he read the citations for valor and then as each man stepped forward he pinned a medal on the breast of his uniform.

"Clarence Doolittle, Seaman 1st Class, Joseph Brady, Gunner's Mate, 2nd Class."

Clarence and Joe stepped forward together and the Admiral's voice droned on: (*Continued on page 82*)

PRODUCTION: Gene Kelly's gob garb was a hint of things to come. Last day of shooting, Gene went directly from the set to the nearest Naval Enlistment Center. When he emerged he was a sworn-in member of the Bell Bottom Trousers brigade. As a farewell gift, friend Frankie optimistically presented him with a solid gold checkbook case. . . . The Sinatra-Kelly friendship really got started the day the company locationed at the Hollywood bowl. Frankie invited Gene to lunch at his nearby Toluca Lake home. Over a dish of Nancy's famous spaghetti, Frankie confided his plan to (*Continued on page 81*)



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WHO SAID DIVORCE?

(Continued from page 41)

at the table. At another table, distant enough so that Dick's conversation could be seen but not heard, were a group of people who knew Joanne rather well. They looked, commented.

The next morning, foggy and early, since bearers of bad news can't contain themselves until the laggard California sun emerges at noon, one of these "friends" called Joanne and asked where she had been the night before. "We saw Dick having dinner with a strange girl . . . or perhaps she was with someone else in the party . . . or perhaps he was table hopping . . . or something," hissed the serpent's tongue.

he sez, she sez talk . . .

Joanne laughed and skipped that one. No wife whose husband is in show business takes these after-broadcast gab fests seriously; on the other hand, no wife whose husband is constantly surrounded by the most beautiful and most entertaining girls in the world can afford to be completely complacent. And when a girl is in love, trifles no bigger than a salt spoon look like bulldozers trying to tear down the lofty hill of one's happiness.

When the same report came to Joanne several weeks later, and again a month later . . . well, try it on your own domestic harp and see what sour scales you can play.

When Joanne finally asked Dick about it—in a slightly brimstone tone of voice—*he* had a bill of particulars of his own that he wanted to discuss. There was, for instance, that time when she was over an hour late getting home from dramatic school; he had never liked the idea of dramatic school for his wife, and he thought a career of wifehood and motherhood should keep her busy . . . furthermore . . .

Hot words and bitter tears go here. Plenty of them.

Bill Burton listened to the recital of riot until Joanne had it all out of her system. "Okay. You sit right here until I send for you," he ordered. Then he strode out to Dick, his mouth a thin line. "Let's have it," he said. "Begin at the beginning of *your* beef."

After Dick had itemized each of his marital bruises, Bill Burton heaved a profound, synthetic sigh, and announced, "You're a couple of crazy kids. You've got everything the heart could desire: Each other, a swell career, a comfortable home, two wonderful youngsters—and what do you do about it? You quarrel. You fight. You argue. You jeopardize your entire future happiness. Now, listen to me: You stay right here until I get back."

He collected Joanne from the music room and brought her to the wide white porch swing near the pool. "I ought to crack your heads together, d'ya know that?" he growled. "The very idea of letting a little domestic upset hit the front pages. Do they do it in Des Moines? No. Do they do it in Seattle? No. Do they do it in Bangor? No. In other towns, a man and his wife sit down and discuss their misunderstandings fairly. You two should be ashamed of yourselves, God bless you! Now sit here and talk your troubles over until you are in perfect agreement. And don't let me hear any more of this cockeyed conversation about divorce!"

And Mr. Dove-Of-Peace Burton strode into the house where he summoned the servants. "No matter who calls on the telephone, tell the caller that the Haymes' are not here and that you don't know *when* they'll be back. No matter who rings the doorbell, tell the person no one is at home. Let's give them a chance to get hold of themselves."

The porch swing moved to and fro. Joanne cried a bit, then her head was pulled down on her husband's contrite shoulder. For a long time they sat in the morning sunshine, recapturing the fragile, precious thing that they had almost kicked onto the scrap heap.

Afterward, friends learned a few of the decisions reached: Joanne is to have her career if she wants it, with the understanding that she and Dick will never appear in a picture together. Dick feels that a man cherishes no partisanship for his usual feminine lead; she can blow her lines 45 times in a row, and he feels only a kindly pity for her. But if a man's wife is inadequate, he dies a thousand deaths of chagrin; his pride, his sense of partnership, even his love go writhing.

On the other hand, Dick stipulated that any time he was seen with another girl (or such an incident was reported), he would explain the entire situation to Joanne at once.

Toward noon of this important day, Bill Burton called the house and asked the maid how things were going. "Mr. and Mrs. Haymes aren't in," said the maid dutifully.

"Look, this is Bill Burton," explained Mr. Fixit. "*I'm* the guy who told you to give that message to all callers. *I* want to know the real lowdown."

The maid chuckled. "That's the real lowdown, Mr. Burton. Mr. and Mrs. Haymes have gone horseback riding together. They left word for me to tell you 'Thanks' when you called."

Mr. Burton mopped his brow and telephoned a reconciliation report to all the papers. He had had a busy day.

When Dick Haymes goes horseback riding, every woe in the world seems to vanish. He first learned to ride when he was four and a resident of a ranch just outside of Santa Barbara, and now, as then, his idea of a gentleman's kingdom is the back of a blooded steed.

His present mount is a handsome hunk 'of horseflesh named Thunderbolt, but Dick calls him Pappy. Pappy, a stud stallion, stands about 16½ hands high and his lineage is impressive: Three-fourths Palomino (which explains his super-

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blond mane) and one-fourth Arabian. Feminine guests at the Haymes stables have been known to glower at Pappy's naturally curly mane and mutter, "It should happen to a horse!"

wild for hosses . . .

Dick is so wild about riding that, even when he is too busy or has made plans that should postpone a fast canter, he can't resist Pappy. One morning he rushed out to the corrals he has rented to check up on some questions of food and care. He was wearing slacks, wool sox, and moccasins—totally inadequate costuming for riding. When he saw Pappy, he couldn't refuse Pappy's whinnied invitation—he saddled the stallion and set out joyously along a winding lane.

When, sometime later, he dismounted, he found that the stirrups had blistered his ankles. For several days he hobbled around in bandages, white sox and loose-fitting boots.

Skipper, Dick's 3-year-old son, will soon be big enough to learn to ride. Dick doesn't believe in starting a boy on a pony; he plans to buy a gentle mare, only about 14 hands high, small if possible, and start the junior rider on a real steed.

El Senor Skipper has already, incidentally, outgrown that ancient equine enthusiasm of infants, the merry-go-round horse. It happened this way—

About a mile from the Haymes home there is a permanent pint-sized carnival, with a few baseball booths, a pitch-penny concession, a milk bottle target range, a steel tree from which—on chains—miniature airplanes swoop in a careful circle, a diminutive racetrack around which toy automobiles race at turtle speed, a merry-go-round, and a ferris wheel.

As the Haymes family was driving past one day, Skipper announced loudly, "Me ride the horsie!"

Dick stopped at once, happy to find his son getting hep to the hobbies. He lifted Skipper to the back of a nag, leaping in a timeless wooden prance, and they rode around while the music snorted out a newie, "Ben Hur's Chariot Race."

After that, whenever he passed the carnival, Skipper insisted on a canter. One afternoon, however, he stopped midway toward the merry-go-round, his small fist curled tightly around Dick's paternal forefinger, and stared at the ferris wheel. He leaned backward in defiance of the laws of gravity; his wide eyes scanned the steel monster from entrance step to apex. "Daddy, me ride big bicycle," was the way he summed up his thoughts.

Dick thought, "This'll do it. About the time we get to the top, Mr. Haymes, Jr., is going to give us a solo that will make Lucia's mad scene seem quieter than the sound of cotton rubbing together."

Which shows how wrong a father can be. As the wheel swung Skipper and Dick upward, Skipper clung to the bar with small fists that had turned white with pressure even though he was sitting on his dad's lap, entirely safe. He drew in a long, trembling breath, his small body quivering, but as the wheel began its descent, Skipper began to laugh.

Nowadays, Skipper ignores the merry-go-round and makes straight for the ferris wheel whenever he and his dad pass the carnival. The wooden horses are too tame for the sturdy character on the 'big bicycle.'

Mr. Skip has two additional accomplishments: He has started school, and as a citizen getting his first sip from the Pierian spring, he patronizes the daylights out of his little sister who is just learning to talk. He corrects her English.

promise is a promise . . .

There are times, though, when Skip

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78 *Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association*

has his own peculiar problems with expressing himself. Not long ago he was spreading havoc around the house, after having spent the early part of the day at school, yelling and running, teasing and tipping things over. Joanne corrected him several times, then decided to use psychology on him. "If you'll be a good boy all day, tomorrow we'll have an ice cream and cake party down at the store. I'll take you and Pigeon down in the afternoon."

Skipper became a model of ingratiating manners for children.

The next morning, Joanne had entirely forgotten her promise. Toward noon her young son tugged at her skirts and observed, "Pahty, Mommie p'ease." Mommie rushed the young man upstairs. He looked puzzled by the incomprehensible behavior of his favorite mother, but endured it.

An hour later, he returned to repeat his comment: "Pahty, Mommie?"

Again, Joanne rushed him upstairs. Skipper seemed to be extraordinarily thoughtful. He scowled as he turned his problem over in his mind.

Somewhat later his forehead cleared. Again he approached his mother, but this time he was prepared to make himself clear, having discovered wherein lay their mutual misunderstanding. "Mommie—Pahty. NOT pottie. Pahty—with ice keem and cake."

He and Pigeon were bundled up by a chuckling Joanne and taken to the treat store at once.

aquatic sprouts . . .

In addition to becoming a scholar, Skip is learning to swim. Whenever Dick has a day off from 20th where he is working in "Kitten On The Keys" with Maureen O'Hara, Harry James and Reginald Gardiner, he starts the leisurely morning off with a dip in the pool. This area is separated from the rest of the yard by a stout fence so that Skip and his kid sister will be protected against their unchaperoned aquatic urges.

But when Dad is at home, Skip dons a pair of bathing trunks about the size of a gnome's mitten and rides his father's chest around the pool. He also hangs on to his father's back when Dick crosses the pool at a rapid clip, using his racing crawl.

When the Haymes family goes to Palm Springs, which it did for several weeks this spring, both Skipper and his dad get Comanche brown from the sun. Someone asked Dick what he did in the Springs—how he passed the time. "Very simple," he said, stifling a reflective yawn. "I get up, have a heavy breakfast, then sit in the sun until just before noon. Then I go for a swim. Then I have luncheon. Then I sit in the sun until around four. Then I have another swim, sit in the sun, and have dinner. Then I turn in early."

"Rugged existence. What are Joanne and the kids doing while this is going on?" asked the friend.

"Helping me," said Dick.

Once each week he scorched into town (on an A ticket) to rehearse and then to broadcast his Tuesday night show, "Everything For The Boys." By Los Angeles broadcast time (7:30) Skipper and his sister are usually sound asleep, but each program is waxed and afterward Dick plays the recordings for the family or for a group of friends.

The most popular program to be aired so far seems to be the one on which Judy Garland sang; everything went along just right that night. Timing was perfect down to radio's split second, the gags came off sure-fire, Judy and Dick were both in unusually good voice.

Dick's favorite program recording is another, however. As you know, through the War Department, Dick and Helen Forrest interview each week one to three service men stationed in some foreign theater by using the two-way short wave. Sometimes atmospheric conditions make it impossible to establish contact; sometimes the combat zone GIs can be heard in the studio, but the Los Angeles station can't get through; sometimes the Los Angeles beam goes through, but nothing comes back.

It had been arranged, on this particular program, for the pretty young wife of a service man stationed in Germany to talk to her GI by short wave. With her she brought her 16-month-old daughter, whom the father had never seen.

When Dick explained the circumstances, the studio audience waited in agonized eagerness for the contact to be made. And then the overseas station came in, clear and strong. The GI's voice reached into the room. At its first sound, the wife's eyes filled with hot tears. She tried to fight them back; she tried to make this moment a joyous one. Clutching her baby she said tremulously, "Talk to your daddy, darling. That's Daddy's voice. Say something to him, sweet."

The child, staring with wide eyes, bewildered by the bodiless voice, became frightened. Her face creased, she began to wail.

The voice of the GI came pleadingly across thousands of miles: "Don't cry, *please!* Say 'Hello' to Daddy." And then, sensing the futility of this tenuous contact, aching for the sight—not simply the sound—of the two whom he loved, the boy in Germany began to cry, too. His sobs echoed through the studio.

At that his wife broke down completely and sobbed incomprehensible words of love and longing into the microphone. By that time Dick was crying as hard as either of the principals in the drama. And crying, too, were the orchestra and the entire audience.

All this was faithfully recorded. It remains in Dick's files, a poignant souvenir of the heartbreak of our times.

After the broadcast, Dick—considerably shaken—hurried to the nearest telephone to talk to Joanne. "Did you . . ." he started.

"Yes," sobbed Joanne.

"I love you," said Dick.

"Me, too," said his wife.

"We're lucky people," Dick admitted.

"Let's not ever forget how lucky we are . . ."

"Never. Well . . . I'll be home in half an hour. 'Bye—till then."

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE!

But it can! Accident or sudden illness can strike at your home . . . and would you know what to do? Wring your hands and look prettily pathetic? That won't help Junior's blisters if he's tipped the kettle over. Almost as bad as doing nothing is doing the wrong thing. Are you shaking your curls at this point, and thinking glibly, "I'd call the doctor and let him worry!" Then you must be the optimistic type; for who knows when he'll arrive, and what's going to happen in the meantime? We're presuming you love your family, and won't want them to suffer. Wanting won't help; it's doing that counts; so learn to do! How? By taking a RED CROSS HOME NURSING course! Teaches you what to do until the doctor comes, and explains how to carry out the doctor's orders after he leaves. See your local Red Cross chapter for enrollment in the course we nominate as Personal Morale Booster No. 1!

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INFORMATION DESK

(Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

"I was gathering stars, while a million guitars kept on playing . . ." *As goes my favorite song, so went my trip to Hollywood, substituting the guitars with a hot swing band from Earl Carroll's, plus soft music floating through the Bev. Hills Hotel's Polo Room, with me sipping cokes with Tom Drake, Guy Madison, Ben McMorrough, and Johnny Sands.*

Then, came The Mitchums . . . consisting of Bob, charming wife Dot, and adorable chilluns, Jim Robin, four, and Chris—going on two. Peter Coe and his wife were visiting, so we all sat on the floor and ate sandwiches and ice-cream like mad. Peter, who played opposite Montez in "Gypsy Wildcat," is 27, and has just been discharged from the Marines. He's with Universal Pix, as is Charles Korvin, to whom he introduced me. Korvin débuted as Arsène Lupin, and he is Czech by birth, the date being, Nov. 21, 1907. Has hazel eyes, dark hair, and is married to Helena Fredericks.

No visit would have been complete without a tour of M-G-M, so that came next . . . starting with lunch a bit away from Keenan Wynn . . . followed by a whirl around the sets, watching James Craig, Abbott and Costello and Frances Gifford. Van wasn't working in his latest, "Early to Wed," nor were June Allyson or Bob Walker on the set of "For Better, For Worse." Consolation took the form of a big hello from John Hodiak. Would have stayed much longer, but what with a dinner awaiting me at the McCallister home, time was not to be wasted. And such a dinner! Everything from half a fried chicken to Lon's pet lemon pie . . . Mrs. M. and I lounged on the rug in front of the hearth and heard Lon's records, until he phoned long distance to say hello.

And it went on. Lunch at The Players with one of the loveliest of gals—Janie Withers, and Ross Hunter . . . with Turhan Bey a few feet away. Then two yellow orchids, followed by a tour of Paramount, including "The Stork Club," where Betty Hutton, Andy Russell and Barry Fitzgerald were shooting, all courtesy of a very wonderful Billy Daniel. (He was Pierre in "Frenchman's Creek," and Marjorie Reynolds' dancing partner in "Bring on the Girls."

And despite his efforts to stay away from sweets, I shanghaied Billy to Farmers' Market where we both guzzled down chocolate malts. Then he drove me to my rendezvous with Kurt Kreuger, (who was the blond major in "Hotel Berlin"). Kurt whizzed me to his hilltop home, and we turned a half-hour visit to 122 minutes even.

Oh—almost forgot to tell you about my visit to Scarlett O'Hara's home, and the soda with Scott MacKay, and the wild time Don Taylor and I had trying to find each other, cause everyone gave us the wrong directions . . .

But—hey—I'm running out of space now—tho I'm filled to the brim with new 'n' exclusive info . . . so if you have any questions about anything, send them along with that STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C. 16, and I'll do my best for you.

"ANCHORS AWEIGH"

(PRODUCTION)

(*Continued from page 75*)

tour the U. S., speaking to school kids about racial tolerance. Gene excitedly contributed some thoughts of his own, and the following morning appeared on the set loaded down with books on the subject which he and Frank studied and discussed for weeks. . . . To Frank fell the season's loftiest honor. The Ouray (Colo.) Chamber of Commerce renamed its highest mountain Mt. Frank Sinatra. . . . Surprise casting: Rags Ragland, the guy with the face that launched a thousand nightmares, slays the gals in this one. They trail him like slaves, while Frankie-boy can't get a single date. . . . The lovely melody, "La Golondrina," is put through the vocal wringer by Kelly, Sinatra and Kathryn Grayson. As Gene tells it, three schools of song are represented; the Classic, as rendered by Grayson, the Sweet of Sinatra, and the Bathtub of Kelly. . . . Whenever Mr. James Durante appeared on the set, lovely women dropped their gin rummy and knitting and flocked to his side. The lure? Jimmy was handing out choice tickets for Sinatra broadcasts. . . . Now it's Gene Kelly who can boast of an anatomical nickname. Gagsters labelled him The Feet. . . . Frank's slender form contracted and expanded like an accordion. Strenuous dance routines, taught him by Gene, whittled eight pounds off his frame. Six malts a day put them back on. But when new dance rehearsals were scheduled, he again fell away to a shadow. . . . Though well past draft age, Henry O'Neill can't get out of uniform. As "Anchors" Admiral, he plays his ninth "gold braid" role. . . . Armchair travelers will be treated to a Metro-guided tour of Los Angeles, for reproduced to the last cobblestone are Olvera Street, L.A.'s famed Mexican thoroughfare, and the world-famous Hollywood Blvd. Appearing as themselves are the Hollywood Bowl and Metro's own studio lot.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Singing star Dick Powell appeared at the Metropolitan Theater in Providence, R. I., several months ago. He sang and played the cornet to the enjoyment of the huge crowd present. In the middle of a song, however, a baby started crying very loudly. An impatient usher tried to get the child and its mother to leave, but Dick had other ideas. He stopped singing and asked the mother to bring her baby up to the platform. Then he sang Brahm's Lullaby to the bewildered infant until it stopped crying. As the grateful mother went back to her seat, he told the audience that many times he had paced the floor himself, singing that lullaby to his own baby!

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"When do you expect Aunt Susie to turn up?" Joe said.

"Oh, Aunt Susie'll come," Donald said.

"What's an old lady doing out so late anyway?" Joe said.

Aunt Susie turned up around midnight. Aunt Susie turned up in an evening gown with her hair done up in a high swept pompadour. Aunt Susie, give or take a few months, looked twenty-three. It was Clarence who whistled when he saw her.

Joe was too sore.

"Well, what do you know," Joe said. "That's some gag to pull on a kid, sister. He could have been in Podunk by now while you were out stepping—"

The girl swept forward, hardly looking at Joe and Clarence. She found Donald. Her eyes looked him over swiftly. Then she turned back and you could see the relief on her face.

"For a moment you frightened me. I thought something was wrong with Donald."

"Something's wrong with you, sister. Not the kid. We turned him up in a police station—"

"A police station?" Susan said sharply. "Why, I left him here with Mrs. Murphy."

"Maybe you did. Maybe you didn't. Gals like you murder me, anyway. Come on, Clarence . . ."

They were halfway down the block before Clarence said anything. Joe was looking at his watch and muttering angrily to himself. There wasn't a bus, a trolley or anything living stirring anywhere within five miles.

"Joe—" Clarence said.

"Yeah?"

"I'm sorry about Lola. It was all my fault, I guess."

"You guess? If you hadn't trailed me in the first place—say, where in the world do you come from that you never got around to wolfing a girl in your life?"

"Brooklyn," Clarence said.

"Brooklyn?" Joe said. "What did you do in Brooklyn all these years?"

"I sang in a choir," Clarence said.

"Well, what do you know," Joe said.

"Joe—"

"Yeah?"

"About the girl you were going to get me . . . I know the girl I want, Joe."

"Spill it, sonny boy."

"Susan."

"That dame? Aunt Susie? I won't do it. She's poison, kid."

"Susan," Clarence said.

"If you think—"

"Susan!"

There was a long, pregnant moment of silence, then Joe sighed.

"Joe—"

"What now?"

"I'm sorry about Lola. I guess it's too late for you to see her tonight."

"You guessed right."

"I know a Dorm where we can put up tonight. It's run by two nice old ladies."

"Two nice old ladies!" Joe said, he sighed again. "Why did you ever leave that choir in Brooklyn?"

Susan Abbott, it turned out, wasn't quite what Joe had thought. She was a girl trying to make her way in movies and the night she came home late in evening clothes she had been working as an extra. When they saw her again the next afternoon she looked fresh and young and somehow very innocent and appealing.

"So you work in pictures," Joe said.

"Sometimes. I'm not really an actress though. I'm really a singer. Someday, maybe, when I'm working with Jose Iturbi or someone like that, a good fairy might come along and get me a chance to sing for him . . ."

"That so?" Joe said. "You sing good?"

"I try to."

"Well, you know Clarence here is a great friend of Iturbi. Clarence is in the music racket himself. Right, Clarence?"

"Iturbi? Me?"

"Modest," Joe said. "That's Clarence all over. Why if it's an audition you're after, Clarence has it all fixed up. How about Saturday? Saturday be all right, Clarence? You'll talk to Jose about it?"

"Audition? Saturday? Jose?"

"Then it's all settled," Joe said.

Susan just stared. And then suddenly her face seemed to light and she turned to Clarence. Clarence stared back at her.

"What do you say we celebrate?" Joe said.

"Why not?" Susan said. "It's something to celebrate, isn't it Donnie? Come on now, to bed with you. I'll call Mrs. Murphy. And no tricks this time."

Clarence waited until she was out of the room and then he swung on Joe: "What's the idea, Joe? Iturbi—me. How'm I going to get an audition for Susie? What am I going to do?"

"One thing at a time," Joe said. "You got her now. Don't you see? You're a big shot. Play your cards right and you can't miss."

"You can't walk out on me, Joe. Iturbi—me! Susie!"

"If you think—" Joe began.

So they all went to the El Parador. It was a little Mexican place down in a corner of Los Angeles. The small band in the corner was playing softly. Joe nudged Clarence.

"Dance with her," he whispered.

"It's a rhumba," Clarence whispered back. "I can't."

So Joe danced with her and somehow they found themselves out in the small patio that faced the garden, bathed now in the gold of the moonlight.

"You're a funny girl," Joe said.

"Am I?"

"Yeah. You know what I thought the first time I saw you?"

"I know."

"Well, you're not. You're just the girl for Clarence."

"Clarence?"

"Sure. He's a straight guy. You're a straight girl. It's a natural."

"Is it, Joe?"

"Sure thing."

"And what do you want, Joe?"

"Me? Oh, I don't know, Susie. I'm a guy out strictly for the laughs, I guess. I'm a guy strictly for—"

"Lola?"

"How do you know about Lola? Okay. A guy for a gal like Lola."

"No promises. No questions. No ties?"

"That's how it adds up, I guess."

The music stopped then and slowly they walked back into the room. Joe followed her slowly. Why, a girl like that was one in a million. Joe shook his head angrily. What was wrong with him anyway? This California moonlight was getting him. Going soft. Mushy. Well, that wasn't Joe Brady . . .

It was late when they got Susan home again. But this time all was safe and sound. Donald was asleep upstairs, clutching his sailor's cap. The house was quiet. They left Susan and started down the hill.

"Joe," Clarence said as they walked. "What are we going to do about Iturbi?"

"Don't worry," Joe said. "We'll give the guy the spiel. He'll see it. And she's in."

"Yeah," Clarence said. "Funny thing happened tonight," Clarence said finally. "You know when you were out dancing with Susan?"

Joe looked up sharply "Yeah? What?"

"The waitress. I got to talking to her. She's from Brooklyn."

"You don't say!" Joe said.



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"She's a nice girl," Clarence said.

"A nice girl," Joe said.

And he wasn't thinking of the waitress from Brooklyn . . .

Out at the Studio, the cop said no, they couldn't get in to see Iturbi or anybody else. They just couldn't get in. So they had to go all the way around the back and hop three fences and dodge a half dozen guys with badges and when they finally got to Iturbi's office the girl said no, Mr. Iturbi wasn't in, he was on Stage Five.

But he wasn't on Stage Five or at Recording or at the Rehearsal Stage. They *could* try the Producer's Building, though.

There were a hundred offices in that building and there was a blonde secretary in each one and before Joe finally made all the rounds it was getting pretty late. And Iturbi wasn't anywhere.

There was a little motorcycle chugging away down the street when they got to the Parking Gate and there was a line-up of limousines, fat, black and round as grounded dirigibles. Clarence cocked an eye at the limousine. Joe talked to the Gate Attendant. The attendant pointed down the street where the little motorcycle was becoming a dot against the horizon.

"Iturbi," he said.

It was late evening when they climbed the street to Susan's house again. Friday night. Clarence pulled himself up the hill wearily. Joe's face was angry.

"What are we going to tell her?" Clarence said. "That we chased Iturbi for two days all over Los Angeles?"

"How are we going to tell Susie?" Clarence mourned.

"I'll tell her," Joe said. "At the El Parador tonight."

But at the El Parador that night he didn't quite say it. Instead he found himself out in the garden with Susan.

"Well, Joe—" Susan said.

"Well, Susie—"

She half turned, throwing a pebble into the pond, watching the ripples catch and spread: "How's Lola?"

"Lola? I haven't even seen her."

"No? Isn't she . . . isn't she what you wanted, Joe—?"

"I don't know, Susie. I don't know anymore what I want—or what I don't want. I'm all mixed up."

"Mixed up?"

"Yeah. Take a girl like you, Susie. I know you're not for me. But sometimes I get a feeling—"

"What kind of feeling, Joe?"

"I don't know. Moonlight and roses. I want to say things to you I never said to any other girl in my life. And I want to say them right—"

"What kind of things?"

Joe said softly "Things like: I love you."

And there in a little Mexican garden off a crooked street in Los Angeles under a California moon that looked like a painted orange lantern in the sky, Joe Brady was kissing a girl named Susan Abbott . . .

He had to tell Clarence, of course. Not that it made much difference. They'd both never see Susan again. Early tomorrow morning he'd tell Susan that the audition with Iturbi was just a gag.

"Joe—" Clarence was saying.

"Yeah?"

"We're going to have to tell Susie about Iturbi—"

"Yeah. Tomorrow."

"And we're going to have to tell her something else."

Joe said: "What else?"

"We're going to have to tell her," Clarence said, "that I don't love her."

"What!"

"Remember that waitress I told you about, Joe. The girl from Brooklyn—she's the one, Joe. That's all there is to it. She's the one."

"Well, call me a wolf . . ." Joe said.

He came up the hill again early the next morning. Donald saluted smartly.

"I'm all alone," Donald said. "I promised Aunt Susie I'd be all right."

"Where *is* Aunt Susie? Joe said.

"Aunt Susie went to the studio to see Mister Iturbi. She wanted to ask him what he wanted her to sing. Aunt Susie has an 'addition.'"

"Oh!" Joe groaned.

He looked at his watch. There wasn't time for him to go out to the studio. He had only time enough to catch the bus back to San Diego and get back on board ship before his liberty ran out. He bent to Donald.

"Donald," he said, "will you do something for me?

"Aunt Susie is going to come back. And maybe she's going to be mad. But you tell her I was here—"

"Uncle Joe was here—"

"And tell her I'm sorry—"

"Uncle Joe is sorry—"

"And tell her I tried—"

"Uncle Joe tried—"

"And tell her I love her—"

Susan Abbott sat in the commissary trying to drink a cup of black coffee. There was a nervous flutter in her stomach. Someone sat down beside her; a well-knit, sturdy man, keen eyes—

"I'm early, Mr. Iturbi," she said.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said I'm early. For the audition. I'm Susan Abbott."

"Audition? Susan Abbott?"

"The audition Clarence Doolittle arranged. With Joe Brady. The sailors. Your friend, Clarence—"

"Clarence?" Iturbi said. "My friend Clarence? I have no friend Clarence."

"The audition," Susan said wildly.

Iturbi leaned forward. He took her hand gently: "Now," he said, "suppose you start from the beginning . . ."

The Admiral's Office on board the battleship was clean and efficient looking. Clarence Doolittle and Joe Brady stood stiffly at attention as the Admiral returned their salute from behind his desk. In one corner a man with keen eyes was seated.

"Brady. Doolittle," The Admiral said. "I'd like you to meet Mr. Iturbi—"

"I understand you wanted to see me," Iturbi said.

"See you?" Joe gasped. "We were all over California—"

"Yes?" Iturbi said.

"No, it's too late now," Joe said. "There was a girl—"

"Susan Abbott, perhaps?" Iturbi said.

Clarence and Joe stared at each other.

They were out of the office in a flash. Up on a platform the ship's band was swinging into the final bars of an orchestral number. Joe pushed his way through the crowd of sailors until he was just opposite the platform.

He was in time to see Iturbi come to the conductor's podium. Iturbi rapped his baton on the stand a few times, said something to the players. Joe got half way up the platform. Then he saw her. Iturbi's hands rose.

And then she saw him . . .

Iturbi turned to the crowded deck.

"In a moment, gentlemen," he said, "you will hear the debut of a new young singer named Susan Abbott. Just now—"

Just now, Susan Abbott was kissing a Gunner's Mate named Joe Brady . . .

CAST

Characters	*Name*
Clarence Doolittle	*Frank Sinatra*
Susan Abbott	*Kathryn Grayson*
Joseph Brady	*Gene Kelly*
Jose Iturbi	*By Himself*
Donald Martin	*Dean Stockwell*
Girl From Brooklyn	*Pamela Britton*
Police Sergeant	*"Rags" Ragland*



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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 18)

she can trust him. How a cargo of stolen Free French gold was put aboard the boat, how a mysterious stowaway shot Johnny's father and the crew. How the boat was abandoned with Paulette hidden away on it, and her escape. But she knows too much, and the murderer is after her.

There are indications that a night club owner named Sam Jewel (Lowell Gilmore) is involved in the mystery. And other clues point directly to seductive Lilah Gustafson (Claire Trevor), wife of the owner of the Gustafson line. It was on a Gustafson ship that Johnny's father was murdered. Somewhere there must be a missing factor which will solve this curious equation, and Johnny is determined to find it. His search leads to a knock-out conclusion that will leave you gasping.—*RKO.*

P. S.

Patriotically "sharing the ride" on her way home from the studio, Claire Trevor invited several Army officers to join her in her cab. Last one to leave, Claire discovered one of the officers had taken her bag by mistake. A quick call to the cab company straightened things out, but not soon enough to spare an Army officer the shock of finding a backless evening gown in place of his expected khakis. . . . That old "ciggie" shortage caused one of the scenes to be shot two ways. When the cameras recorded cigarette girl Rosemary La Planche selling a pack to George Raft, someone reminded Director Ed Marin of the shortage. He had the scene reshot with Rosemary's tray filled with Bull Durham for George to roll his own. Which scene stays in will be determined by the cigarette situation when the picture is released. . . . You could always find George on the set just by following the tootsie roll wrappers. He picked up the tootsie roll habit during his overseas tour, and has been a slave to it ever since. . . . Signe Hasso can now be classified as foreign correspondent as well as actress. She received a commission from an old friend in Sweden, and is now Hollywood correspondent for a Stockholm newspaper.

LOVE, HONOR AND GOODBYE

It's tough when you have a beautiful wife who insists on being an actress. Especially when she can't act. Bill Baxter (Edward Ashley) thinks he has the answer, though. He secretly backs a show for his wife, Roberta (Virginia Bruce), knowing that the critics will pan it, and hoping that she will then return to the fireside and start raising a family. He is right about the critics. They walk out in a body after the first act, and most of the audience goes along. Everything might have been okay if the play's leading man hadn't persuaded Roberta that Bill arranged things that way. Presumably he even bribed the critics! Anyway, Roberta believes it, the dope, and she packs her things and goes home to mother.

Bill decides to drown his sorrows in the time honored manner, but in the process he gets himself involved with some pretty weird characters. He meets them at the Penny Arcade, and they include a tattoo artist named Terry (Victor McLaglen), his girl friend, Marge (Veda Ann Borg), and a cute three-year-old orphan, Sally. Terry has been trying to persuade the Welfare Society that he would make a fine father for Sally, but so far they have remained impervious. They keep pointing out that a Penny Arcade is not an ideal environment, which Terry considers very narrow minded of them. Bill, who is more than slightly bottled, solves everything—he thinks—by bringing Terry, Marge and little Sally home with him.

A friend tips Roberta off that something strange goes on, and she comes back and finds them there. She jumps to the somewhat evil-minded conclusion that Bill has been having an affair with Marge and that Sally is the result. She must have proof for a divorce, however, so she disguises herself in a wig and uniform and applies for the job of nursemaid. Bill recognizes her, but decides to go along with the gag and see what happens. Well, what happens shouldn't happen to a dog, and it takes a lot of explaining to clear things up. All of it mildly amusing.—*Rep.*

P. S.

This is Edward Ashley's first post-war service picture. He's been in the Ferry Command division of the Army Air Forces since 1942. . . . This will be Virginia Bruce's first screen appearance as a brunette. In one half of her dual role, Virginia's a French maid complete with accent and dark wig. When Victor McLaglen reported to the studio gym, he found himself face to face with a ghost from his past. As a child in Arabia, studio athletic coach Abdullah Abbis was lost on the desert with his mother, who died. A British Desert Patrol happened by, and a captain took the youngster to Baghdad and safety. The British captain was (you guessed it) Victor McLaglen. . . . When a living room set needed a portrait of Miss Bruce, the studio borrowed an unfinished one from Tito Costa, famous California portrait painter. . . . Four-year-old Judith and Jacqueline Wells, identical twins, were supposed to splash Virginia angrily in their bath scene. But bathing was too much fun, and the kids wouldn't look angry. Neither would they splash Virginia, explaining "But mother would spank us." It took the cajoling and threatening of the whole crew to convince the twins that mama wouldn't mind.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When I was in my 'teens living in Niagara Falls, there was a timid looking fellow who lived across the street from my house. My friends thought him shy and supercilious, because he didn't pal around with us. One day as I was crossing the street, I was struck by a car, and my ankle was broken. People gathered around, but nobody did anything, although my leg pained me immensely. Suddenly a young man pushed through the crowd, bent over, picked me up gently, and carried me to his car and drove me to the hospital. From that day on, the erstwhile reclusive and 'supercilious' fellow was the most popular boy in town. Whenever I remember his kindness and consideration, I murmur, "Thanks, Franchot Tone!"

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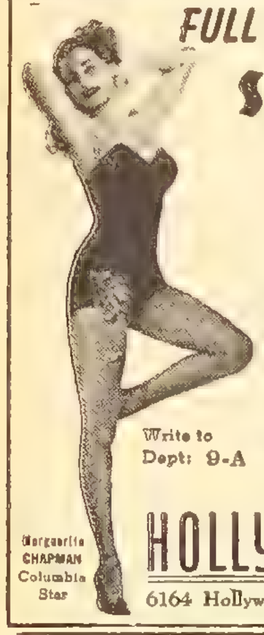
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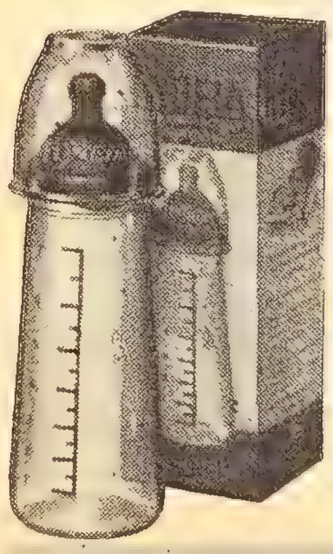
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CO-ED LETTERBOX

(Continued from page 26)

things up? H. M., Yazoo City, Miss.

It wouldn't be wrong at all, provided that you did it deftly. In case he has a new girl or something, you don't want to put yourself out on a limb, do you? Drop him a note saying that you're sorry you behaved so badly and asking him to forgive you. Be brief, and having made your apology, don't grovel. At the end of the note, say something like, "I've got a new Goodman album I know you'd love. Come listen next time you're in town." You're not pinning him down, not throwing yourself at him, but the latchstring's out, and he'll know it. And what do you bet he'll be over!

May an engaged girl whose man is overseas date occasionally? A. G., Lancaster, Pa.

That's strictly between you and your guy. If you've promised him to sweat it out all by your little fat self, you're honorbound to do just that. However, if he said, "Oh g'wan. Have fun!" (as Shirley Temple's sergeant has) that's all you need to know. Just be sure he's made it clear to his family that he wants it that way or you may run into some bitter misunderstanding. There are a couple of things to remember, even if you're dating with his approval. Stick to double dates. Don't date the same person more than a few times. Wear your engagement ring, and make it plain that your post-war plans are all taken care of.

If you don't let the boys in our crowd kiss you good-night, they never ask you out again. What's a gal to do? B. B., Gainesville, Ga.

Personally, we think the girls have the boys all wrong on the subject of woo. It really *isn't all most of them have on their minds, and if the boys in your crowd are like that, then they're dopes, and good riddance. Don't go through the evening with a chip on your shoulder waiting for your date to make one move toward you. Intrigue him with your gay patter, flatter him a bit, tell him that you're having fun. Give a thought to his finances and his precious-as-perfume gasoline. He'll forget he's a wolf and act amazingly like a gentleman.*

I've just moved to this town, and it's so hard to crash any of the little cliques at school. I'm so lonesome for some of my old pals. What can I do? H. O., Paducah, Ky.

Well, first of all, don't push. And don't clutch at the first soul who speaks to you and turn her into your best friend. She may be the class dud. Case the joint a couple of weeks. See which kids have the most fun, do the most things, wow the most nice guys. Then ferret out their extra-curricular activities. Join the dramatic club, get on the swimming team, be around where they can see you. And be sure you're looking just as cute as they are. Smile at them, talk to them. Gradually, you'll be one of the crowd at the local spa. One of the queens at the football dances.

Our house is so ugly I hate to have my dates see it. Would it be very incorrect to have them pick me up downtown? E. P., Woonsocket, R. I.

Your dates should pick you up at your own home. Completely aside from what is correct or incorrect, your parents will want to meet the lads. Also, if you were to meet your dates elsewhere, you'd get involved in lies and more lies and you'd be utterly miserable. The thing to do is to get to work on the house. Would a freshly painted porch help? Window boxes at the windows? How about inexpensive slipcovers for the living room furniture? If the furniture is scratched or worn-looking, wax it or apply some scratch removing polish. Could the family chip in and get a good looking rug? What about water paint for the walls? Have a family conference, then all of you pitch in your pennies, ideas and time, and in a jiffy you'll have a house you'll be proud of.

* * *

Kids, bring your problems to us. We take 'em on in all sizes and shapes and make 'em disappear like so much smoke. Stop stewing about the fact that the lads by-pass you as if you were a land mine, about the way the gals thumbs-downed you for the Friday night club. Stop mourning that lost love, tiffing with your mom and dad, worrying about your face and figure. We'll help you get things squared away. Will you let us try? Write to Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.*

CO-ED

(Continued from page 26)

know you can, and if you need help in planning, go to your class counselor or your school principal.

"But I'm the Breadwinner" Maybe you've got a couple of brothers overseas, maybe even your father. There's less income, and the difference has to be made up. Have a family pow-wow, and figure out exactly how much more money is needed; then let each member share the load. You can work after school; your kid brother can do errands; maybe the soldier brothers could up their allotments a few dollars. There's a way. Find it.

"But my Dad says, 'No More School.'" Make him see that when the war is over, the boys will reclaim their jobs, and the competition among girls for good jobs will be terrific. That if you ever hope to get a civil service job, ever hope to go on in nursing or teaching or executive secretarial training, you just won't have a prayer if you're not a high school graduate. You know, your mom and dad honestly want what's best for you, so if you handle this business cleverly and patiently, we know they'll be waving you off to school next month.

"I Love a Soldier!" Gals, you're not doing the teen-aged civilians any good with that kind of talk. If you have a guy or a kid brother who is torn between going back to school and enlisting, give the old books a *big* build-up. Tell him that his diploma will make him more valuable to his country both in war and in peace. You know he'll listen to you. So let him have it. With both barrels!

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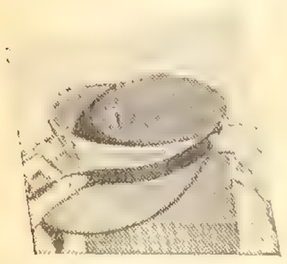
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THAT'S MY POP!

(*Continued from page 39*)

It was a pretty bewildered boy who replaced the phone. His father! Who's always cherished his privacy and shied away from strangers. He must have been *willing* to do it. Else he could have said no in a few well-chosen words, and Dad knew how to choose 'em. Van scratched his head. *He* couldn't figure it out . . .

He gave up trying after the story saw print. "I've had five hundred fan letters," wrote Dad, "and I'm answering them all. Don't know when I'll get a chance to turn the lights off and go to bed. The phone hasn't stopped ringing and when it's not the phone, it's the doorbell. Children asking to see your room with the movie stars' pictures. I can't refuse them. Then I start for the bank and never get there. Everybody wants to talk about the story . . ."

"I pass," says Van. "After all these years Dad's coming out of his shell. Hallelujah, it's a miracle—"

backslappers, beware! . . .

There's nothing mysterious about the shell. Van's father is a man who buries his roots deep. All his life has been spent in Newport, with occasional side-trips to Providence. He'd be as wretched on big city pavements as a quiet tree. Facile talk and easy acquaintanceships are not for him. He's the opposite of what's known as a mixer. So is Van, for that matter. Hello-joeing round the lot is all very well, but his intimacies, if you notice, are few and well-tried.

As children, we see parents only in relation to ourselves. Not till we're older, do we see them as people. Looking back, many things are clear to Van which he once took for granted. Clearest of all is a quiet man's devotion to his son, inarticulate but never-failing.

Van's earliest memories are of a big old rambling frame house—of lilac bushes in the yard, deep purple and white—of peach-trees and grapevines a boy could raid (that's where he developed his colossal appetite for fruit)—of a snug little safe little world, bounded on either side by Dad and Grandma.

Indoors, Grandma was the presiding spirit—energetic as she was tiny, hair knotted on top of her head, earrings in her pierced ears, rustling in a dozen petticoats, and always the fragrance of cleanliness about her. That's one of Van's sharpest associations with home—something clean and fresh and aired-in-the-sun. Dad had the same immaculate quality. To the longest day of his life, when Van smells Florida water, he'll think of his father.

And candied apples will always bring Grandma back. "Grandmas," she'd say, "are for spoiling little boys," and she'd stir up a batch of candied apples or fudge. Their meals were eaten in the kitchen, and she was the kind of cook who washed as she went. Every last pot had to be scrubbed and put away before she'd sit down with her menfolk. Then, with the smell of fresh coffee brewing—the coffee-pot was always on the stove—she'd sing Van little Swedish folksongs while Dad read his paper, or tell him stories of "the old country," as she invariably called it.

He remembers that first day Dad took him to school, and how he loved it from the start. Loved it so much that, after lunch, he trotted back.

"Where are you going?" asked Grandma.

"To school—"

"But you don't have to go in the afternoon—"

"Well—I'll go anyway—"

She smiled and let him go, but the minute he reached the schoolyard, he knew he'd made a mistake. The sun was higher, the atmosphere was different—it seemed to push him out—

"What are you doing here?" asked the teacher.

"I came to school—"

"Well, you go home now and come back tomorrow morning—"

It gave him a kind of unwanted feeling which Grandma must have anticipated because, when the small figure hove into sight, she was waiting on the porch with a large piece of cake.

Dad was his outdoors companion. "A great Joe Health guy," Van calls him affectionately today. In the old days, his eyes widened in awe and admiration of his father's prowess. No one could sock a ball straighter or swim as far or skate as well. Dad swam all year round—practically had to break the ice to get in. On the lily pond round by the ocean drive, he taught Van to skate—and still skates there himself every Sunday in winter.

Summers, they'd cross the bay on the Jamestown ferry, walk to the end of the pier and feed the fish Necco wafers. There was the warm feel of the sun on Van's back, his wavy reflection in the water, the little minnows coming up to grab the bits of candy he dropped, and Dad lying beside him. Or they'd go to the beach and after their swim, Dad would buy tickets for the merry-go-round—not one, but a whole string. They'd ride themselves dizzy, then play all the games on the midway. Whatever it was—throwing balls, shooting guns—Dad always won, and Grandma'd shake her head, seeing them arrive with another load of kewpie dolls.

And of course, the circus. If you lived in a town like Newport, you always watched the circus come in. Van was positive he wouldn't sleep all night, and next thing he knew, it was five in the morning, and there was Dad waking him up. It was terribly exciting and, for all his air of doing it for the boy, let nobody tell you that Dad was less excited than his son. Usually, the circus came on a Saturday, and they'd take in the afternoon show. But the year Van was ten, Barnum and Bailey hit town on a schoolday. Barnum and Bailey was to other circuses as Hedy Lamarr is to Lizzie Zilch. But Dad never said a word, and Van just took it for granted he wouldn't go. In the Johnson book, you didn't ditch school for fun.

When he got home late that afternoon, Dad met him at the door, all dressed up. That meant they were eating out, as they did occasionally.

"Get yourself cleaned up, son."

He scuttled in and out of the shower. A storm was brewing. Lightning streaked the sky as he hopped into the old Model-T Ford. "We eating out, Dad?"

"Yes, and going to the circus—"

"At night!"

"Looks like it—"

good comrades . . .

The circus was wonderful. But even the circus couldn't match the thrill of that moment when he drove beside his father through the crash of thunder, rain pelting against the windows, and in his heart the taste of high adventure to come.

It was Dad too, who took him to his first movie—"The Galloping Fish" with Louise Fazenda and Chester Conklin. He laughed so hard that Dad must have been embarrassed—people turned in wonder to hear these raucous sounds from the throat

THIS BEAUTY BATH'S A WOW!
SUCH EXQUISITE PERFUME
SUCH RICH CREAMY LATHER!



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Paramount Pictures'
"INCENDIARY BLONDE"

Dancing in the moonlight . . . he draws you close . . . closer . . . There's thrill, there's appeal men can't resist, in skin that's fragrant, *sweet*. So don't take chances —make daintiness *sure*. Lovely screen stars tell you a daily beauty bath with Lux Toilet Soap does the trick. Active lather carries away every trace of dust and dirt, leaves skin exquisitely fresh. You'll love the delicate perfume, too, a flowerlike fragrance that clings lightly to the skin. Try this Hollywood beauty bath!

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9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it . . .
it's the soap that leaves skin SWEET!

of a child. His passion for movies dates from that day. Till he was old enough to go alone or with the other kids, Dad took him to the Colonial every Saturday. Before they went in, he'd buy the usual package of Necco wafers, break it in half and give Van his share. If it happened to be a comedy, there was always some point at which the chortling Van would choke on a wafer and have to be thumped.

He remembers the time Dad plunked down his fifty cents, and the man said: "Sorry, Mr. Johnson, it's six dollars today." Dad glanced at the billboard—"The Cat and the Canary"—not a movie, but a New York show. He reached for his wallet, and plunked down the six bucks. They sat right up front with all the millionaires.

Van thought that was swell, but not till much later did its full significance dawn on him. He was three when his parents separated, and Charles Johnson was well aware that, with no mother in the house, a boy misses plenty. He was firmly resolved that Van should miss nothing more than he could help. Though he didn't earn a great deal, his son's clothes were the best money could buy. Van had to take care of them, yes—especially after Grandma died—had to keep the suits cleaned and pressed, and the shoes polished. He can still feel the heft of the big old-fashioned iron; he's still a fanatic about the shine on his shoes. And, thanks to his father, he knows that when he walked down the street, he looked as well turned out as any kid in town.

Dad never made a fuss over him, but at Christmas his tree was the biggest, and was hung with the most lights and the shiniest ornaments. His bikes and trains were as good as the next guy's. Better. Dad always said quality paid in the end. But it wasn't just laying out dough, because there are things you can't dig out of a pocket; they have to come from the heart. Like Dad's taking down the old bathroom mirror, and making it into a lake for under the tree. He'd cover the frame with cotton batting snow, and build a little enchanted village of gabled cottages and sleighs and people skating around and Santa Claus driving his reindeer through the whole thing . . .

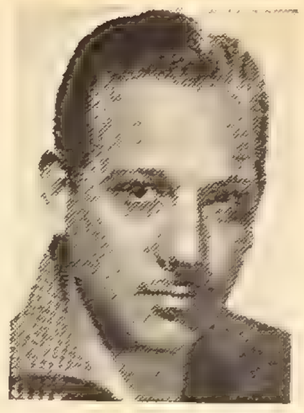
Of course it wasn't all movies and merry-go-rounds and fun. Dad had a well-balanced sense of values. He believed in responsibility and self-reliance. Van had his daily chores—coal to bring in and wood to chop and a lawn to mow. The mower was a corny antique, and he's sure no grass ever grew as fast as his father's. He'd hang out the wash and beat the rugs for Grandma, rake and burn the leaves and throw horse chestnuts into the fire. California's wonderful, but even now Van gets homesick for a tangy October evening and the smell of roasting horse-chestnuts on the air.

Winters, when they'd cleared their own walks, he and Dad would go on a little neighborhood tour, shoveling snow for the ladies who had no menfolk of their own. That was Dad's idea, and a nice one too, thinks Van. And his early training's stuck. When he has a day off, he feels uneasy till he's done something constructive—like a fast game of tennis, since he has no lawns to mow. That earns him the right to be lazy the rest of the day.

loss of a world . . .

He was 12 when Grandma died. To both her men, it was like losing a right arm. You know how, when somebody dies, you want to get away from the place and its aching memories? Well, Dad would no more have abandoned his home than his skin, but it must have been the same idea. Because, while he'd never liked changes, now he suddenly decided to do the house all over. Night after night they'd pore over paint charts and wallpaper samples. Then they started on the rooms, one by one, working all night and taking all winter to do it. Dad was the boss workman and Van the helper. He'd scrape woodwork, putty cracks and wet the old wallpaper down. Dad painted, matched up the new strips and pasted them on. At nine he'd go down to the corner for ice cream and a couple of bottles of Moxie and the New

I SAW IT HAPPEN



It was New Year's Eve, 1942, and I was standing at the window watching the road when a car pulled up outside our house. The next minute I was shaking hands with Pvt. (now Maj.) Melvin Douglas, whom my father had met when both were stationed at Little Rock, Arkansas. We spent two wonderful hours, just talking. Capt. Douglas told us about his family, his children, and friends. He showed us his Sharpshooter's Medal and said, "My son loves medals; I'm going to send him this," with great pride in his voice. At eleven o'clock he had to leave, and my parents drove him into town. After he left I just sat there and wondered how many girls' fathers had such famous friends as mine!

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Chicago, Illinois.

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York World. He never went to bed without reading the old New York World.

They became their own housekeepers and, if Van does say so himself, you couldn't have found a cleaner darn house in town. Left it dusted and speckless each morning, and on Saturdays gave it a regular spring cleaning. They ate out a lot—there was a grand new diner down the street—but Van also developed a taste for cookery. He owned every cook book from Fanny Farmer on down, and his greatest asset was faith in himself. Running out of canned applesauce one afternoon, he took a couple of apples and made his own. From there he went on to prune pie, and it turned out fine.

domestic training . . .

His meals could generally be counted on, but a notable exception was the Case of the Pork Roast. Leaving the market, he noticed they were running a new picture at the movie house—Claudette Colbert in "Imitation of Life." It was very sad and, tears dripping over the roast, he sat through it twice. They had dinner at ten. Dad had spoken his piece and that was the end of it. He was no nag. Only Van couldn't get over the woes of Claudette—

"Look," said his father at last. "Could you manage to quit basting that meat in brine?"

When Van had the kids in of an evening, Dad would find himself some errand in town, leaving the gang to their blackjack or michigan rummy. Van would fix his specialty—bacon, cucumber and tomato sandwiches—and big pots of coffee, and stay up till midnight with the dishes, because a good host doesn't make his guests help.

Animals were permitted within reason, and you could hardly blame Dad about the German shepherd. Van found him tied up at the gas station, looking noble and patient. "Want him?" asked the man.

"Whaddaya mean, want him?"

"He's a stray. We've been keeping him here, but nobody's called for him—"

Not pausing to look a gift dog in the teeth, Van hauled him home and dumped him into the tub, where he continued patient while water sloshed over him and soap got in his eyes. In the midst of this, Van heard Dad at the door and rushed out to forewarn him. But the noble beast beat him to it, cleared the tub in one leap and went gamboling through the house, spraying lather as he went. In three minutes the place was a shambles. They finally coralled him and led him to the garage.

"That's all, son," said Dad. "From now on, nothing over thirty pounds."

Just the same, they kept him—strictly in the garage—till Van found his owner.

As he grew older, he developed the same kind of reticence about his feelings that his father had. This was partly force of example, partly the sense of being different from other kids, which made him shy. Calling for a schoolmate, he'd find him at table with his family 'round him and could hardly escape the realization that he and Dad led a kind of one-sided existence. But that was a subject he never brought up, knowing instinctively it would hurt his father.

Because of their reserve, the moments when emotion showed through were unforgettable. Confirmation, for instance. Van didn't expect Dad to be there. He never laid off work except for drastic reasons, and to him any public assembly was a thing to stay away from. So when Van looked up as he left the altar, and saw Dad standing at the back of the church, it came as an utter surprise. Their eyes met and Dad gave a little grin. As if to say: "Sure I'm here. Where else would I be on this important occasion?" Van's never lost the warmth of the memory.

Are you in the know?



How to brighten those blinkers?

- ☐ *Read the funny papers*
- ☐ *Mooch Mom's mascara*
- ☐ *Quick, Watson—the eye pads*

Dreary-eyed? When you want to be starry-eyed? Rest your lids beneath a pair of moist eye pads. Their soothing liquid eases the ache—brings back the twinkle to tired optics. Comfort and "sparkle" are first cousins. That's why, on certain days, so many bright young chicks insist on Kotex sanitary napkins. Kotex has *dependable* softness. Unlike pads that just "feel" soft at first touch, Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. Free from bunching, roping, you're more comfortable with Kotex.



If you loathe setting-up exercises, try—

- ☐ *The Lazy Mae routine*
- ☐ *A starvation diet*
- ☐ *A new girdle*

If you would shirk-the-workout—try the 5-minute Lazy Mae routine. It means setting-up without *getting* up! Prone in bed, stretch for your tootsies ten times. Bicycle your legs two minutes, then pull them back till toes contact bed headboard. Keeping trim props up your poise. On problem days, let Kotex bolster your confidence—for those patented, *flat tapered ends* don't show revealing outlines. And you'll thank that special *safety center* for the safety *plus* that Kotex gives.



Which proverb applies here?

- ☐ *All that glitters is not gold*
- ☐ *Handsome is as handsome does*
- ☐ *Beauty is only skin deep*

Okay . . . suddenly your face needs a retread. But why make it a public project? It's bad manners. What's more, it deglamourizes a gal. "Handsome is as handsome does"—so do your patchwork in the powder room. And remember, loveliness is lost without *daintiness*, especially on "those" days. Choose Kotex.

Yes, Kotex contains a deodorant. Locked inside each Kotex, the deodorant can't shake out, because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on. You'll appreciate this new Kotex "extra" to help safeguard your charm.

A DEODORANT
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"Hello Glamour



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PINK DELIGHT... New, thrilling shade—in smart Dorothy Reed Lipstick—made with Cream-Seal base so the color stays longer. Jumbo size, swivel case, only 25¢ at your 10¢ store. Dorothy Reed, Cosmetic Stylists, Fifth Avenue, New York.

Then there was his first high school dance. He was taking a girl, the tickets cost plenty, and later you had to treat her to ice cream and stuff. Dad gave him an adequate allowance, and this was his own responsibility. It never occurred to him to ask for a handout. To make sure he wouldn't be caught short, he skipped lunches for a couple of weeks.

"Have a good time?" asked Dad next morning.

"Oh sure. Danced my fool head off. Then the crowd went down to the diner for a snack—"

"Have enough money?"

"Oh sure. Been saving lunch money—"

lunchless lover . . .

There was such a long pause that Van glanced up. Dad had the funniest look in his eyes. "You mean you went without lunch?"

"Gee, that's nothing, Dad." He had to wipe the look out. "All the fellows do it. We just stoke in more at breakfast and dinner, that's all—"

"I'd like you to promise never to do it again, son. There's always enough for anything you need—"

Van kicked himself straight through his chores for not keeping his trap shut.

He doesn't know how the story got around that his dad was a rigid disciplinarian. True, there were certain things he insisted on—like cleanliness and doing your job right and minding your manners. But his methods were mild, and Van was no problem child. Whatever misdeeds he committed stemmed from thoughtlessness rather than deliberate hellraising, and the most Dad ever did was cut down on some privilege. In fact, the punishment Van will remember longest was inflicted by his own conscience.

The pride of Dad's heart was his new Ford. Before driving off mornings, he'd clean it inside and out, and again when he came back. After Van learned to drive, he was allowed to use it on special occasions. One rainy night he backed it into a tree, and crashed the whole rear in—one of those nightmare things that couldn't possibly happen, but did . . .

He remembers driving it into the backyard and crawling miserably to bed—waking to the memory of what he'd done and hating to get up—going to the window where the rain still slashed—

There stood his father, looking at the wreck. Just looking. Then, under his old umbrella, he turned and trudged through the rain toward town. If he'd raised cain, it would have been easier on Van than that glimpse of his dad's face, and the way he plodded patiently off to work.

That night he tried to stammer apologies—

"Well, you didn't do it on purpose. Next time, be careful—"

Next time! With most dads, there'd never have been a next time—

He can't remember when the acting bug bit him, but it must have been pretty early in the game. Naturally, Dad knew he was moviestruck. So were lots of kids. When he plastered movie stars over every inch of his room, right over the new wallpaper, Dad only grunted. "Do what you like in your own room. Just don't bring it out here—"

The chief reason he went to dancing school was that every year they put on a big revue in a real theater. That's where he got the smell of paint in his nostrils, and couldn't get it out. When they handed out questionnaires at high school, asking, among other things, what the kids wanted to be, Van wrote boldly: "Actor—"

With Dad, he wasn't quite so bold. Oh, he'd drop hints every now and then, which were mostly ignored. Or Dad would say, "Sure. And when you were five, you

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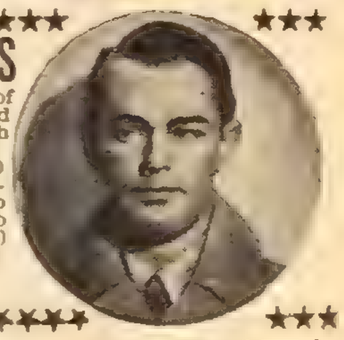
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wanted to be a shortstop." One night they were having dinner at a neighbor's. Dad was in the pantry when the crucial question was tossed at Van. "What're you going to do after graduation?"

"Go to New York and be an actor—"

Dad's eyes came peering round the pantry corner, and his son suddenly felt as if he'd grown eight heads.

If he *had,* you couldn't have blasted the obsession out of any of the eight. It stayed with him through the summer days after graduation, as he got his first taste at wage earning in a fried clam joint. It flourished through the summer evenings as he talked to Lois Radcliffe, who'd traveled in Europe and was pretty sophisticated from his point of view. "You've got to get away," she kept telling him. "New York's the place for you."

To his father he said with elaborate casualness: "I've saved a few dollars, Dad. Think I'll go down to New York for a couple of weeks. May look around—"

Dad eyed him over his spectacles. "Thousands of people down there looking around. And starving—"

"Yeah—well—I can always come back—"

Neither was fooling the other. Dad knew what Van meant by looking around, and Van knew that Dad was saying to himself "He's a Swede and as stubborn as I am. Let him get it out of his system."

At the train, Van was in no mood of elation. He loved his father. He was worried over leaving him alone. What did he think he was doing anyway?—a green galoot off to the big city to crash a profession he didn't know the first thing about—

"Well, goodbye, son. Take care of yourself. Be a good boy—"

Van grinned. That was Dad's regular line. "Be a good boy," he'd say, whenever Van left the house. His spirits lifted. What did he have to lose? There'd always be Dad to come home to—

"You take care of yourself, too. So long, Dad—"

The tall, erect figure stood on the platform till the train disappeared.

You know that Van never went back to stay, though there were times when it looked as if he might. But he kept afloat, and promised himself five years. If he hadn't made a dent by then, he never would. . . .

Periodically, he'd go up to see his old man. Bearing neckties or a sweater or golf balls, depending on how his luck was running. Johnson Sr. had his own way of receiving gifts. His voice would go a little gruff. "Well, that's fine," he'd say. "Now tell me about yourself—" But as quick as next day, he'd be wearing the tie or using the golf balls.

They'd go around visiting old friends, driving to Providence, taking walks along the beautiful cliff road by the ocean. Dad still seemed bewildered by the fact that Van could get *any* kind of job on the stage. "How do you go about it? What happens then? What kind of people are they? How much do they pay you—?"

Skeptical he might be, but nobody else could take a peck at his fledgling—not even a fancied peck. Dad, of course, wouldn't brave the tumult of New York, but when the townsfolk went down, they'd take in Van's show and report.

Once Dad remarked: "So-and-so saw you." Van was in the chorus at the time. "Said you stood out like a sore thumb—"

"That's good," grinned the appreciative actor.

"What's good about a sore thumb?" growled Dad, annoyed. "If he liked you, there's nicer ways of saying it—"

He was also determined that Van shouldn't worry about him. The boy had his own life to live, and Dad was an old hand at looking after himself. During one



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of his successful years, Van treated himself to some snazzy luggage, including a brass-studded steamer trunk, heavy as lead. All along the line it had taken a couple of porters to move this job. At Providence, before Van could stop him, Dad had it on his back, hauling it to the car. Not bragging exactly. Just making a kind of unspoken statement. "I'm fine, son. Look at me. Good as new—"

long distance fame . . .

The five years passed. Van had been in "Pal Joey," and made a test for Columbia. And though nothing had come of the test, there was a kind of stir in the air that seemed to call for a bonus of an extra year. He went home for a couple of weeks that summer and was in his room, typing a letter, when the phone rang with the bid from Warner Brothers.

"Looks like I'm going to Hollywood, Dad—"

"What happened?"

"Just got a long distance call."

It wasn't the offer so much as the long distance that impressed Dad. "If they'd go to that trouble," he said slowly, "I guess they must want you—"

Eventually they dropped him, which wasn't so smart, because M-G-M picked him up and parlayed him into a gold mine. But that's another story. . . .

Dad continues to use his regular line. His letters are never signed, "Yours etc." They always wind up: "Be a good boy. Dad."

What he can't say, he can sometimes write. Especially since the night his son almost died. . . .

Van lay in the hospital after his first transfusion. Through the haze of pain and faintness, words penetrated. "What's his father's phone number?" Everything within him rose up and cried no. His dad had never been on a train in his life, much less a plane. They couldn't do this, he had to stop it—

The doctor leaned toward him. "Don't—get my father—out here. He'd—die—"

Keenan Wynn bent over. "I'll phone him—"

"Yes—but tell him—I'm all right—"

Without going to church every Sunday, Van's dad is a deeply religious man. He hates hearing the Lord's name taken in vain. Yet all he could say to Keenan that dreadful night was "Oh God! Oh God!" over and over again. It was the measure of a man's agony.

actor's father . . .

That's all over now. Though on the phone he still asks first of all: "How are your headaches? Do you get enough rest?"

Reassured on that score, he goes on to other things. "Saw 'Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo' last night. There was quite a turnout. Had to stand on line—"

The management would be pleased to pass Van's father in, but he doesn't believe in special privilege. Also, Van's beginning to suspect he enjoys his position as an actor's parent—

"Like the show, Dad?"

"Yes, it was fine. But why did you make so many faces?" Or: "Why didn't you smile?"

Van explains that you can't go round showing your fifty-four teeth all the time.

"Well, I like to see you smile—"

The conversation continues. "How's Martha, Dad?"

"Don't call an older woman by her first name. *Mrs.* Martin's fine. So-and-so had all his teeth out. Remember the Armstrong boy? His wife just had a baby boy. By the way, thanks for the jacket—"

"Think it's too loud?"

"I thought so at first, but I'm getting used to it now—"

There's one phenomenon of success that still puzzles Dad. After Van's first radio broadcast, he asked: "What's all the yelling?"

"Kids. They pulled my coat apart—"

"Does that mean they *like* you?"

"That," laughed Van, "is a very legitimate question. The answer seems to be yes—"

"Glad to hear it. Sounded to me like they might be mad at you—"

Occasionally he'll let slip a rather wistful: "I'd like to see you." With no time off to go east, Van's been trying to get him out to California. So far, no soap. Dad still clings to the old familiar places. Maybe, when the war's over and Van has a house. . . .

Maybe's as far as Dad will commit himself. You can't have everything, and the main thing he's got. The main thing—as it's always been—is that Van's well and happy. And a good boy.

BE A SUMMER SANTA CLAUS!

Seems funny to think of Christmas while your sunburn's still peeling, but packages to your fightin' man overseas must go out between September 15 and October 15 . . . or he'll be fightin' mad! Don't let him down! He's twice as lonesome for home now that half the job is done. So shop early, unless you want your gift to arrive for Easter instead . . . and do shop wisely: No perishables! Wrap well in strong box and cord, address clearly in waterproof ink, and make it a really Merry Christmas for That Man overseas!

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are scientifically proved far less irritating to the smoker's nose and throat.



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RHAPSODY MAN

(Continued from page 54)

course, "Huba, huba, huba!" The next day they met before the same counter. Bob bought salami and Joan bought bologna. By the end of the week a tradition had been established: They were meeting every day over a cupa cawfee and a sandwich.

Bob discovered the salient characteristic of the wand-like little woman: She believed in things such as love, marriage, a home, ambition, struggle . . . and Bob.

So Bob lightly turned his thoughts to that springboard of matrimony: Money. Of which he had very few. Originally, in his early high school days he had decided to become a doctor. He liked chemistry and he was a fast man with a triangular bandage, but his relatives discouraged him. Those already engaged in the healing profession pointed out the long years of training necessary, and after that the long years of thankless service to be rendered before a man could support a family.

Abandoning this ambition, he got a job as office boy in an architectural firm and had worked his way up to junior draftsman standing when, in the classic words of VARIETY, Wall Street laid an egg. It crashed with a splash that egged architecture right out of the financial district. Tycoons became scrambled yeggs, and Bob got himself a job as stock clerk in a department store.

It was during this period that he met Joan. However, juggling packing cases was not his only means of support; he was also holding down a radio job during his noon hour. This is the way he got into show business in the first place: At a neighborhood theatre a picture entitled "Merely Mary Ann" starring Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell was playing, and someone was wanted to sing the theme song. Bob qualified, was paid $25 for winning the "Merely Mary Ann" competition, and decided that he was in show business.

He discussed his career with Joan while they were out walking one Sunday. Did she think they would be able to make a start on his income as stockroom clerk and occasional radio singer? She said positively that he was going places; she had galloping premonitions about his future.

"Oh, look," she interrupted her lavish tribute to his future success, "at that darling print dress." The gown was worn by an austere store window manikin. The background was white and on it were nosegays of soft blue flowers.

"You'd sure look sweet in that," agreed Bob.

Joan sighed. "Maybe I'll buy it in a week or so." And they walked on, returning to talk of the future.

When Bob received his paycheck that week he strode to the store, asked the size of the dress (14), said, "That's just right," and made his purchase. It was the first gift he had ever purchased for Joan. Currently, whenever Bob and Joan spy such a frock, they smile into each other's eyes and nod. "Reminds me of 'our' first dress," one of them says.

Bob's most recent gift to his wife was made on February 26 to celebrate *his* birthday and it consisted of what he described, beaming broadly, as "a little old mink coat."

They decided in November, 1932, at about the time President Roosevelt was being elected, that they would be married on New Year's Eve, the day before the hopeful beginning of 1933. Bob was just past eighteen; Joan was a year younger.

Bob, not quite so jaunty as usual, had



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Pond's new Make-up Pat washes gorgeously smooth, natural color over your face.

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Make-up Pat hides little blemishes, freckles. Gives skin a young, "poreless" finish.

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Does away with nose shine! Gives your face a velvety, just-made-up look that lasts and *lasts!*

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Sandra found shopping packed plenty of punch...



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"The bobby pins that HOLD"

an announcement to make on December 30, the day before the ceremony was scheduled. "I got notice today that I'll be through tomorrow night. They're cutting down the Christmas force, so that means I'm going to be pared, as well as paired. How about it, Joan—still game?"

She didn't hesitate an instant. "You'll get something better. I *know* you're going to be a big success."

The times were really rugged. Bob got a job, singing with a burlesque show; the management liked his voice so much that they spotted him for twelve songs, each song to have two or three choruses. The first night he gave out with everything but the sextet from "Lucia;" he poured it on strictly from Pagliacci. And the next day he had laryngitis.

After that he sang a little less and worked a little more at playing straight man for the comedians in the show. Incidentally, did you ever realize that there would be no comedian (except in Danny Kaye cases) if it weren't for the straight man? Comedians are steak sauce, but first you've got to have the steak.

The show went on tour, and Joan went along. They lived in suitcases, in trunks, in trains, buses, bleak hotels. But at least they were in New York when Alphonse, Jr. arrived. Bob had managed to get a practical nurse, but as the doctor left he said to Bob: "Now, it's up to you."

Bob cooked, sterilized bottles, made formulas, shampooed the three-cornered slacks. He would light a cigarette with trembling fingers, open a can of creamed chicken, light another cigarette, answer Joan's call bell, get her a glass of water, light another cigarette . . . At one time he discovered with horror that he had six glowing cigarettes chummily burning holes in the furniture.

Somehow all three members of the family managed to survive the perils of parenthood. Bob went back to burlesque and bounced around considerably until he landed a night club spot. The next day he was offered three screen tests, two in New York, one in Hollywood. He talked it over with Joan. "You belong in Hollywood. Let's go," said that intrepid teammate. So they hit Los Angeles in 1943 when the housing shortage was making

I SAW IT HAPPEN



My husband and I are baseball fans, and as our home is in Los Angeles, we've seen a number of movie celebrities at the different games. Most autograph hunters confine their activities to before and after the game, but this afternoon a particularly impatient little boy couldn't wait to ask his idol —George Raft—to sign his book. It was the last half of the ninth inning, and the score was tied. Everyone was tense with excitement, including Mr. Raft, who rose from his seat with the others to see if there was going to be a home run. Just then the little boy tugged at George Raft's coat, and said, "Could I have your autograph, please?" Mr. Raft didn't hesitate a moment, though I'm sure he was as anxious as the rest of us to learn the outcome of the game. He gave the kid a big smile, said, "Sure, sonny," and sat down amidst all the excitement to write in the boy's book. A great guy, I think!

Mrs. R. L. Qualls
Los Angeles, Calif.

more people homeless than Vesuvius managed in its best day. The three Aldas found a room in a small, a very small, hotel.

Bob reported to the studio almost daily, then returned to the cramped hotel room. Nothing definitely had been established, but after seven weeks Joan found a bungalow, persuaded Bob to lease it, and settled down to write to all the Alda family friends: "We are settled in Hollywood and we are so happy. Everything is wonderful. Bob is to play 'George Gershwin.'"

Bob hadn't even tested for the part so his scalp shriveled like a dried apple when he learned of this blithe assumption. But Joan is a better Fate foreteller than Bob believed at that time. He *did* get the part; he *did* sign a contract; he *did* go to work; and he *did* have problems. He was accustomed to stage technique; he didn't know how to play the piano. He was rolling out of the tired Simmons every morning at six, reporting to the studio, rushing home long enough at night for a quick dinner, then reporting to his piano teacher, with whom he practiced until midnight. Sometime during those hours he studied his script.

Then came the day when he began to relax; he had become accustomed to the medium of motion pictures and he knew from the reaction of the people with whom he was working that they approved of the job he was doing. The biggest day in the shooting was that scene in which Gershwin returned after a triumphal tour . . . this festive scene was interrupted by the set telephone's insistent light blinking, blinking . . . a frantic voice demanded to talk to Bob . . . "Oh, Bob, I'm so worried. The doctor is here, he says our boy has polio. . . ."

Bob, ashen-faced, drove home, took his son to the hospital, walked the corridor for nine hours. Today, in 1945, Alli is unmarked by his ordeal. He is nine, has the gay, glib personality of his dad, the coloring of his mother.

He and Bob are constant performers at the Hollywood Canteen; they do the celebrated Abbott & Costello baseball routine. Alli has been taught certain remarks—i. e. "I still have to go to school, but look who stays home!" "What is the country going to do about *senior* delinquents!" etc. Bob's line, defensively spoken, but with a proud parent, proud co-star beam, is always, "Stick to the script."

Afterward, on the way home to the 11½ acre farm Bob has bought near Sunland, he and Alli discuss their timing, alteration of gags, and reaction of audience like old-line troupers.

There is just one thing about which Alli is impatient; His dad has been a star for 25 months at Warner Brothers, but he hasn't yet seen Bob in pictures. Even as you and I—but "Gershwin" is currently packing 'em in at theaters the country over (after a really terrific premiere in New York), so from here on in there's no question but that we'll be having loads of Alda instead of Nothing At Alda.



OCTOBER ISSUE

You know how fast a theater fills when Van Johnson's on the screen? Well, that's nothing compared to how fast the October MODERN SCREEN will vanish once it hits the newsstands on September 11. So get there early . . . And P.S. Frankie's on the cover!

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SHORE LEAVE

(Continued from page 31)

pin-up from a magazine cover and used to write regular to nineteen fellows in the outfit. When I left, they said: 'Find Cathy Downs and tell her thanks—'

Please don't think I'm fresh. Just sitting here, thinking of home, this kind of spilled off the pen by itself.

Yours truly,
Kice Miller,
Gunners Mate 3rd Class,
Terminal Island, San Pedro, Calif.

P.S.—I know it's a pipedream. Please forget it and excuse me."

In the course of events, this letter reached Sybil Brand. You kids know that Sybil Brand is head of the NAA, which sends you stars' autographs at a quarter apiece, and uses the money to brighten things up for our Navy boys on shore leave. Well, Mrs. Brand looked up from that letter and she wasn't laughing. "Seventeen months in the South Pacific, and he says excuse me." Then she picked up the phone. "I want to get hold of Mary Anderson and Cathy Downs—"

Dana Andrews and his wife dined with the Harry Brands that night, and Mrs. Brand told them about the letter. "Let me do something, too," Dana begged. "Tell him to bring a buddy along, and let's give them a day with the girls and I'll play host—"

"And maybe we can get MODERN SCREEN to take pictures. Then they can send the magazine home to their folks—

"And to those nineteen guys in the South Pacific—"

You can read the rest of the story in the pictures.

SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 20)

dinner was not what you'd call peaceful. I kept trying to pump Diana about her musical preferences, and every time I opened my mouth someone would put his head in it, leaning down to talk to an honest-to-goodness movie actress.

union member . . .

From the Copacabana, we hopped a taxi to the Onyx Club, and in the taxi we had a chance for some conversation. It turned out that Diana's a member of Local 47—the Los Angeles chapter of the American Federation of Musicians. She's also something of a prodigy—started playing the piano at the age of four, and by the time she was six, she was reading music fluently! She's very casual about it.

"I studied with my mother, and when I got older I accompanied violinists and singers sometimes." Nothing to it, you understand. She played with the California Junior Symphony from the time she was twelve to the time she was fifteen, though most of the kids were twenty and twenty-one. She was quite a snob in those days, she admits.

"About music. Strictly classical, I wanted it. I didn't care for popular stuff until about two years ago when I began to go to dances with boys."

She still isn't what you'd call a rabid swing fan, though her tastes are vastly more catholic than of yore. Next to the Chopin, Cortot, Debussy, Ravel and Bach in the Lynn collection, you can find some Duke Ellington (he's pretty much her favorite jazz man) and some Artie Shaw.

She goes for the small bands like Louis

Jordan and King Cole. She likes Martha Tilton, Lena Horne and Ethel Waters. Songs, she'll take schmaltz-y—"Sweet Lorraine," "These Foolish Things," "Dancing in the Dark."

And now comes a blow. You know that boogie-woogie she plays so beautifully in "Out of This World?" Well, it doesn't come natural to her. She says so right out. "I'm not a jazz musician. I can't play boogie-woogie unless it's written down for me, note by note, and there's a big orchestral background. Nothing spontaneous about it."

She sighs, a little wistfully. "But I've got perfect pitch."

Now don't overlook that last. Perfect pitch is fairly rare, and many musicians don't have it, and it isn't a thing you can cultivate. It's a very remarkable gift. If you've got it, a person can sing, hum, play or whistle any note in the whole wide world—and before he's done, you can name the thing. "B-flat, C-sharp, F-natural," just like that.

Anyhow, by now we were at the Onyx Club on 52nd Street where Stuff Smith and Hot Lips Page were spreading themselves around.

Diana's technical knowledge influences her appreciation, and she kept squealing, "Ooh, listen to those fourths! Oh, listen to those elevenths!" all the time Stuff was playing. Confusing for the uninitiated, but vastly gratifying to Mr. Smith. Hot Lips impressed her, too. He's a fellow from Texas who plays trumpet and sings blues in a very authentic way.

I tore Diana away from the fourths and elevenths, and across the street to the Three Deuces. Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet, was soloing when we arrived. 21st Century Gabriel would be a good name for Dizzy—his stuff is so radically different from, say, that of Harry James, that it hardly seems he plays the same instrument. I'm not saying one is better than the other, but I think Dizzy's twenty years ahead of his time.

Once again, Diana's musical background made her realize what was going on, and how difficult it was to do. She could hear him changing keys in mid-phrase, so to speak.

After Dizzy came a chap named Erroll Garner—a pianist who works with a quartet. Garner came into town from Pittsburgh, last year. He doesn't read music; doesn't study much. He's just a natural genius. Diana got so excited she was in imminent danger of being drowned in her own Pepsi. She talked a lot about Erroll.

"I want to go home and work. I want to do some really serious practicing. He's been the most exciting thing on my whole trip!"

Everyone's saying Erroll's the hottest piano discovery since Tatum. His playing shows definite classical influence—he's been inspired by everyone from Debussy to Ellington, and yet his music is vitally and peculiarly his own.

When he'd gone, Diana leaned across the table. "Do you think maybe he'd do an encore?" I went back to ask him. Erroll obliged, and I didn't think the grin would come off the Lynn face, ever.

AUTOGRAPHS!

Like Lon McCallister? June Allyson? Tom Drake? We thought so! If you'd like their (or any other star's) autograph, whisk over to page 71 and learn the MODERN SCREEN way of getting them!

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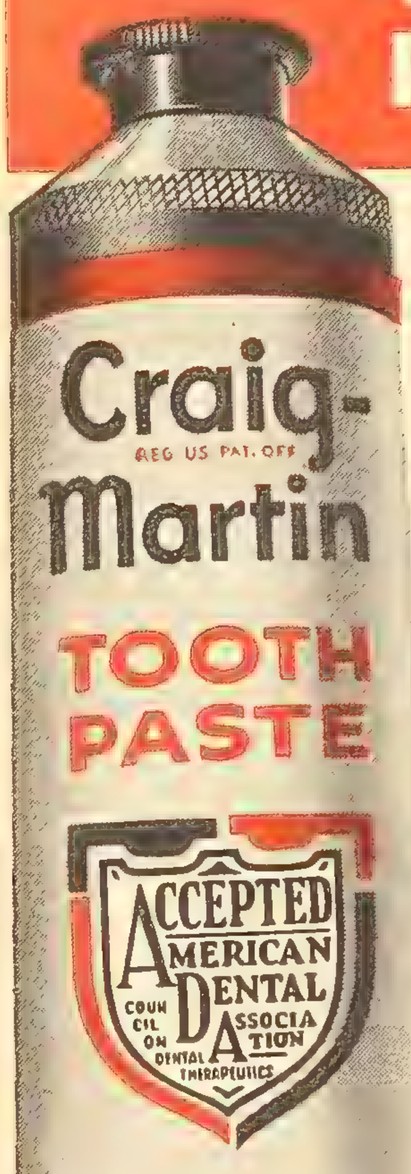
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We headed for Kelly's Stable, a while later, to hear the Vivien Garry trio. They have a lot in common with King Cole's threesome. Same style. Diana loved Vivien's singing and bass playing, and she sat in at the piano herself for the photographer, but she refused to play a note. "I'm not a jazz musician," she kept explaining patiently.

Possibly not. But she *is* a swell kid.

The Astor ballroom was very crowded and very hot the night I went to seek out Harry James. I caught him, between sets, behind the bandstand. He was sprawled out in a chair, shirt open at the throat, tie off. We couldn't go down to talk, because Harry'd be mobbed, so we stayed there and kicked things around a while.

"What do you think you'll be doing ten years from today, Harry?" I said.

He sounded as though he'd had it all figured out very carefully for a long, long time. "In ten years, I'll be living on a ranch in Southern California. I'll have three kids at school, and three thousand head of cattle (not at school) and the ranch'll be self-supporting."

I wondered whether he planned to keep in contact with the music business. "Maybe as a publisher," he said. "I might have a music publishing company. And I guess I'll make a record occasionally."

"Would you want the kids to be in music, Harry?"

That was easy. "I'll give them a musical education, if they want it, and show talent. After that, they make their own choices."

Harry said Betty would be retired long before the ten years were gone.

He and Betty wouldn't like to stay in New York all the time. "Everything and everybody is too busy. You can get more work done in less time on the coast."

The Jameses weren't at the Astor. They had an apartment (the location of which only about two people in the world—and I'm not one of them—know). This insured them a million times more privacy.

"No phone, though," Harry said. "The former tenant took it with him. It's wonderful, in a way, because the place is so quiet, but on the other hand, where there's a baby, you like to have a phone available for any little emergencies. Of course, we can always use the neighbors' if we have to, but we don't like to bother them." If you can picture the neighbor who wouldn't love to be bothered!

new york's nice to visit . . .

Anyhow, Harry seems to prefer quiet apartments to crowded hotels, and peaceful Hollywood to more frenzied New York.

"Maybe it's because I lived out of a trunk from the time I was fifteen, when I first went out with a band. For twelve years (not counting the years with the circus, before that), until I bought my house, two years ago. That house gave me a good feeling."

Now, while the life of Mr. James is not placid, it's got an air of order about it. Once a year he does a picture for Twentieth Century-Fox, and they have an option for another. If they don't take the option, he can make one outside picture. Currently, he's interested in Dorothy Baker's "Young Man With a Horn"—a best seller of a few years ago. Bruce Manning—Harry says he's one of the best young screen writers—is nuts about the story, and he'll do the screen play if the project goes through.

We discussed Harry's newest picture, "Kitten on the Keys." There's a number in it that ought to be sensational. Harry does "St. Louis Blues" with a hundred and three piece symphony in back of him. The orchestration was done by Herb Spencer and Billy May.

"I don't know how it came out," Harry said. "You never can tell until you see

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the finished picture. I saw rushes of 'Two Girls and a Sailor' and thought it would be awful. It turned out swell."

I asked Harry where he'd be in September.

"Probably at the Palladium in Hollywood, playing. Or else doing a picture."

I wanted to find out any news about other members of the band before I took my leave, and Harry said a flying clique had developed. Vocalist Kitty Kallen had started taking lessons at a field in Rahway, New Jersey. So had Buddy Di Vito. Ray Heath, who's a solo trombone player, is a solo flyer now, too. He had to make a forced landing on his first flight, but everything came out okay.

Harry grinned, as he got up, stretched and prepared to go back to work. "Take it easy," he said. "Be seeing you."

RECORDS OF THE MONTH
Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

AND THERE YOU ARE—Andy Russell (Capitol), Kate Smith (Columbia)

ENLLORO (VOODOO MOON)—Xavier Cugat (Columbia), Carmen Cavallaro (Decca)

GOOD, GOOD, GOOD—Jose Bethancourt (Musicraft)

GOTTA BE THIS OR THAT—Benny Goodman (Columbia), Joe Marsala (Musicraft)

I FALL IN LOVE TOO EASILY—Dinah Shore (Victor), George Auld (Guild)

IF YOU ARE BUT A DREAM—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)

IF I LOVED YOU—Perry Como (Victor), Bing Crosby (Decca), Harry James (Columbia)

JUNE COMES AROUND EVERY YEAR—Tommy Dorsey (Victor)

ON THE ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE—Johnny Mercer (Capitol), Tommy Dorsey (Victor)

OH! BROTHER—Harry James (Columbia)

BEST HOT JAZZ

SIDNEY DE PARIS—The Call of the Blues (Blue Note)

TOMMY DORSEY—DUKE ELLINGTON—The Minor Goes Mugging (Victor)

ERROLL GARNER—Twistin' the Cat's Tail (Black and White)

DIZZY GILLESPIE—Salt Peanuts (Manor)

BENNY GOODMAN SEXTET—Slipped Disc (Columbia)

WOODY HERMAN—Goosey Gander (Columbia)

GENE KRUPA—What's This? (Columbia)

JOE MARSALA—Southern Comfort (Musicraft)

LUCKY MILLINDER—Shipyard Social Function (Decca)

BILLY TAYLOR—Carny-Val In Rhythm (Keynote)

BEST ALBUMS

DEBUSSY PIANO MUSIC—Artur Rubinstein (Victor)

DINNING SISTERS—Vocal Trio Numbers (Capitol)

GERSHWIN—Billy Butterfield Orchestra (Capitol)

GOLDEN MOMENTS OF SONG—Jan Peerce (Victor)

JEANETTE MacDONALD—Religious Songs (Victor)

ON A NOTE OF TRIUMPH—V-E Day Broadcast (Columbia)

PORGY & BESS—Sevitzky-Indianapolis Symphony (Victor)

RHAPSODY IN BLUE—Arthur Fiedler & Boston Pops (Victor)

SONGS OF DEVOTION—Fred Waring Glee Club & Orch. (Decca)

See BETTY HUTTON starring in "Incendiary Blonde"—*A Paramount Production*



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● Omar Khayyám's picnic lunch—"A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou," sounds a little dull to most of us. He was probably secretly hoping that "thou" wouldst show up with a well-filled hamper containing potato salad, frankfurters, cheese sandwiches, sweet pickles, fruit gelatine, sponge cake and a thermos full of lemonade!

Don't underestimate picnic appetites. Fresh air, exercise and relaxation, as well as the care-free atmosphere of the meal, have their effect so that even the friend who is a nibbler pitches in saying, "Usually I can't eat a thing! I can't think why I'm so hungry! May I have another sandwich?"

Because there are so many kinds of picnic meals, we'll limit ourselves to the lunch which is almost entirely prepared at home and has to be carried, without benefit of car, to the picnic site.

More or less unrationed and easy to find are favorites such as potato chips, pretzels, baked beans, olives, sweet pickles, fruit, packaged cookies, crackers, cheese and meat spreads, and, if there's a chance to build a campfire, frankfurters and potatoes. (And don't forget paper plates, cups, napkins, wax paper and something resembling spoons and forks!)

While some people just won't budge unless there's going to be potato salad and deviled eggs on the menu, we're giving you a number of sandwich filling combinations. Proportions of each ingredient aren't so important, but do use plenty of mayonnaise with the non-sweet fillings and season them to taste.

Dessert had better be fresh fruit and some kind of cookie—easy to pack, easy to serve.

Have a nice time and *don't* forget the salt shaker!

PICNIC SANDWICH FILLINGS

Trim crusts from white, whole wheat or rye bread. Spread bread with softened butter, fortified margarine or mayonnaise. If bread is too soft to be handled easily, chill it for 15 to 20 minutes to make it firmer. Wrap sandwiches carefully in wax paper to keep them from drying out. Let us not be stingy in spreading any of the following sandwich fillings!

1. Crush salted peanuts with rolling pin. Add chopped stuffed olives and mayonnaise to taste.

2. Blend hard cooked eggs, finely chopped, with mayonnaise and any one of the following: Finely

chopped sweet pickles; chopped olives; crisp bits of bacon; sardines or anchovies, mashed or chopped; chopped watercress.

3. Cottage or cream cheese blends well with any of these: Chopped nut meats, minced onion or chives, sardines, anchovies or marinated herring, piccalilli, chopped watercress, olives or marinated cucumber.

4. Peanut butter is a very favorite sandwich spread "as is," but it combines flavorfully with jelly; shredded carrots and chopped raisins; crushed crisp bacon, or sweet pickle relish.

5. Use watercress as the main ingredient of an appetizing, low-calorie sandwich. Its flavor blends well with many foods, but for a summer sandwich add other salad vegetables in combination: Chopped marinated cucumber, minced chives or onions, sliced tomatoes or green peppers.

6. Very conspicuous by its absence—the time-honored ham sandwich! So we'll talk about liverwurst instead. Fancy it up by mashing, and adding finely chopped green pepper or onion, minced celery or radishes. If you've Worcestershire sauce, add it by the eighth teaspoon until you have enough for a delicate flavor blend.

This is a good picnic salad, for none of these vegetables will wilt:

AL FRESCO SALAD

1 cup diced cooked beets
1 cup diced cooked carrots
1 cup chopped celery
½ cup cooked or canned green peas
½ cup diced cucumbers
1 cup diced, cooked potatoes
mayonnaise
lemon juice, optional

Combine vegetables with enough mayonnaise to moisten. Add salt to taste and a few drops of lemon juice if needed. Sweet or sour cream or cream cheese blended with the mayyonnaise adds richness. Serves 6. Serve chilled, if possible.

PLAIN CUP CAKES

½ cup shortening
¼ cup sugar
¾ cup corn syrup
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 egg
2 cups sifted enriched flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup milk

Cream together shortening and sugar. Add corn syrup gradually. Beat well. Add vanilla extract. Add egg, beating until light and fluffy. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture alternately with milk, beating well after each addition. Fill greased 2-inch muffin cups half full. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) about 20 minutes. Yield: 24 2-inch cup cakes. May be frosted or, before baking, dough may be sprinkled with chopped nut meats, cocoanut or sweet chocolate bits.

UNBAKED CHOCOLATE BROWNIES

2 squares (2 ozs.) unsweetened chocolate
1⅓ cups (15 oz. can) sweetened condensed milk
2 cups (⅓ pound) vanilla wafer or graham cracker crumbs
1 cup finely chopped walnut meats

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add sweetened condensed milk and stir over rapidly boiling water 5 minutes or until thick. Remove from heat and add cracker crumbs and ½ cup chopped nut meats. Butter shallow 8 x 8 inch pan and sprinkle with ¼ cup nut meats. Place chocolate mixture in pan and spread evenly, using a knife dipped in hot water. Sprinkle with rest of nut meats. Chill six hours or overnight. Cut in squares.



IF YOU HAD TO DECIDE . . .

Suppose it was up to you . . . to say who should have first call on this nation's soap supply.

Wouldn't you say exactly what the government has said? . . . that Fels & Company, along with other leading soap manufacturers, must help keep men and women in the service supplied with this indispensable item of war equipment. *Of course you would!*

If you thought about it twice, you would realize that one of the reasons our fighting men are winning battles *is* because they have plenty of good soap. A clean soldier is a healthy soldier. He is in better condition for combat. He gets well quicker if he is hurt.

So—when you find, as you often will, that you can't get Fels-Naptha—just remember that by going short on your favorite soap for a little while now, you are making a long-term investment in a peaceful future.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

JOIN A FAN CLUB!

(*Continued from page 45*)

tonight, before the broadcast, Frank was going to announce the amount they'd raised for the fund. It was a lot. It had surprised everybody, including Pam. Most of the clubs had given ten dollars apiece. Some of them more. And then a friend of Frank's had heard about Pam's efforts, and had sent a check for *one thousand dollars!* So the Swimming Pool Fund had done all right, and Pam had a nice little glow of happiness at having been able to help in something Frank wanted.

what's in a name? . . .

He looked awfully handsome tonight. Half the kids in the audience were crying because it was his last broadcast for the Parade. Frank stepped to the mike and made an earnest little speech about the fund, and how proud he was of the amount they were contributing. "I can't mention each individual contributor, of course," he said. "But someone has just handed me a list of some of the clubs. I could read that."

They clapped, and he pulled the list out of his pocket. He grinned down at them, and then he looked at the list, and his ears got red. "Go ahead, Frankie!" they yelled.

"Well. Uh." The corners of his mouth twitched uncontrollably. "Number one—'The Frank Sinatra Solid Sending Swooning Screaming Sirens.' Two—'Grand Guy Frank.'" The ears got redder. "Three—'The Swoonettes.' Four—'The Bobby Sox Brigade.' Five—'The Hotra Sinatra Club.'" Laughter overcame him momentarily. His blue eyes rolled gleefully. "Whoever dreams up these names? They're terrific! Six—'The Semper Sinatra Swoonettes.' Seven—'The Fascinated Fans of Frankie.' Eight—'The Frank Sinatra Swoon Club.' Nine—'The Sigh Guy.'" He stopped and grinned right at Pam. "Who's supposed to do the sighing? You or me?" He looked at the list again. "This last one's a killer. Get this. Number ten—'The Sinatra Swoon Society of Sizzling Swooners Suffering From Sinatritis.'" He exploded into hilarious laughter then, and the fans forgot their tears and laughed with him.

Well, not all fan clubs have as fancy names as those. But whether they do or not, they are very practical organizations indeed. Like the Sinatra club that opened an office in a Staten Island business skyscraper. Imagine a bunch of executives at an important business conference, while in the next office somebody's playing a record of Frankie singing "Night and Day." But from the kids' point of view, their set-up was a sound idea. Because fan clubs are really a business. Files must be kept, bank accounts coped with, hundreds of letters sent out. People who don't know about fan clubs are apt to think of them as a dozen or so kids sitting around cutting out pictures of their favorite movie star. They do that, too, but believe me, that's only a minor item. The amount of time, money and energy that goes into these clubs gives me gray hairs just thinking about it.

There are dozens of Frank Sinatra clubs, and they really accomplish things. Take that California group. They wanted to give Frank a really super-extra-hoopla present. One that none of the other clubs could duplicate. So they raised money every way they could think of, and finally had a handsome sum stacked up. Then the club president went to Nancy.

"Look, what would Frank like? Better than *anything?*"

Nancy pondered. "Honestly, I don't know. But I'll find out."

She did. "You know what he wants you to do with the money? Use it toward that fund they're raising for a game room for the returned soldiers. There isn't a thing in the world you could give him that would please him as much as that."

Your Frankie's word is law. The dough made an impressive contribution toward the game room. And in New York another Sinatra club was knocking itself out to raise money for the swimming pool at Halloran hospital. They sent a bunch of Sinatra records out to Halloran, too, and if you don't think the GIs go for them, you aren't as bright as your Aunt Hedda believes.

The Nelson Eddy club is another that does its bit for charity. They collect money "for Nelson," at Christmas time, and see that he gets a very nifty present indeed—with exactly one-tenth of the money. The rest goes to the Red Cross. A lot of other clubs follow much the same principle. Of course you can't expect people to know things like that about fan clubs, because the kids don't ask for any publicity on these gestures. They do it because they know it pleases their star.



NOW..try the shampoo

made from *Natural Oils*

CONTAINS PATENTED RINSING AGENT

At Drug Counter
6 oz. Size 50c
16 oz. Size $1

NOW AVAILABLE for you . . . Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo combines mild Cocoanut Oil and vegetable oils into a perfectly blended shampoo. As recognized authorities on hair care for over 50 years, the F. W. Fitch Company ask you to try this beauty shampoo.

Leaves Hair Softer . . . Not "Drying" . . . Helps make your hair feel surprisingly softer . . . look silkier. After shampooing, your hair will have a lovely, soft gloss and be easy to manage.

"Mountains" of Lather . . . In either hard or soft water, a small amount of Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil gives huge swirls of billowy lather that loosens and floats away all dirt, dust and other hair accumulations.

A True Beauty Shampoo . . . Brings out the natural beauty of your hair by revealing those shy highlights that lend glamour to every hairstyle. Helps give your hair a radiant, healthy-looking luster.

Patented Rinsing Agent . . . Makes rinsing a simple, easy job. This special agent goes into action with the rinse water to carry away remaining particles. No special after rinse is required . . . hair and scalp are left immaculately clean, refreshed. Damp hair combs out easily . . . without troublesome snarling.

Delightfully Fragrant . . . You'll like the clean, fresh scent of this clear liquid shampoo. It leaves your hair with a pleasing, delicate fragrance. Try Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

FOR DANDRUFF...ask for and use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo . . . the *only* shampoo whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application is backed by one of the world's largest insurance companies. No other shampoo can make this statement.



A Shampoo for the whole Family

Fitch's TRADE MARK SAPONIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

The F. W. FITCH COMPANY, Des Moines 6, Iowa · Bayonne, N. J. · Los Angeles 21, Calif. · Toronto 2, Canada

I've heard some very silly talk lately about fan clubs being "dangerous." "Pressure groups," and all that. Pressure groups, my eye! Suppose the kids in your neighborhood happen to like strawberry ice cream instead of chocolate or vanilla. Every time they go to the drug store they're going to ask for strawberry ice cream. Does that make them a "pressure group?" If it does, I'll take a running jump into the pretty, blue Pacific. Naturally, each club boosts its own particular star. Naturally, they do everything they can to help him or her along the road to success. Look at the influence the Gene Autry "postcard patrol" has had. When Gene went into the army and Republic started building up other stars to take his place, his fan clubs went into action. They organized the "postcard patrol." It was all done in a very efficient way. So many postcards per fan per month. Editors of every publication you can imagine were deluged with requests to print pictures and mentions of Gene Autry. I happen to know a man who edits a staid and conservative magazine, read mostly by dowagers. He's a charming person, but he has one really spectacular allergy. He can't stand horses. A newsreel of a horse race will give him the screaming meemies, and the sight of a mounted cop gives him the shakes for a week. The Gene Autry patrol began to get this guy down. All these requests to run pictures of the cowboy star and his horse! The editor got so he didn't dare open his mail in the morning. He'd sit there staring at it as if a horse might leap out of the top letter with a loud neigh. He finally, in sheer desperation, ran a picture of Autry, hoping it would stop the deluge. P. S.: It didn't!

inner sanctum . . .

Of course, the fundamental reason the fan clubs have waxed to such impressive dimensions is because they're fun to belong to. In the first place, the fan club journal sees to it that you get all the dope on your star. What he eats for breakfast, whether he's really as tall as he looks on the screen, who his current girl friend is. Pretty soon you know as much about him as his own mother. You get snapshots of him that club members have taken. You're *in*. But there's another important angle. Through club meetings or letters, you meet a lot of girls who have the same interests you do. Some boys, too. Sure, boys join fan clubs. Anyway, the point is that if you swoon over Bob Walker, for instance, and the girl sitting next to you at a club meeting does too, you'll probably find you have a lot of other things in common. Some pretty swell friendships have come out of fan clubs. And a romance or two.

There's a young couple living happily in a small Ohio town today who would never have met if they hadn't both been nuts about Jimmy Stewart. The girl lived up in Massachusetts, which is quite a step from Ohio, but they belonged to the same fan club. They each liked poetry, and they happened to have a poem apiece in the same issue of the club journal. The boy wrote a complimentary little note to the girl, and she answered it. After that they corresponded all the time. Finally the gal went to New York to work, and the boy came to the Big Town to see the sights. Of course the sight he wanted most to see was The Girl. Only they were scared to death to meet. Suppose, she thought miserably, he turned out to be completely different from his letters. An awful wolf, or something. And the boy worried about whether the girl really looked like the snapshot she had sent him. You read about kids sending men pictures of their glamor girl sisters,

Complexion dull...weary looking?
Too scratchy for smooth make-up?

1-Minute Mask



Lovely Mrs. Allan A. Ryan—

This popular member of New York society is an enthusiastic user of the 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream. "It's an ideal pick-me-up for a roughened, end-of-the-day complexion," she says. ". . . Makes it softer and fresher—*quickly!*"

Make your skin look clearer . . . smoother!

Three or four times a week—whenever your skin looks rough or tired, have this refreshing glamour pick-up:

Spread a white, cool coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your entire face—except eyes. Leave this Mask on for one full minute.

"*Keratolytic*" *action* of the cream loosens scratchy dead skin cells and dirt particles. It *dissolves* them!

Now tissue off the Mask. Your complexion feels smoother, more pliant . . . looks clearer, brighter, even *lighter!* In one minute . . . one treatment . . . the 1-Minute Mask shows *results!*

For lightning-quick make-ups . . .
Always before powder, smooth on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—and leave it on. A perfect foundation. Non-greasy!



Get a BIG jar of Masks!

"SOAPING" DULLS HAIR
HALO GLORIFIES IT!



Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it . . . leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.

2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap . . . made with a new type patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film!

3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse . . . Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!

4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant!

5. Carries away unsightly [loose] dandruff like magic!

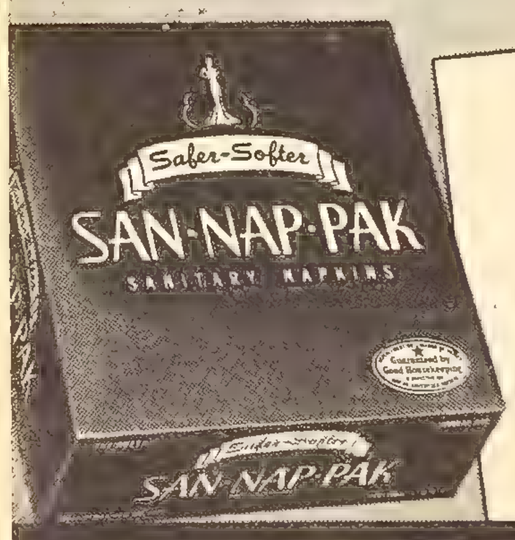
6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! Get Halo Shampoo today . . . in 10¢ or larger sizes.



REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!

New-Design
SANITARY NAPKIN ENDS YOUR 2 MOST DIFFICULT PROBLEMS!





SANAPAK gives extra Comfort—Protection—on those "difficult" days of the month!

This month, *be smart!* Switch to the napkin that gives you *extra* comfort—*extra* protection! SANAPAKS are made with a super-soft cotton facing. They have three "pink layers"—for triple protection. Flat, tapered ends. Yet SANAPAK cost no more than ordinary napkins.

Say SANAPAK and be SAFE!

and things like that. But when they met, everything was rose colored. Love unfolded like a flag in the breeze, and before you could say "Jimmy Stewart" they were married.

Sometimes members of the clubs get on pretty intimate terms with the stars themselves. A few years ago, the president of the Robert Cummings club corresponded with Bob at some length. She happened to mention that California sounded like an elegant place, and she hoped she could visit it some day. Presto—an invitation to come out and spend a week at Bob's home arrived in the next mail. She went, and had a divine time, as you might imagine. Visits to the studio, swimming in the Cummings pool, the works. Bob finally insisted that she go up for a ride in his plane. You know he's quite a pilot—there's a rumor around, by the way, that he and Sinatra are going to open a flying school after the war. Well, the girl had never flown before, and she didn't care much for the idea. But Bob is the persuasive type, and the first thing she knew, they were flying around in the wild blue yonder, with Bob doing loop the loops and heaven knows what all. It was enough to turn anyone green. He brought the plane back to earth at last, and feeling a bit repentant, looked at her guiltily.

"I guess I gave you too much fancy stuff. You'll never go up in a plane again, I know."

But his fan was smiling delightedly. "I *loved* it! It was just like the roller coaster at Coney Island, only better. Let's go back up!" In the end it was Cummings who had to yell "uncle."

two gals; one thought . . .

Bette Davis is another star who is particularly nice to her fans. Last year when she was East, she gave a luncheon for her New York club at the Hotel Gotham. It was an elaborate affair, and the kids loved it. They adore Bette anyway, as who doesn't, especially after all her wonderful work for the Hollywood Canteen. At the luncheon, the club president sat beside Bette, and when the ices were being served, Bette noticed that the girl was as jittery as a waitress on roller skates.

"What's the matter, dear?" she asked. "You seem nervous."

The girl blushed like mad. "Oh, Miss Davis, you'll think I'm an absolute pig! But I just *love* chocolate ices, and—well, everyone is taking chocolate and I'm so afraid they'll all be gone."

Bette laughed suddenly. "That's really funny. Because I'm in exactly the same predicament. I've been watching those trays like a hawk, but I was being the perfect hostess and not doing anything about it. Now that I have an excuse, we'll both get chocolate ices in a hurry."

fan meets star . . .

With a star like that, no wonder we have fan clubs! June Allyson, too, is on very friendly terms with her club members. She happened to meet the founder of her club at a broadcast in Hollywood, and took a great fancy to Gwen. After the broadcast, June drove her home, and they sat around on the living room floor all afternoon while June signed membership cards and Gwen blotted them. If you had glanced in the window you would have seen a couple of kids in sloppy sweaters and loafers, with shining hair and friendly smiles, and it wouldn't have occurred to you that one of them was a movie star. That's a pretty far cry from the days when the stars rode around in purple limousines a block long and used ermine bath towels, and spoke only to God and their press agents. Personally, I think this deal is a considerable im-

rovement on the old system.

Speaking of June Allyson, her club has ust won one of MODERN SCREEN's big fan lub contests. That is definitely a tri- mph, with all the clubs competing, and t means that her club has done a wonder- ul job. The award was based on coop- ration between the club and the star, n the club journal, and lots of other im- ortant angles. The trophy is a hand- ome silver cup, and both June and the lub are positively oozing pride. My own ersonal congratulations to the club mem- ers and to June!

There are some fan clubs that go in or being different. Like the Turhan Bey lub which a girl in New York started, nd which wants one member from each ationality. A sort of fans' League of Nations, and maybe that's as good a way s any to promote international friend- hip. After some of the things I saw at he San Francisco conference, I think the ans might do as well in that direction as he statesmen!

There's a Frank Sinatra club that picks ts members in an original way. First, ne member from each of the forty-eight tates. Then one additional member from ach major city within the state. That lub would no more have more than two nembers from one city than I would have wo heads. Not as much—if I had two heads could wear two hats, and you know how love hats!

The Rise Stevens club is another that's ff the usual track. It concentrates en- irely on music. Its files contain scores f all the operas, and its journal gives pera news and anything which might id in appreciation of good music. The nembers go to the opera at least once a nonth, and when Rise comes to New ork she has them all to tea and tells hem the latest gossip about the tenor in La Bohème" and the soprano in "Tristan nd Isolde."

You'd be amazed—or would you—at the way a fan club can mushroom into being practically overnight. Suppose you go to a movie and spot a new player who strikes your girlish fancy. You're curious about him right away. You want to keep track of his activities and watch for his next picture. You are, in fact, now one of his fans. So, what do you do? You write for MODERN SCREEN's chart: How to Join a Fan Club (see page 24), and find out if he has a club. If he does, you join at once. If he doesn't—well, there's where something pretty exciting can happen. You're Columbus. You're Balboa. You're a Discoverer, honey. You write the actor and say "Look. I think you're wonderful and can I please start a fan club for you?" Only you put it in your own inimitable style. If he writes back okay, from that moment on you're an Influence.

Look at the way it worked with Guy Madison and his fan club. Guy is a lively lad with a swell sense of humor and an apparently larcenous ability to steal scenes. He appeared on the screen for exactly three minutes in "Since You Went Away," and the studio was promptly deluged with a pile of letters as high as the Waste Paper Collection for Greater New York. A Guy Madison fan club was organized immediately, of course. Guy is in the Navy and hasn't made a picture since, but his club sees that he gets more mail than almost any star at the studio.

within the ranks . . .

You know, there's one thing I've noticed about fan clubs that gives me a nice, warm feeling around the spot where my heart would be if I had one. (My enemies claim I haven't one, and I'm not going to start an argument.) It's the spirit of loyalty that the members show, not only to their star, but to each other.

FRANCES LANGFORD, APPEARING IN "RADIO STARS ON PARADE"
AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE



FRANCES LANGFORD
her "HANDS of Heart's Desire"

YOU: *Such darling hands! Wish mine were so smooth and soft.*

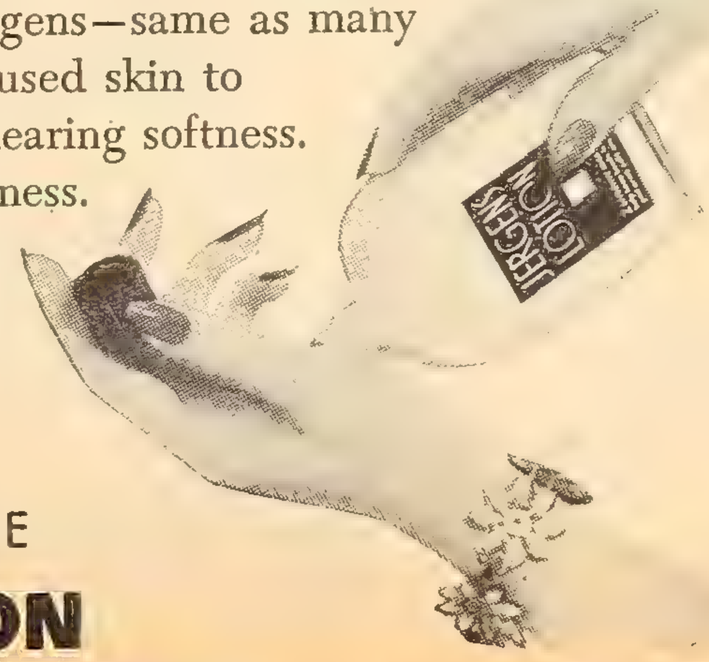
FRANCES LANGFORD: They easily can be.

YOU: *But how?*

FRANCES LANGFORD: Have you tried Jergens Lotion?

Hollywood Stars, 7 to 1, use Jergens Lotion

Their reasons? A girl has lovely *protection* against dismal, rough hands, just by using Jergens Lotion regularly. Supplies needed-for-beauty moisture for your skin. Two special ingredients in Jergens—same as many doctors use to help coarse, abused skin to youth-like smoothness and endearing softness. Simple! No inconvenient stickiness. 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax) for this almost-professional hand care.



FOR THE SOFTEST, ADORABLE HANDS USE

JERGENS LOTION

They'll defend the star to the death, and they'll also go to bat for each other at every opportunity. I happened to hear of a little incident that will show you what I mean.

Frank Sinatra was doing a broadcast from a city that was off his usual beat. All his fans there were in a dither of excitement, for this was their chance to see their favorite in person. One kid—let's call her Peggy—was especially excited because the broadcast came on her birthday, and what a birthday present *that* was! She started for the civic auditorium where the show was to be held, but there must have been a little too much rose colored haze in front of her eyes. She stepped off the curb just as a bus came along, and was knocked down. When she woke up she was in the hospital. So what happened? The fan club sent her a birthday cake and chipped in to pay her hospital expenses, and every day a different member came to see her. To cheer her up, each visitor brought her a different snapshot of Frank, and by the time Peggy got out of the hospital she had a scrapbook of Sinatriana that was unequalled in the city.

Speaking of Sinatra and his fans, that little redheaded Gloria in New York is certainly the super-fan of all time. You ought to see her at the Paramount when Frankie Boy is making a personal appearance. They surround her with guards to keep her quiet, and even then the gal has to stuff three handkerchiefs in her mouth to keep from screaming. She knows Frank doesn't like noise while he's singing and she honestly tries to stop, but her emotions go haywire when she hears The Voice. And when she sees him face to face—well, one time his manager took her backstage. She gave one look at Frank and literally threw herself into his arms. Fortunately, he's a huskier guy than he looks or he'd have landed flat on his back.

AUTOGRAPHS!

Trigger can't write, or we'd include *his* name on the list of stars whose autographs we're pining to send you! Trot to page 71 for details.

As it was, he stood there and blushed, while everybody tried to pull the redhead off. She says she really didn't know what she was doing—it was just a reflex. Some reflex! Gloria, by the way, is a member of seven different Sinatra clubs.

Let me put in a word of warning here to you kids who are thinking of joining fan clubs. There are all kinds, including a few which are, I'm afraid, strictly a racket. So do a spot of investigating before you join up. There are, too, some people who try to join fan clubs in order to use them for their own commercial purposes. You see, club members get some special privileges, and these characters want to cash in on them. But these are isolated instances, and shouldn't prejudice you against clubs in general.

Funny things happen to members sometimes. Like the Rosemary De Camp fan who went to visit her idol on the set of "Rhapsody In Blue." Rosemary was wearing the clothes and makeup of an old lady for the part of Mother Gershwin. She and the fan had lunch together, and in the course of it the kid broke her camera. Well, her heart was broken along with the camera, because she'd wanted so much to get some snaps of Rosemary in that makeup. Rosemary said hastily, "Never mind. My stand-in lives just a few doors from the studio, and she has a camera. I'll ask her if we can go down and borrow hers." The stand-in gave them permission, but neglected to notify her husband. A few minutes later the police got a call from the irate husband. "An old lady and some crazy kids are trying to break into my house." Rosemary got her makeup off just in time to keep them from being arrested.

If odd things happen to club members, some very pleasant ones happen, too. A girl who was one of Helmut Dantine's original fans plugged him so hard through the club, and did so much work on it, that he finally gave her a job as his secretary! Another fan became quite a friend of Anna Neagle and through her met Anna Lee, who hired her as a secretary. Then there was the girl who wrote a poem to Eddie Cantor for the club journal. He liked it so much that he began to correspond with her. When he came to New York she went to see him and through his influence she got a chance to display her talents on the Major Bowes hour. She joined a vaudeville unit and later went overseas for the USO. Quite a success story, eh? There is, too, Beverly Linet of MODERN SCREEN's Information Desk. She got her first experience writing articles for fan club journals, and she met editor Al Delacorte through a letter he wrote to one of the journals. Eventually came the job with MODERN SCREEN.

You know, I'm continually amazed at the way fan club members get around the country. Seems to me they sort of commute from coast to coast, stopping off along the way. Of course they know that in whatever city they come to, they'll have contacts—members of their own club, maybe girls they've corresponded with. It's like belonging to a sorority. Sometimes they travel for club business. The representative of the John Garfield club in Michigan, for instance, was invited by Warner Brothers to come to Chicago for



Better Together!

Like boy and girl, chewing gum flavors
have their romantic thrills.
Take velvety spearmint and sparkling peppermint—
combine them WARREN'S MINT COCKTAIL!
There's a chewing gum flavorite as delicious
as romance, as cool as moonlit water!
And WARREN'S MINT COCKTAIL is proof that
good chewing gum can still be made.

ASK FOR WARREN'S CHEWING GUM



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Philadelphia 44, Pa.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE—WITH WAR BONDS

the première of "Between Two Worlds." They paid all her expenses, including a luxurious room at a fancy hotel. The day of the première, she and all the Chicago members were given special blouses with JG on the back, like a cheering section, and marched through the streets, banners flying and band playing. What could be more exciting?

So you see how it is. Joining a fan club means you'll get certain definite advantages and maybe a prize package or two thrown in. I'm sold on the clubs myself, or I wouldn't be writing this. Join up, kids, and have fun.

P. S. FROM AL DELACORTE

Anything Hedda can say in praise of fan clubs, I'll double in spades. MODERN SCREEN has been privileged to work with the clubs for two years now, and I can tell you that they are a splendid American institution. If you call yourself a movie fan, you belong in a club!

Fan clubs toss you right up on your favorite star's front porch. Suppose you happen to be carrying on a platonic love affair with Van J. Van doesn't even know he's your guy. How can joining his club bring you two kids together?

Well, the moment you pay your dues (*about a nickel a month!*), your romance flies straight out of this world. You find candid snaps of Van in your mail—many of them from MODERN SCREEN's exclusive files. You get a club journal, featuring perhaps a heart-to-heart letter from the curly-headed guy himself.

Join a club, Sister, and you're no longer just Van Fan number two million and one. Nor is Van just a cute face high up on a silver screen. You're his girl. He's your guy. You may get to know him personally. If you don't, at least you'll outgrow that sad, sad feeling of worship from afar. You're in the inner sanctum!

Speaking of friends, do you need any? Boy friends? Girl friends? Join a club and let nature take its course. Everybody'll love you 'cause you love Van.

Get the idea? Join. Pay that nickel. Relax. And your life starts looking up. Fan clubs are fun—if fun's what you want.

But if your sights are set on the future, that nickel pays even greater dividends. No high school business or journalism course can teach you the practical knowledge you pick up working for a club. You'll learn to write. You'll learn publicity. You'll learn to handle money. And I'm talking from experience. Most of our staff are former fan-clubbers. We've come to insist on it. MODERN SCREEN is duck soup for kids like that. They speak the language. MODERN SCREEN's just another club journal to them—only bigger.

As for publicity, just ask Frankie Boy's manager, George Evans. Ask him what proportion of his staff has had fan club experience. You'll die when he tells you!

So you see, fan clubs are fun—nothing but fun, if that's the way you want it. But for kids with ambition, they are Route One to success in the fields of journalism and publicity. And all for a nickel!

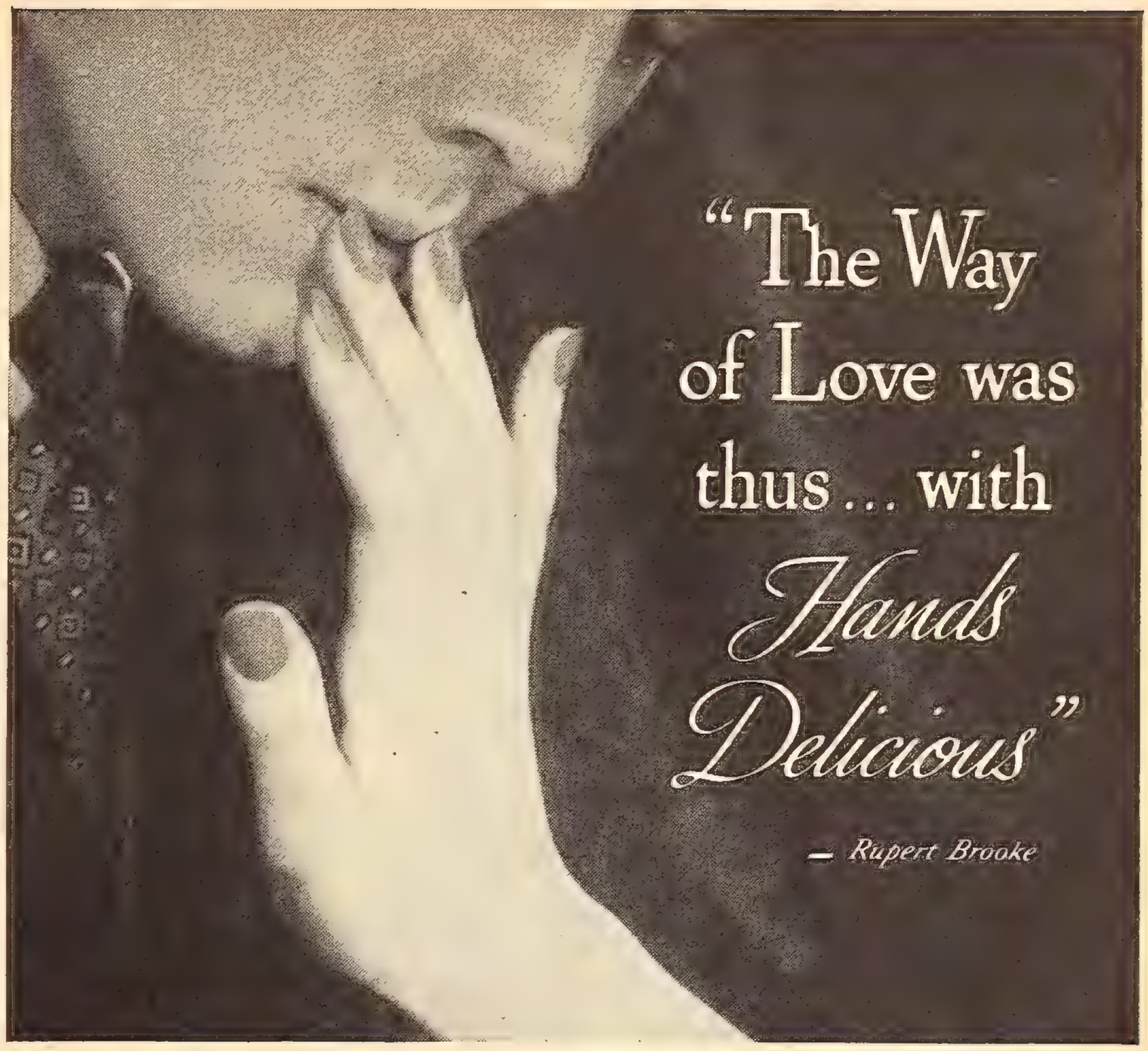
Think it over for about two seconds, and then fill in the coupon below.

Okay, Editor Al; send me your chart, "How To Join A Fan Club!" Here's my name, address, and a LARGE, 3¢ stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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City Zone.... State.....



"Hands delicious"?—not from Doing the Dishes

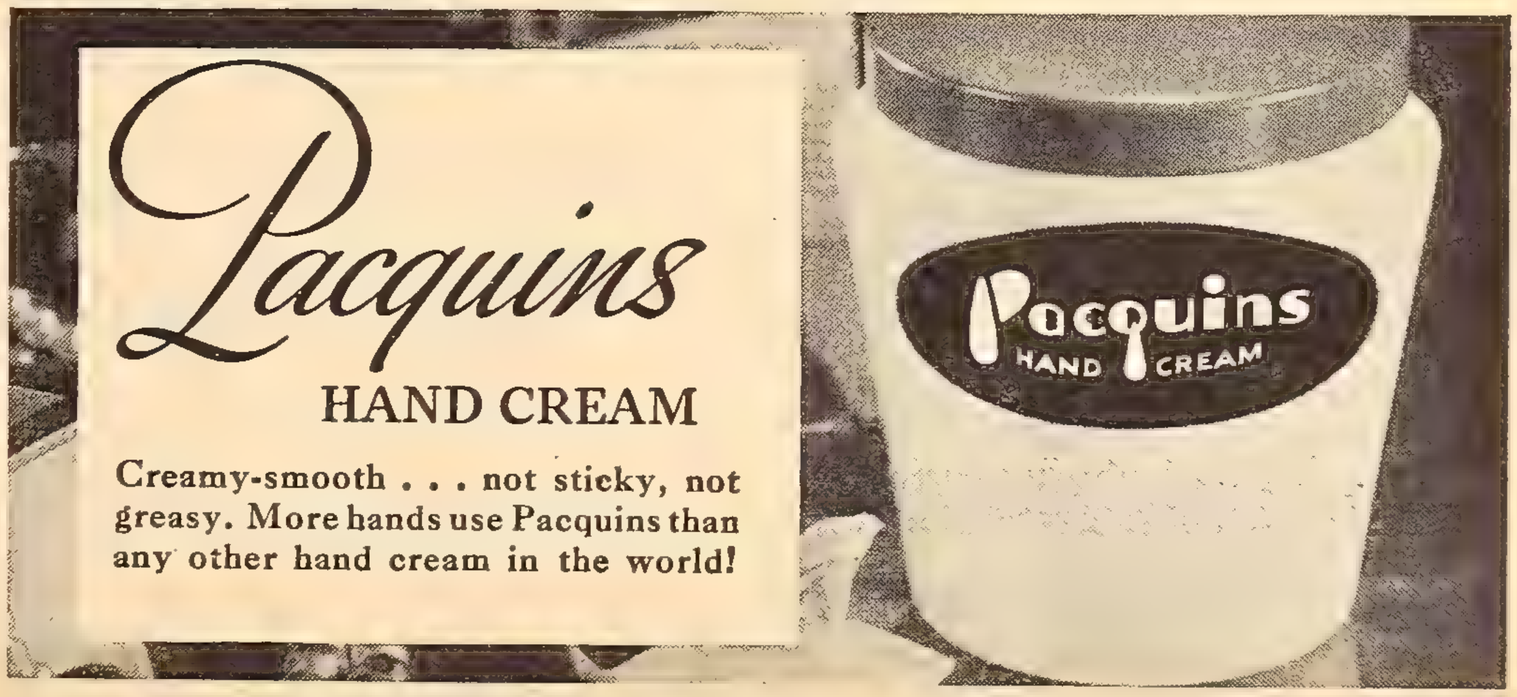
Sure, you get E for Effort doing housework. You also get rough, red, unromantic hands! *No Man's Hands* ...unless...*unless!*...you use that fragrant, snowy-white cream that helps keep your hands looking as smooth, white, and lovely as a gardenia!





Doctors and Nurses know about

... the damage scrubbing can do to skin. Their hands get 30 to 40 *scrubbings* a day! Pacquins Hand Cream was originally formulated to help keep their hands in good condition even though they take a worse beating than yours. Pacquins is *super*-rich in what doctors call "humectant"—an ingredient that helps keep skin feeling soft, smooth, supple!



Pacquins

HAND CREAM

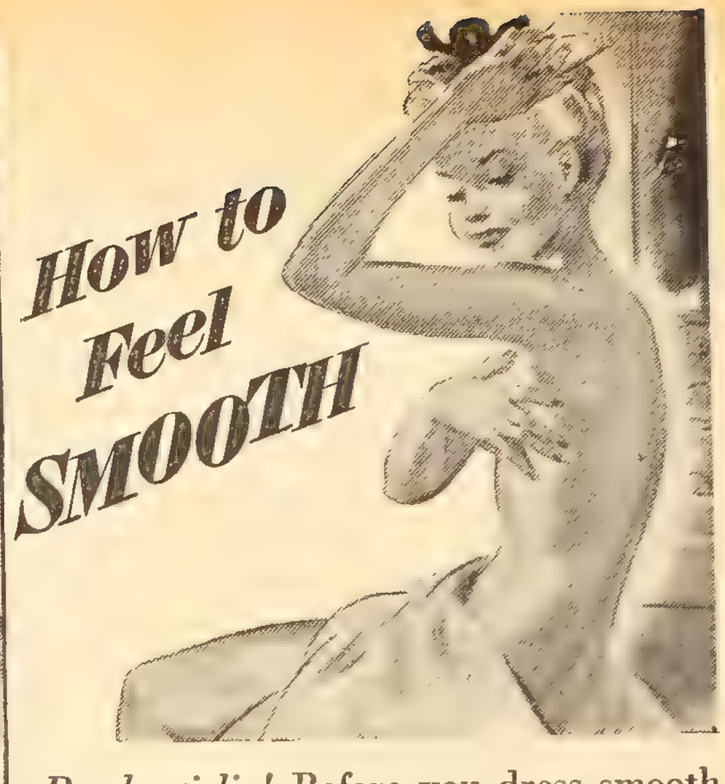
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Smart start! Begin with a bath. Shower your body with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Like a cooling caress it sweetens your skin and leaves you fresh all over.



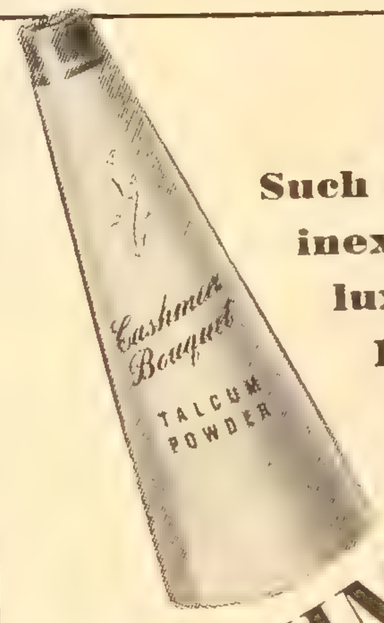
How to Feel SMOOTH

Pearly girlie! Before you dress smooth Cashmere Bouquet Talc over chafable places. For hours your body benefits from its pearly smooth sheath of protection.



How to Stay DAINTY

Fragrant finale! Use Cashmere Bouquet Talc at least twice a day . . . for coolness, for comfort and for the beguiling scent it gives your skin. It's the *fragrance men love.*



Such an inexpensive luxury—— 10¢ and 20¢ sizes

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with the fragrance men love

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Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion—the actual prescription of a famous Baby Specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

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POLISH PROTECTION



Makes MANICURES LAST LONGER

Brush over nails daily

Only 25¢ and 35¢ Everywhere

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HEY, SEXY!

(Continued from page 43)

Van Johnson's coming out?"

On the second occasion—after "Son of Lassie" was previewed—the kids spotted him and gave him the works. "What goes on here?" demanded a cop.

"Sheer bedlam," replied Peter's bewildered mother.

As the cop went to disentangle Peter, something butted him in the stomach—something feminine and all of twelve. He laid a restraining hand on her shoulder. "Cut out the rough stuff, Junior, or I'll put you in the hoosegow—"

Junior flung the hair back from a scornful face. "You can't do a thing to me. I'm from the Bronx—"

To the copper's intense disapproval, Peter grabbed for her book and signed it before pushing on.

Like Sinatra, he thinks the kids are swell—symbol of the spirit of free-wheeling America. From his first contact with it at the age of 14, his own spirit rose up and called it brother. He was charmed by a certain breezy relationship he noted between parent and child—"Hi, Pop, can I have a dollar?" He'd never addressed his father as "Hi, Pop." He was expected to operate within the limits of a fixed weekly allowance. Grasping the advantages of the New World system, he decided to give it a whirl. The "Hi, Pop!" stuck in his throat, but he did ask for a dollar. For him, the system failed to work.

Though he takes to us like a cat to cream, Peter remains unmistakably British. Not in his speech alone but in his manners, which are gentle in the original sense of the word. He has the instinctive courtesy of a boy who was taught to give precedence to the maids in the house, because they were women. He never goes to a party without writing the hostess a note of thanks. Recently, he attended a preview with the Gary Coopers, and went on with them to supper. His parents, also at the preview, went directly home. From the supper club, Peter phoned to apologize for not having been able to see them to their car. Such deference, let's face it, is alien to most American boys, however polite. To Peter, bred in the English tradition, it's natural.

He'll be 22 in September and basks in the illusion that he looks at least 25. A near-tragedy of eight years ago keeps him out of the service. The Lawfords were living in a private cottage, attached to a large hotel at Aix-les-Bains. Running up the steps one Sunday, Peter stumbled and made a grab for the handle of the French door. His right arm went through. Hearing the crash of glass, his first thought was: "I'll get the devil for this." Then he looked at his arm: "I'd better go put some bandaid on it." Only he felt funny, and his white tennis shirt was covered with blood. He ran for the main building and into the lobby.

high courage . . .

"What's this, what's this?" grumbled the old concierge. "Blood all over my carpet." As Peter turned to take his blood out-of-doors, the old man caught sight of his face. Next moment he had the boy on the floor, with a coat over him, and was tearing up towels for a tourniquet. His mother was visiting friends, but they got his father. With Dad kneeling beside him, Peter sought reassurance. "Dad, I can still play tennis, can't I?"

Meantime, no doctor could be found. They were all eating Sunday dinner with their relatives. Eventually one was tracked down at a little clinic, and Peter

was lifted into the hotel bus. As they reached the gate, his mother appeared. Dad got out. "Peter's had an accident—"

If she'd wept and carried on, his morale would have been shot. He'll never stop being thankful for her courage. She came in and took his hand, and her own was steady. "You picked a fine time to do it," she said. "Just before dinner—"

A weight rolled off his chest. If Mother wasn't worried, there was nothing to worry over. So he didn't feel too alarmed when the doctor picked up an instrument, lifted the muscle and pulled it back, so you could see the bone. Or when he grunted to the nurse: "What am I to do with this?" The operation took three hours. Mercifully, Peter was asleep when the doctor advised his parents later to have the arm amputated.

"Not without telling him," said his white-faced mother.

"Very well, madame. But it is you who must do the telling—"

"Don't let them, Mother, don't let them," Peter begged.

The doctor shrugged; it was their responsibility. They decided to take it. The arm healed, but a nerve had been severed and the fingers wouldn't straighten out. They took him to Paris. A beautiful job, said the specialists, no surgeon could have done more for the boy. In time and with training, he might regain partial use of his hand, if not full control.

england's jackie coogan . . .

At seven, Peter was called England's Jackie Coogan.

His father would have been profoundly shocked, had he known he was raising his boy to be an actor. Not that he objected to actors, but Peter, of course, would join the 41st Royal Fusiliers, his own regiment. The army was General Lawford's career. He'd been knighted for gallantry in action in World War I.

Peter was born in London shortly after his father's retirement. Since neither of the Lawfords could endure the English climate, they spent most of their time on the continent, shuttling between Monte Carlo, Deauville and Aix-les-Bains, and returning to England only for the summer.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Here in Philadelphia we have a club called "Fellowship House." The members are all high school students, whose purpose in joining the club is to promote better relations among the different racial and religious groups in our city. Recently, when Frank Sinatra was visiting Philadelphia, he paid a surprise visit to our clubhouse, and I was lucky enough to be present. Mr. Sinatra spoke at great length about how wonderful he thought our work was, and how important it was to educate school children about religious tolerance. In concluding, he gave us a sincere offer of his help, whenever we might need it, whether it be monetary or otherwise. When he left, we were all filled with renewed vigor to continue our work. We realized that if a person as busy and influential as Mr. Sinatra could take time off to speak with us and offer us his help, our ideals and ideas must be pretty important!

Janice Lekoff
Philadelphia, Pa.

"Glamourous!" says Mrs. Ronald Colman —lovely wife of one of the screen's most celebrated stars



MRS. RONALD COLMAN:

You know, Mrs. Huhn, we Hollywood wives have to watch our lip-appeal. That's why I'm so excited about your glamourous new colors in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Tangee Red-Red is my favorite—but they're all thrilling!

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN:

That's what almost everybody thinks, Mrs. Colman! It gives me a thrill, too, to find that the smartest women from Hollywood to New York are so pleased with the latest colors in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Satin-Finish is a Tangee "exclusive" that keeps your lips unusually soft and alluring—not too dry—not too moist . . . In Red-Red, Medium-Red, Theatrical Red or Tangee Natural.



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Lady Lawford was a journalist, whose ideas on child education didn't include Eton or Harrow or gray flannel trousers. Peter's never gone to school. His lessons were done first with a governess, then tutors. He was treated as an equal, allowed greater independence than most English children and lots of Americans. He's always been at home with his elders. When there were guests, he wasn't shunted off to the nursery. Even bedtime wasn't a sacred tabu. He could stay up till nine or ten if he felt like it, and sleep late next morning.

He got his first taste of the theater at the Monte Carlo Casino, where Thursday was gala night, with a big revue. It was all duck soup to Peter—the music and lights, the glitter, the dancing, the girls. He'd hound Mother and Dad to let him go watch rehearsals, then he'd come home and imitate what he'd seen. Mother thought it was fine for him to meet all kinds of people, and Dad was more amused than perturbed. After all, Peter wasn't quite ready for the army yet.

Not till one summer in England, did Sir Sydney cease to find Peter's talents entertaining. A friend invited mother and son to the Elstree Studios. There Monty Banks, now married to Gracie Fields, was directing a picture called "Poor Old Bill." Banks is an Italian counterpart of our own Gregory Ratoff—the mercurial type. He'd been tearing his hair over the child lead who didn't suit him at all. Taking one look at Peter, he cried: "There's the boy I want. May I try him out?"

Between high pressure from Monty, and her son's pleas, Lady Lawford found herself in the director's office, with Peter reciting some nonsense called "Tony Goes to War." Convinced that the child was heaven-sent, Monty hardly listened.

"Wonderful, perfect, he's in, let's sign the contracts—"

Here Lady Lawford took firm hold of the reins. "Now wait just a minute. I'll have to call his father—"

At the other end of the phone, you could all but hear Sir Sydney dropping dead. "I think you'd better come home and talk it over—"

now is forever . . .

At home there was a long discussion, in which Peter was invited not to take part. Mother won, on the reasonable ground that, if they let the child try it, he might quiet down and, since they'd be leaving in three months anyway, what harm could it do? So Peter became England's child star of the moment, and even Dad was rather bucked. He made a second picture in London and three in Paris and was about to return to the scene of his first triumphs, when the British passed a law, forbidding any child under 14 to work. The young workman's disappointment was tempered by the fact that now the family's long-cherished plans to travel could be realized. Dad's only stipulation was that Peter stick to his five hours a day with the tutor. Otherwise, he was free to drink in the wonders of the world.

The next five years took them to Tahiti and Honolulu, to Australia, Ceylon, India and back to the fateful hotel at Aix-les-Bains.

"He should live where there's plenty of sunshine," said the Paris doctors. So they took him to California.

At first he wasn't well enough to do very much. But as he grew stronger, the old itch for acting returned, and here he sat in the very thick of the movies. Since the regiment was out of the question now, Dad made no objection. Ruth Collier, the agent, placed him as one of four English boys in "Lord Jeff" and got him a couple of radio jobs. Then his voice broke, ending the second phase of his career.

They spent the troubled winter of '38-'39 in Florida, and had reservations to return to Europe on the Rex when England declared war on Germany. British currency was frozen. Except for a meagre allowance, Dad's funds stopped coming. They went back to Florida and a new scale of living. Mother, who'd never known which end of an egg you boiled, tackled the cookbooks and went around muttering: "This is how you bake—this is how you broil—four minutes for an egg, but how do you keep it from cracking—?"

The first meals were awful, but she tried so hard that of course you had to grin and eat them. Salt was what threw her. In Mother's hands, salt was like something bewitched. She'd eye Peter fearfully as he took his first bite—

"*Hon*-ey!" he'd sigh—Honey being one of his acquired Americanisms.

Her face would fall. "*Not* too much salt again. But I only used a *pinch*—"

(Footnote: Lady Lawford is now a grade-A cook.)

It was Peter who engineered the move back to Hollywood. He'd be 18, come fall, and sitting in Palm Beach was getting him nowhere. A man he knew was opening a parking lot on fashionable Worth Avenue. "Will you let me run it for you?" asked Peter. The man was skeptical, but surrendered to Peter's sales talk. Most of the parkers were friends, and tipped like friends. He amassed five hundred dollars —enough to take them all back to California. They found a small apartment in Westwood.

"I'll go out and buy some furniture," said Peter.

"With what?" asked his mother, who'd been selling rings and fur coats as the need arose, and whose ideas on interior decoration were conditioned by the Chinese antiques and Persian rugs she'd left behind in London. Her enterprising son, on the other hand, had discovered Barker Brothers' basement. For fifty dollars he bought a full dining room set. Every night he'd leave the house at ten for some auction, and come back with a lamp—"One dollar!"—or a table—"Two twenty-five."

"But, darling, why do you go so late?"

"Because the later you go, the sorer his throat is."

I SAW IT HAPPEN



It was on a busy corner late one Sunday afternoon, opposite the beach at Waikiki. Crowds of beach-goers were waiting for the bus to take them home, but bus after bus passed by, too full to take on more passengers. Among the crowd was a group of servicemen, who had to get back to their various bases on time, and were very worried at this unexpected delay. Suddenly a "banana wagon" pulled out of the traffic and stopped at the corner. A young Navy ensign was at the wheel. "Anybody going to Pearl Harbor?" he asked, peering through the window. You can imagine the servicemen's happiness and relief as they piled into the car, filling every available space. I looked at the driver, as he pulled away from the curb. He was whistling in a carefree manner which suddenly seemed familiar to me . . . I looked again, and it was Ensign Dennis Day! What a good sport!

Jerry Young
Honolulu, T. H.





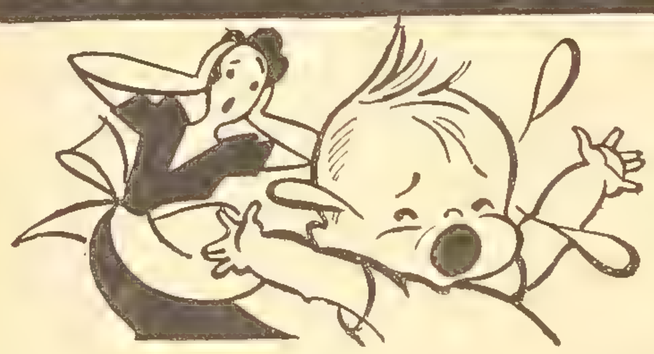
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SEND NO MONEY! Don't send a cent. Try this Special "Glamor-Figur" Formula at our expense for 10 days and then see if he will notice and admire your new more shapely figure. Also FREE PERSONAL DIRECTIONS. FREE Doctor's Weight Gaining Plan to be used with "Glamor-Figur" Formula if you order Now! Just deposit with postman on delivery 98c plus postage, or send only $1 and we pay postage. 2 for $1.69. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE if not completely satisfied. Delay is lost romance! WRITE NOW. GUARANTEE SALES, 20 Vesey Street, Dept. C-1709, N. Y. C.

He found himself an agent, but nothing happened for six months. Weary of being without pocket money, he promoted a job as usher at the Village Theater—fifteen a week. One Saturday morning the agent called. "Get over to M-G-M. There's a bit in 'Mrs. Miniver' for an English boy."

All very good, but he was supposed to stay on the door at the theater till the manager came at six. It was Saturday, and the joint would be jumping. Peter thought fast, phoned one of the girl ushers, bribed her to take over his post and reported at Metro. Two other boys tried out, but Wyler picked him. There was just one line, spoken before the air raid that killed Teresa Wright. "The Germans are coming! Better head for shelter!"

He was through and back on the door at 4:30. The manager never found out. But that line was to bear fruit. When Joe Pasternak saw the picture, he asked who the boy was and watched his progress through the pictures that followed. Last month, under the magic Pasternak-Koster combination, Peter was set in his most important assignment to date—"Two Girls from Boston" with Allyson and Grayson. To Pasternak, big names don't matter. He's proven often enough that names can be made. Fresh talent and enthusiasm are what he looks for. "So we didn't have to look further than Peter," he chuckles.

Between "Mrs. Miniver" and "Two Girls from Boston," the career built slowly. When he got six weeks in "Thunderbird," he quit ushering. "A Yank At Eton" brought him to Clarence Brown's attention. When Brown cast him in "White Cliffs," the studio signed him to a contract. He held his breath till they picked up his first option. Now he's breathing easier.

There's little to choose between his tastes and those of his American pals. He loves malted milks, rumbas, volley ball and being called Pete. His hobbies are photography—when he has a dark room—and collecting records. People call him the English jitterbug. He'd rather have a solid Benny Goodman sextet than two steaks. The minute he gets home, he starts the records going. The house is small, and he plays them loud. If he neglects to close the door, his father does it for him.

british jitterbug . . .

"How can you listen to that stuff? It's not music—"

"I like it," says Pete.

Of the girl singers, he unhesitatingly picks Peggy Lee, and he's been mad about The Voice since the old Tommy Dorsey days. They've become close friends. Peter wears a pair of cuff links Frank gave him last Christmas. He's one of the gang that talks music and plays gin rummy at Sinatra's house. In fact, he's their favorite pigeon.

Among his other intimates are Bob Walker and the Keenan Wynns. You'll find Peter and Bob at the Wynns as often as anywhere. Evie Wynn's such a marvelous hostess, with a sense of humor that's out of this world. And they practically hero-worship Keenan. Nor are they the only ones. Hollywood seems pretty generally agreed that his qualities of mind and heart make friendship with K. Wynn a stimulating experience.

Peter met him at a party and, as always, the first topic Keenan broached was motorcycles.

"I ride, too," said Peter, man of the world.

"What have you got?" Peter described it. "A motor-scooter he's got!" groaned Keenan.

So they scoured the town till they found an Enfield, which Peter rode till the studio put a stop to it. "You've got a

future with us," they told him. "We don't think it's to your advantage to break your neck."

mother promotes a house . . .

This was right after Bob Walker's accident, so he saw their point. But Keenan was disgusted. *He* wouldn't quit riding for anyone. Well, he's quit now, too, though it took a smashed jaw to do it. Peter won't soon forget an executive's frank and pithy remark to his friend: "I'm glad you were hurt. It's kept you from being killed." Nor Keenan's rejoinder, mumbled through his wire braces: "Papa knows best."

The tiny house he shares with his parents represents a major triumph, because for a while it looked as if they might have to bed themselves down in a tent. The building in which they'd been living changed hands, and the new owner commandeered their apartment for himself. They had ninety days to find a new one.

"Don't worry," said the agents, "we'll get you a house," and showed them mansions that called for five servants and five hundred bucks a month to run. Not knowing how to procure one or the other, and with 15 of the 90 days left, their plight grew sufficiently desperate for unorthodox methods. In the Village drugstore, where ladies gather 'round and make talk, Mother heard a perfect stranger mention the fact that she was leaving for South Africa, and followed her home.

"I beg your pardon," said Mother, alighting from the car, "but what do you plan to do with your house?"

The lady *had* planned to sell it, but Mother's no mean promoter herself. Before she left, the Lawfords had a roof over their heads.

The garden is Dad's province. With the aid of Spot, who contributes noise, Dad raises flowers and does battle with gophers. Spot's the overprivileged member of the household—a mutt with a collie face, rescued by Peter from a pound in Nassau nine years ago. You'd never guess his ancestry from his habits. He owns a woolen coat and refuses to go to bed without it. Every night after his run, he plants himself in the middle of the draw-

I SAW IT HAPPEN



A few months ago, my friend celebrated her 16th birthday at the Statler Hotel in Washington, D. C. It was my first formal party! As if this weren't exciting enough, in walked Lt. Robert Taylor! My first instinct was to walk right over and get his autograph, but I got cold feet. Finally the rest of the party persuaded me to go over with their place cards. I did, and said, "Pardon me, but there is a young lady at our table celebrating her 16th birthday, and we were wondering if you'd autograph our place cards." He said he'd be glad to. But when I handed him the cards, my hands shook so, he noticed it, and told me not to be nervous, because he *wasn't! The cards were small, and I suggested he sign them on the other side, to which he jokingly answered, "Aw, no! I'm gonna have top billing!" Later on, my friend brought him a piece of her birthday cake, and he congratulated her. What a thrill!*

Madeline Arslanian
Washington, D. C.



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ing room, waiting to have his coat put on. He's the only one who's a late riser. Like the belle of the ball, he shows up at noon, smiling and ready for breakfast.

Peter's parents are only less adaptable than himself. Mother used to be confused by the bobby sockers. Now when they corral her at previews, and ask, "What color eyes did he have when he was born?" she says, "The same color he has now," without turning a hair. As for Dad, believe it or not, he's an actor, too.

He's typically British army—tall, erect, spare, with gray hair and a clipped moustache. He and Mother were visiting Peter on the "Dorian Gray" set and met Al Lewin, the director, who eyed Dad. "In a few weeks," he said, "we'll be needing someone who looks exactly like you. I wonder if you'd care to do it—"

Dad was pleased but embarrassed. He sort of huffed and puffed and said, "Well, I'll let you know—" Peter could have wept at his reason for hesitation. "I thought you might not like it. Sort of barging in on your territory—" Reassured, he proceeded to call everyone he knew. "I'm an actor," he announced.

Since "Dorian Gray," he's worked in "The Suspect" and "Kitty," though most of him's been left on the cutting room floor. That depressed him till Peter explained, as one actor to another, that they'd snip Lamarr herself if the picture ran too long. Dad pretends not to prick up his ears when the phone rings. But a minute later he'll wander in. "That call wasn't, by any chance, for me—?"

Except by military standards, Peter's hand is okay. Four-F, he spends most of his leisure on week end and one-night hops, playing "Kiss and Tell" for army camps. His ambition is to be a versatile actor, not a personality kid. Twice a week he takes tap dancing lessons, because some day he'd like to be in a musical.

He admits to two superstitions. If salt is spilled, he'll throw some over his shoulder. And he'll grab your wrist to keep you from lighting three on a match. Clothes are his downfall. "Oh, *no*, not again!" groans the tailor, as Peter appears for a sixth alteration. He abhors loud colors. His suits are all pin stripes, his jackets tweeds, his ties knitted blacks or dark blues. Even for girls, he prefers black at night, grays and fawns in the daytime. His favorite feminine costume is the bobbysock uniform—sweater and flannel skirt, white socks, moccasins and no hat. If your hair's shiny and well-kept, he thinks it's prettier than any Daché model. His pet peeve is Miss Showoff—the girl you take out to dinner, who talks to you and twelve others at the same time.

The ring on his right pinky, a gift from Dad when Peter turned 21, bears the family crest. The other's a friendship ring. It's from a girl, but it's still just a friendship ring. He wears it because he likes it. While he and Bob frequently double-date with Gail Russell and Diana Lynn, that's friendship, too. He's romantic in general, but not in particular.

There *was* a time when he wondered if he'd jinxed himself. Every girl he went out with—Judy Garland, June Allyson, Lana Turner—promptly became preoccupied with somebody else.

"What's wrong with me?" he inquired dolefully of a friend in publicity.

She laughed. "Everyone loves you, Peter, but you *are* young—"

"Well, I'll get over that—"

"Oh, honey, *you're* all right—you're *sex-y!*"

"I *am*—?!!" he breathed.

The story got around. So if you hear someone bawling, "Hey, Sexy!" on the M-G-M lot, it's Pete Lawford being paged.

SUITABLE'S FOR FALL

(*Continued from page 57*)

h a knowing little cloche by Alice y—be-bowed, bewitching, it'll put an to that hat-in-the-hand routine of rs. Your smart brown gloves are by ar Right; the brown lizard pouch, d looking catch-all for your momen- s trivia, is by Weeks.

or a young mom: You can get by in ks and brunch coats most of the time, aren't there moments when you'd e anything to look really smooth? en it's your turn to collect for a bond ve, f'instance, when you have to give alk at Red Cross, or when your small 's pop is due home. For those mo- nts, choose this wonderful looking suit Bermuda basket weave. The design s pinched from a man's trench coat, Junior Deb craftsmen have softened prettied it, made a lady of it. You'll e what it does to your figure, love the y accessories can change it from a rts job to a party gal. Our model, ssed for shopping, for luncheon in n, wears a cute pint-sized hat whim- ally christened "Willie Sailor"—by ce May. Classic gloves by Wear Right. quisitely detailed blouse by Margate. e B and F Manufacturing Company is a stunning pigskin envelope, long- aring and eye-catching, with an ad- table strap. Sling it over your shoul- when your arms are full of bundles; er your arm when you're spree-bound. it about $30.

The dreamy thing about suits, we think, he way you can dress 'em up or down, just the jacket, or just the skirt with glamorous blouse, an important belt. ouses today are really dress tops; so ch thought, so much styling go into em, even if they are a bit on the bank- eaking side! Consider a winged sleeve ouse with the ditto suit, a turtle-neck sey smoothie under the classic suit— ey're suitable!

For a school gal: If you go for a classic ery time—and you know you do—this perbly tailored Shetland by Kessler hwarz is all yours. You'll drool over beautiful wide shoulders, nipped-in ist, rare-as-porterhouse tri-pleated irt. You'll walk proudly to live up to 'cause from the easy, casual set of the cket to the flawless cut of the skirt, this e's a thoroughbred. A perfect back- ound for sweaters and blouses, you'll ve in it at school this year, wear it to e office come career days. *The* hat for is this tiny Brewster beret, very Lauren acall, utterly right in its simplicity. he gloves are by Wear Right, and the w-tie blouse is another Margate honey. he pigskin bag is the same one you lored in picture three, but here it's oulder slung. Brightening the lapel ere's a trio of delicate silver leaves by ro, excitingly expensive looking, but vinely easy on the piggy bank. The it is about $20.

* * *

With cooler weather ahead, you'll be earing more clothes and consequently nning into more clothes crises, which our meat exactly, you know. Let us lp you decide which are your colors, hat is your type. If, f'rinstance, you're ndecided about which of these suits is our ticket, describe yourself to us, and e'll tell you. They are all available at ores near you, so drop a note and get mplete information about 'em and the cessories to match. Sizes, colors, store ames, anything you want to know. Pen hand? Here's where to write: Toussia ines, Fashion Adviser, MODERN SCREEN, *49 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*



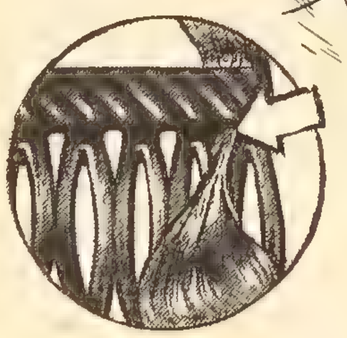


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TOM DRAKE

(*Continued from page 37*)

Monona and somehow they arranged i The man must be glad now. Yesterda he'd dropped by at Dad's office to in quire, and the girl had said "Mr. Alde dice isn't in. His daughter just died The man must be glad he'd let Monon see Laddie before she died . . .

Father came in, looking quiet. He too them to where Monona was lying, and the knelt down beside her. Buddy knew sh was on her way to heaven, but suddenl he felt they shouldn't have let her go alon —she might lose the way and get lonel and frightened. God better help her. Th line of a hymn slipped into his mind, an a childish treble broke the silence of th room—

"Guide her little feet to Thee," praye Buddy.

He never felt that Monona was reall gone. Dad and Mother and people wh came to see them talked about her th way you talk about someone in a story book. When you said Monona, you mean everything that was sweet and beautifu and kind . . .

change of scene . . .

They stayed in New Rochelle, but Da couldn't bear the house where Monona ha lived, so they moved to another. He gav up his linen business, then got restles doing nothing, and started building house Life changed for Buddy and Claire. U to then, they'd spent most of the time wit their Finnish governess. All the servan were Finns, and the children talked Fin nish long before they knew English. Bu now Dad and Mother seemed to have mor time for them.

Every night after dinner Dad woul take his big easy chair in the living roon light up a cigar, sit Claire on one kne Buddy on the other, and tell them storie No one could tell stories like Daddy. O the table beside him lay a box of cand known as Peter Rabbit candy, becaus Peter was their favorite character. Afte each story, he'd pop a candy into the mouths. And one for Laddie.

As they grew older, the stories change They never tired of hearing about Dad boyhood in Ireland. Grandfather believe in spare-the-rod-and-spoil-the-chil Buddy's eyes would pop at the things Da used to get thrashed for—

"Golly, you couldn't hardly breathe—

"Lucky for you two young scamps I' not your granddad—"

He kept a switch behind the hall clos door—called it a hangover from his earl training—but never used it. Not eve when he should have. One morning Budd decided not to drink his milk. The dev was certainly in him because, when Da insisted, he flung the milk into his parent face and beat it. After one stunned secon Dad made for the switch, but by th time Bud had crawled through the litt milk door in the kitchen, and vanished.

He was a very smart boy. He knew was Dad's unbreakable rule never to mak a scene in front of the servants. Wha ever you'd done, if any of the help we around, you didn't get punished. From h hiding place, Bud watched for the chau feur to drive up, then followed him in the house. Dad was ready to leave. Bu slid a paw into his hand, looked up wit the eyes of an angel and said, "I'm sorry Dad's hand twitched a little, and his ey kind of slithered round toward the clos door. But that was just an act. As Clair an admiring observer of the whole per formance, remarked: "Boy, did you g away with murder that time!"

lother was less predictable. Let any- else, Dad included, lay hands on her lings, and she'd raise the roof. But en she got mad herself, watch out! Like time he and Claire climbed to the top a house Dad was building. A neigh- spied them and phoned Mother. Now a rule Mother was plain and simple, but occasions like that, she'd go phony nd on them. "Clai-ah! Bud-deee! ne down to Moth-ah, children. Noth- 's going to happen to you—"

lenty happened, once she got them hin four walls. When it was over, ddy drew himself up. "I just want you know," he informed her with dignity, at you didn't have us fooled for a min- ."

When she left it to Dad, they felt pretty e. Because she'd always bring it up at dinner table, and to Dad the dinner le was sacred. According to Dad, noth- unpleasant must be discussed at din- . According to Mother, it was the ideal e. Say that Buddy and Claire had done nething awful enough, so that Dad had be dragged in on the deal—or, in ther's words, "I'll let your father handle s." Say he came in at five, she wouldn't a word. She wouldn't mention it till y'd started on the soup—

Then: "You'll have to punish the chil- en, Alfred. They—"

I'd rather not discuss it at the table, dear—"

But we're all together now, and it's ly fair they should hear what I have say—"

Let's keep it till after dinner—"

After dinner, two lambs would climb o their father's lap and ask for a story a sight that tended to melt Mother's art. Somehow the subject of their sins nished into limbo. They suspected other did it that way on purpose.

In spite of the shadow of Monona's ill- ss and death, it was a happy childhood. nly things Dad was strict about were ayers and church, and Mother wasn't ally strict about anything. What they anted, they pretty much got, and what ey didn't see, they asked for.

Claire had a birthday party every year. uddy didn't, because his birthday fell in ugust. Most summers they went away, d when they didn't, the other kids ere away. One summer Bud said: "I'm ing to have a birthday party, if it kills e."

"But, darling, there's no one to ask—"

"I'll find someone—"

He dug up four boys who were virtually rangers, but willing to consume ice cream d cake. Mother couldn't talk him out of ntertaining them in the kitchen. He liked e kitchen. "But it's not a party in the itchen—"

He marched out and back with two lver candlesticks, which he planted on e kitchen table. "Now it's a party." The uests ate their refreshments and went ome. When Mother asked him the fol- wing year if he wanted a party, he said: What for? I *had* a party—"

iss and run . . .

He fell in love with Iona School from he day he started. Only bad thing about was Mother's driving him there. Even hat would have been okay, except she'd et out and see him smack to the door and xpect him to kiss her—right there in ront of everyone.

"Why can't I kiss you in the car?"

"Well, you could—but I like to kiss you oodbye when I leave you—"

He'd look desperately around, give her peck and run.

One evening he tackled Dad. "Mother," e announced, "is ruining my career at chool."

Dad saw how it was. Bud knew he

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would. But he wasn't prepared for the glory that followed. "You're old enough to have a bike," Dad said, "and go to school by yourself."

The morning he set off on his bike, he owned the world. Of course Mother hadn't taken it lying down. "You don't know that child, Alfred. When I call for him at school, first thing I look for is a pile of boys. Nine times out of ten, he's under them—"

But Mother was no match against two men, and everything went fine till Bud tried a special circus stunt with the bike and came down on his head. The lump swelled out to there. With the logic of an ostrich, he buried himself behind a newspaper in the living room. He might as well have waved a red flag, because reading was Buddy's idea of applied torture. By no wiles could his parents get him to open a book.

His idea was that maybe the lump would disappear before Mother got home. Then he heard the maid's stage whisper. "I think something's wrong with Buddy. He's been reading a newspaper all afternoon."

It didn't matter. The lump was still there, only many-colored now like Joseph's coat. "That settles it," said Mother.

He didn't know what she meant till the next morning. Dad had said: "Pooh! Of course I wouldn't take the bike away from him." So he sailed off as usual but, turning a corner, caught sight of Mother following in the car.

Recognizing a crisis when it pursued him, he got off the bike and waited. The car drew to a halt. Bud was very calm. "Mother," he said, "do you want me to quit school?"

"Oh, don't be silly. I just want to make sure you don't kill yourself, that's all—"

He spoke slowly. "If the kids found out, I'd never go back. I'd be ashamed—"

A funny look came over her face. "You mean it, don't you? All right, Buddy, you win—"

Thus did he achieve his independence.

He did all right at Iona except for spelling. (He still can't spell.) It wasn't his love of learning, however, that made school so wonderful, but the gym and the handball courts and athletic meets. Life began after three, and didn't stop till five. He played football and baseball, but the track was his meat. As a runner and high

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When the boys in the hospital here asked me to tell them something interesting to put in the ward newspaper, I told them about the one and only time I ever skated with the great Sonja! It happened at Lake Placid, long before she went into the movies, and my friends dared me to ask her for an ice dance. Not being such a good skater, I took my nerve by the feet and asked her for a waltz. Miss Henie was more than gracious, and when we came to a waltz turn which I couldn't do very well, she just lifted me off the ice and put me down again in the right position, much to the amusement of my pals! In skating circles, that is known as a "waltz jump" and to say Sonja is a powerful as well as a graceful woman, is putting it mildly!

Pvt. Ken Parker
Santa Ana, Calif.

jumper, he was up with the best.

Then came the spring afternoon, six years after Monona's death, when he wheeled his bike up the drive, and was met at the door by a white faced Claire. Dad had been taken ill. A stroke, the doctor said. He was upstairs. Again brother and sister sat close together, waiting—older now, more conscious of the implications of what they waited for.

Mother came down with the doctor. "Dad seems a little better," she told them gently. When the doctor had gone and Claire was safe with Mother, Bud went to his room. There'd always been Dad to take his troubles to. Now, where Dad had been, there was a great dread—

He dropped to his knees. "Don't let him die. Please, God, don't let him die—"

passing . . .

He didn't die then, he got better. One arm was paralyzed, but Dad could do wonders with the other. Played cat in the backyard with Buddy and Claire, and beat 'em all hollow at marbles—smack on the nose Dad hit 'em every time.

It was funny about Laddie. He'd been the children's dog since Monona died, but now he stuck close to Dad. Not that Dad acted any different, and the last thing he wanted was gloom round him. For instance, Bud had taken over the job of helping him wash his hands before dinner. Usually they did it in the pantry, but this one evening Dad was kind of dozing in the living room. So Bud hauled in a huge tub and a bar of soap and a scrubbing brush and when Dad woke and saw them, he laughed his head off. The way he laughed made you feel everything was all right.

But it wasn't. He died in the fall after another stroke.

The three who were left drew closer together. They weren't a crying family. Every now and then, somebody'd break down, but mostly they didn't for the sake of the others. Only they couldn't bear to sit downstairs any more. Life with father had centered round the living and dining rooms. Now it shifted to Mother's bedroom. Without talking about it or planning it that way, the children found themselves taking their homework to Mother's room. Claire slept there, and Buddy moved to the room next door. They ate in the breakfast room, and always went out to Sunday dinner—Sunday used to be so cheerful with Dad bringing friends home from church, and carving and piling the plates. He loved to see people eat at his own table.

That was the year they lost Laddie, too. They were spending the summer with relatives in Madison, and had to leave him behind at the kennels. Billie Drew, the owner, was a great friend of theirs, and Laddie knew him well. So they thought he'd be content. But he died a week after they left. Billie said: "I don't know any reason why he should have died, except his heart was broken—"

glamor on a budget . . .

When Mother suggested moving to an apartment, because the house was so big and they hadn't as much money as they used to, the children were enchanted.

"Houses are passé anyway," said Claire. "Apartments are much more glamorous."

"Sure," Buddy agreed. "And you can go running up and downstairs and annoy the neighbors."

His fun was short lived. After a year at New Rochelle High School, Mother packed him off to Mercersberg, in preparation for Princeton.

Accustomed to freedom, he chafed at the prep schools rules. You couldn't go off the grounds, you had to be in your room every night by seven. He was no conformer. Athletics might have been the answer but,



Before



After

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though he's six feet now, he was a late grower. At 14, he measured 5 feet 2 inches and weighed a hundred pounds. He couldn't make any of the teams, he couldn't even fight. Everyone was too big.

At Iona you counted that day lost which didn't include a couple of fist fights. You'd see a kid whose face annoyed you. "Gee," you'd think, "I can't stand that kid," and put a stick on your shoulder. He was supposed to knock it off, and you'd fight. If he didn't knock it off, you'd put it on *his* shoulder and knock it off. Then he'd have to fight, or his name was mud. At Mercersberg, all the kids were bigger. You can't make a fool of yourself, picking fights when you're bound to get licked. Bud found one fellow his size, and tipped him up. They had a good fight, but he was a nice kid. Just Bud's dumb luck. One guy his size, and the guy's face didn't annoy him . . .

He found other ways of venting his misery. As a scholarship student, waiting on table alternate fortnights, he'd cut the bread so thick, you couldn't eat it. Or he'd serve one course and disappear. Asked for an explanation, he'd give it. "They had enough. No one can eat that much—"

He was finally turned over to the headmaster, a very kindly man. "What makes you do these things?"

"I'm unhappy—"

"Can you tell me why?"

You can't tell a man you'd rather be home, so Bud just mumbled. In an effort to learn more, the headmaster invited him to dinner two successive Sundays and took him for a drive. Since Sunday was the only day you could go to town and buy yourself a soda, Bud's unhappiness wasn't appreciably diminished.

He'd never been much of a student. Now he was worse. A friend had talked Mother into having him repeat the year he'd taken at New Rochelle. Made a good foundation, she said. That year was a lead-pipe cinch. He lost the habit of studying, and never found it again. Still, he managed to get by, which pleased Mother. Claire, flitting from school to school, garnered honors in popularity and an average of 45 in grades. Mother was beginning to wonder whether Claire might be dumb. By comparison, Bud was brilliant. At least he passed.

He thought often of running away, and once climbed out of the window with his suitcase. But imagination drew a vivid and humiliating picture of Mother hauling him back, so he changed his mind.

Only the holidays made life bearable. Then he was his own man again, with his own girl. She was slim, pretty, brown-haired and her name was Alice. He was fourteen when he met her at a party she threw, and sixteen when their engagement was announced. This happened while they danced cheek to cheek at the Westchester Biltmore—

"You two look serious," observed a chum.

"We ain't kiddin'," Bud agreed.

"Mind if I announce it?"

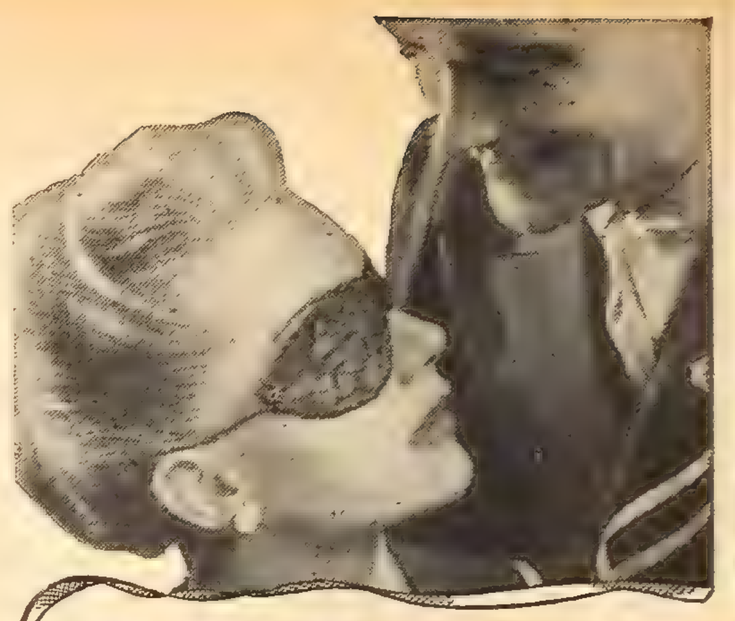
"Go ahead—"

The announcement was made over the loudspeaker and Mother saw it next day in the local sheet. "When are you getting married?" she wanted to know.

"Soon as I open my nightclub."

night club day dreams . . .

Buddy wove his dreams of the future round his own nightclub, with himself as crooner-in-chief. As a child, he'd sung solo in the choir, and a teacher had advised voice training, but he couldn't be bothered. Now Crosby was the god of the younger set, and they all wanted to sing, including Bud, only no one would let him. Three or four times a week he'd go to the movies, and sit drooling over the night-



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s in musicals. New Rochelle had no nightclub. What New Rochelle ed was a good million-buck night- and Buddy was the guy who could it to 'em. Nothing simpler. The er of his roommate at Mercersburg ed the Divan Parisienne in New York. y, you know somebody in the business, hows you how to run it, you hire a l, and, being the boss, who can stop from singing? Dough? At 21, he'd over the family funds and invest n. At 21 he'd be a financial genius. other laughed. "By the time you're ve'll be in the poorhouse." Then she'd ut and buy a new car—all the proof dy needed that they still had enough. other realized he'd never make Prince- Other people's children studied and to college. Her kids were mavericks, she might as well face it. She let him his last year at New Rochelle. It after he had left Mercersburg that he zed how much the school had done him.

was a wonderful year. Almost as if 'd been forewarned, they packed it fun. More than that, Buddy got ted on a career of sorts . . .

was the year they bought Wrinkle. heir daily horseback rides, Buddy and re used to drop off at Billie Drew's to with the dogs. A certain Giant Dane onded with such enthusiasm that her and sister exchanged one of those s by which things were settled be- en them.

You can't break another dog's heart," Claire.

We'll take her," said Buddy.

other disliked her from the start. Be- se Wrinkle growled at her, she said. ually, it was because they'd ganged up her and bought the dog without asking mission. Nine times out of ten, she ldn't have given it a thought. But this the tenth time, and women get funny ks. She said they'd have to get rid of nkle. Claire fell back on her original . "You can't break another dog's rt." But Mother wouldn't budge.

became a case of the immovable ob- and the irresistible force. Buddy, re and Wrinkle took up residence at ie Drew's, explaining to Billie that they ed to learn all about running a kennel. ry morning Mother'd call up with per- good humor. "How're the kennels ing?"

Fine. Like to buy a dog?"

I SAW IT HAPPEN



On one of those foggy days so typical of London, the wailing of the Air Raid siren still echoed in the Soho streets as citizens hastily took shelter from the rain of bombs. On duty as a Warden, I was surprised to hear a voice, recognizable the world over, raised in melody at the window of a Soho restaurant. Proceeding there, I found a crowd of men and women, fully aware of their danger, but counting no cost too high for the privilege of seeing as well as hearing Bing Crosby, on his visit to Britain. For these people, possible danger was of little importance beside the fact that Bing was singing to them and giving new courage to folks greatly in need of it.

Erren Graves
London, England

In all the world

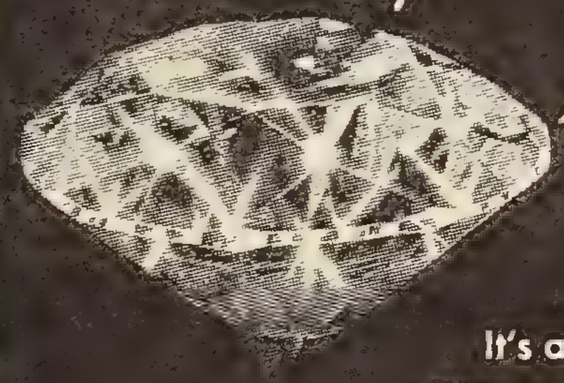
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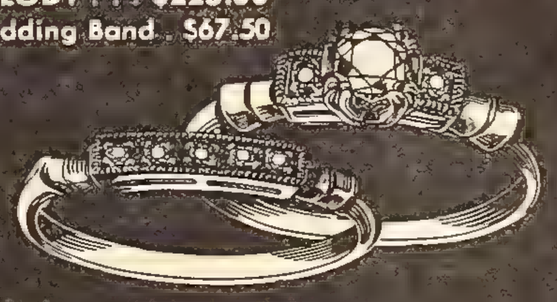
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"I might, so long as the name isn't Wrinkle."

The impasse was broken by strategy. They disguised Wrinkle slightly—don't ask me how—and phoned home. "Billie has another Great Dane. Very gentle. Can we make a deal?"

"On approval," said Mother.

As if she knew what was at stake, Wrinkle walked in and flopped her head into Mother's lap. "You angel!" crooned Mother. "Now why couldn't you get a dog like this in the first place?"

Their best friends were the Careys, who lived downstairs. Mary and Helen were a little older, but lots of fun. "And very good to confide in," said Claire, "being so much more sensible."

Mary was not merely a swell dancer, but a highly successful teacher at Arthur Murray's. Sometimes, when she had a party, she'd ask Bud to sing. For his own amusement, he'd worked up some imitations—Lionel Barrymore, Fu Manchu—the usual thing. One night he did them for Mary's friends—

"You know, Bud," said Mary, "I bet you could be in the movies—"

"I *could?*"

"Certainly. Lots of dumber kids are—"

"Wonderful. When do we start?"

theater bug bites . . .

She knew Reginald Goode, the dramatic teacher, and made an appointment. On the strength of the Barrymore imitation, Goode agreed to give him lessons. Life became thrilling. Through Mary, he met some kids in show business. After his lesson, they'd have dinner in town and dance. To keep them from swiping her Dodge, Mother bought him and Claire a convertible Ford. He began cutting school and writing his own notes. The whole thing came to a head when two things happened. Mr. Goode offered him a spot in summer stock, and the principal of New Rochelle High School put his foot down.

"Either he quits cutting school," said the principal, "or he quits altogether."

"A man after my own heart," said Bud. "Now I can give my all to my career."

To join the Goode stock company at Poughkeepsie, you had to plunk down two hundred and fifty bucks. Well, there was money in trust for Bud's education. He'd educate himself at Poughkeepsie instead of old Nassau. It was just an investment anyway, like the nightclub. You appear in a play, and a talent scout comes along and discovers you for Hollywood. Last year they discovered Doris Nolan. This year they'd discover Buddy Alderdice. Why waste time at school?

To Mother, it was one of his nutty whims. Yet a boy had to be interested in *some*thing. She talked it over with Helen Carey, hoping Helen would tell her what she wanted to hear. Helen did.

"If you force him back to school, he'll just go on cutting. Maybe he's got a talent for acting, who knows? Let him try it out this summer, and see what happens."

"All right," sighed Mother. "I feel better about it now. I've got you to share the blame with if it turns out wrong—"

On a lovely summer's day, Bud drove up to Poughkeepsie with Claire and Wrinkle, who were going along for the ride.

There were forty in the company, and they all bunked together in a house five miles from the theater. Bud roomed with three other guys and Wrinkle. Watching the first rehearsals, Claire decided she'd be an actress, too. Meantime, Goode was inspired to put her in charge of the box-office. Since she could neither add nor subtract, this made for confusion. However, Claire had talents of her own. Accounts never came out even, but the balance was always in favor of the house.

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Their first play was a thing called "Take y Advice." Bud played the juvenile ad—a gangling 17-year-old who fell over s feet. Being exactly that, he felt per-ctly at home in the part and reaped ughs galore. Made such a hit, in fact, at Goode decided to star him. Posters ere designed, with his name in large tters, and the kids splashed them all er the countryside.

What got Bud, though, was that people ere actually paying a dollar ten to see m and a lot of other amateurs act. orizons opened. By now Claire had the ug, but good, and they laid their plans. inters, they'd act. Summers, they'd run stock company. Not just at first, but hen Bud was around thirty. By thirty, e'd be grizzled round the temples, he'd ear a beard or moustache, he'd look as if e had a brain in his head. Claire would ck a husband who could design scenery -anyway, someone who could add and ubtract—and they'd be all set.

"I think we should let Chris in on it o," said Claire.

"That *babe!*"

"Well, she won't be fifteen forever. Use our head."

Chris Curtis was a peppy, long legged olt who ran around with her hair flying nd braces on her teeth. She had plans f her own—which included changing her ame to something chic like Tallyho, and naking it mean to Broadway what Bern-ardt meant to Paris. Meantime, she layed Bud's kid sister in one of the omedies, and developed a certain nui-ance value by getting a crush on him. With the new life, Alice had faded from he picture—but, after all, *fifteen!* That as practically cradle snatching.

race of kisses . . .

One day he ran an icepick through his and, and was given a tetanus shot. As he olled on his bed of pain, Claire and Chris renched him with calomine lotion. Chris as particularly devastated. In a burst of nguished sympathy, she bent over and issed him. Somehow her braces pro-ruded—

"First an icepick, now this," he growled, hile the woman scorned wailed in Claire's omforting arms, "I'll never kiss another oy till these darn things come off—"

She looked so small and woebegone that e relented, and allowed her to bring his inner in on a tray.

Half the season was over when the hone call came. Bud was rehearsing at he theater. Claire got the message. She ouldn't call him. She stood waiting as he opped off the bus, and the minute he aw her face, he knew. Mother'd been erfectly well when they left home, but e knew from Claire's face—

"Mother's dead—"

"Yes—"

For a while he made complete sense, went about his packing, did what had to e done as though nothing had happened. Then he found himself struggling against some weight, trying to get up. Mr. Goode was there—

"Where's Claire? We've got to go—"

"You've been out for an hour, Bud. Just lie quiet a few minutes longer, then you can go—"

upheaval . . .

Mother hadn't been ill. She'd been read-ing on the living room couch and had asked the maid for a glass of water. When the maid came back, she was dead.

The Careys couldn't have done more if they'd been family. Everyone was kind, and most of them were troubled. What would happen to the kids now?—a couple of youngsters, 17 and 18, a little wacky by New Rochelle standards, because in New



HOW I LOST MY HUSBAND

I guess I was really to blame when Stan started paying attention to other women. It wasn't that I didn't know about feminine hygiene. I had become . . . well . . . *forgetful.* Yes, I found out the hard way that "now-and-then" care isn't enough! My doctor finally set me right. "Never be a careless wife," he said. He advised Lysol disinfectant for douching *always.*



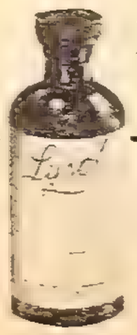
AND WON HIM BACK AGAIN!

Our romance is so *special* again—now that I know about *proper* feminine hygiene care! Since I had that talk with the doctor, I use Lysol *always* for douching. As he said: "Lysol is a *proved germ-killer* . . . far more dependable than salt, soda or other homemade solutions." Lysol is easy to use and economical. But, most important, it *really does the job!*

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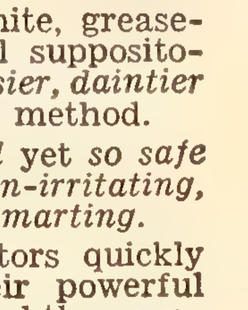


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Rochelle boys don't give up college for acting, and girls don't go to eight different finishing schools . . .

Their guardian was a cousin, anxious to do his best by his young, orphaned kinfolk.

"I'm afraid the money's gone. But I can get you a job at Bethlehem Steel, Bud, and my mother'd like Claire to come and live with her—"

They looked at each other. "It's terribly kind of your mother," said Claire, "but I can't leave Bud—"

"We don't care if there's any money or not. All we care about is not being separated—"

"But how will you live? You haven't been trained to anything—"

"We'll make out," said Bud.

going their way . . .

Once convinced that he couldn't help them *his* way, the cousin set about helping them in their own. They found that there was money left. Apart from the untouched trust funds for their education, there was enough to give them a modest income, enough to live on while they looked around.

They decided to finish the summer at Poughkeepsie, then go to New York and hunt for acting jobs. As at Dad's death, their instinct was to get away from all that reminded them of the past. The apartment furniture went into storage with all the stuff from the big house. They sold the Ford for four hundred dollars. In Mother's Dodge, they drove back to Poughkeepsie. A saddened, subdued Chris met them and tried hard to be helpful without getting into their hair. Mr. Goode offered Bud a scholarship for the rest of the season, but he said no thanks, he'd wind up the way he'd started.

And so, at summer's end, with Wrinkle in the back, they headed the car toward New York, trying not to remember that other carefree day when the summer again had just started. For the first time in their lives, they stood alone against the world—a little terrified, but ready to rise to the challenge. If they were alone, at least they were alone together. Whatever lay ahead, each had the other for comfort and support.

Claire turned to her brother and smiled. "We'll make out—"

He picked up her hand and laid his on the wheel. "Atta girl," he said.

(Tom Drake's life story will be concluded in next month's MODERN SCREEN.)

I SAW IT HAPPEN



It happened backstage at the Ethel Barrymore Theater, about five years ago. June Havoc came out with one of the boys in the chorus. A girl with a camera said, "How about a picture, Miss Havoc?" "Sure," the actress replied. The girl focused her camera, looked up, and said irritatedly to the chorus boy, "Look, you're getting into the picture. Would you mind moving aside?" The boy stepped away awkwardly, and the girl snapped the picture. June Havoc left with the redheaded chorus boy . . . and that's the story of how a gal with a camera managed not to snap a picture of Van Johnson! But who'd have guessed he was to become a famous star?

G. Shay
New York, N. Y.



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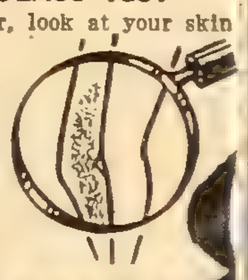


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CAMEO KID

(*Continued from page 52*)

There's nothing really wrong with Phyllis, understand. She's as fresh and pretty as a daisy and sweet as Ida's apple cider. She wears a dainty little cameo-cut face, a peach bloom complexion, rebellious brown hair, and eyes as merry as a Walt Disney chipmunk. She's slim and trim in the chassis department, but with all standard equipment. She's bright as a new bullet, and bubbles with personality like champagne. Also, it's generally agreed by the cinema seers that Phyllis has more acting talent in her little finger than most new movie starlets have in their entire packages of Petty girl pulchritude, if you'll go for a ten-dollar word. She's just twenty-four but already she's got solid years of Broadway and road company stage experience behind her and a starring hit, too, in "Claudia," so she's no green pea when it comes to tossing the emotions around. In addition to these virtues, Thaxter's nice to her folks, goes to church every Sunday and stopped smoking corn silk years ago. In fact, she's got every qualification in the book—except the one most wise men tag the principal ingredient for Hollywood fame—Glamor. Phyllis has about as much glamor as a rag doll. She admits it. She's sorry, but that's just the way it is.

terrifying test . . .

A fan wrote Phyllis the other day. "Dear Miss Thaxter," she began, "I think you have an awfully nice face—but it's in the wrong place." Phyllis read that again and looked in the mirror, wondering vaguely just where else her awfully nice face ought to be. At the bottom, the kibitzing correspondent cleared it up. "You look too darned natural to be in glamorous Hollywood," explained her pen friend. Phyllis knows what she means. Already, she's had some sad experiences. Her first Hollywood screen test, for instance, was pretty grim.

That debacle took place a few years ago when Phyllis rolled into California touring with the "Claudia" company. A sharp-eyed M-G-M talent scout thought he saw something and against her better judgment, Phyllis was lured out to the studio for a hurry-up camera once over one afternoon between performances. Well, they handed Phyllis a scene from the current production, "Kismet," and that's about as tailor made for her as "Camille" would be for Marjorie Main. They draped Thaxter in an old Oriental robe that Myrna Loy had worn in some ancient movie and a make-up man plastered phony glamor beauty aids here and there, including a lengthy hair-fall that made poor Phyllis look like a cross between Brenda Frazier and Veronica Lake. Then they stood her before a vine covered fence, and let the camera loose. "Your lover's coming over the wall," said the director. "Make with tender emotions."

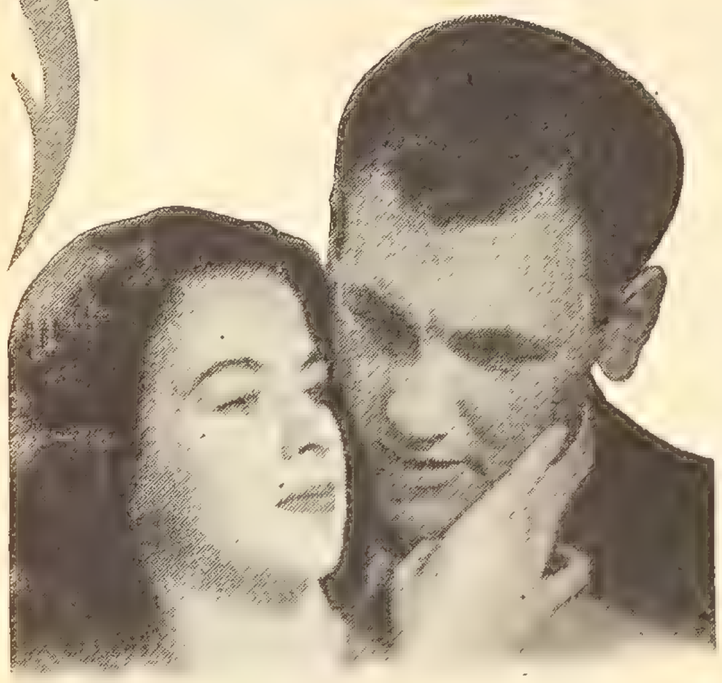
Phyllis tried to oblige. But every time she turned her head tenderly to the absent lover her transformation tresses caught in the fence and almost yanked her head off. The glamor test wound up with Phyllis resembling a wax-works Cleopatra with St. Vitus dance.

Of course, most Hollywood careers are cluttered up with first test tragedies, and a public bonfire of those ghastly mementos would make a lot of stars sleep better of nights. Only in Phyllis Thaxter's case it was the same sad scene the next time Hollywood Glamor caught up with her, and every time after that, too.

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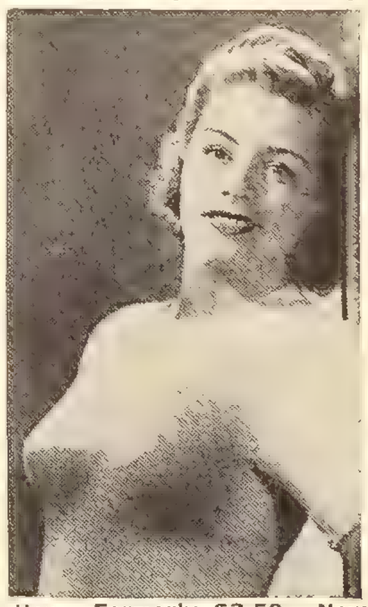
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the request of a swanky fashion magazine right after she'd made "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" and rated as one of Metro's up and coming young stars.

"The picture will be terrible," promised Phyllis. "I'm just not built for elegance!"

"Pish-tush!" scoffed the studio experts. "We can make *anybody* glamorous. We're the best in the business. It's all in the know-how."

"You don't know me," protested Phyllis. They soothed her with big names in person. Creations by Irene. Hairdo's by Guilaroff. Makeup by Jack Dawn. Camera portraits by Clarence Bull. She got the works. But on Phyllis the Irene creations weren't dreamy, the Guilaroff hairdo wasn't a bit slinky and when she posed in all those sophisticated, come-hither Bull bulb postures it just looked like Little Sister Mary trying to show off. The pictures came back with a polite note. "The sittings are very nice but regret we cannot use them at this time."

And later, when she married her Army Air Transport Captain, Jim Aubrey, Arthur Hornblow, her producer on "Weekend at the Waldorf," thought he'd surprise Phyllis by wrangling the wedding dress she'd worn in the picture for her real nuptials. It took some string pulling, because that's taboo around Hollywood as a rule, but Mr. Hornblow really pitched. When he got the hard-won okay he telephoned Phyllis with the surprise. His jaw dropped when he heard the Thaxter reaction.

"Oh, I couldn't!" protested Phyllis. "Thanks so much but I wouldn't *dare*. Something awful would happen if I got really dressed up. It always does. I'll just wear a suit." Which she did, and everything went off smooth as silk.

So it just goes to show—some girls are cut out for glamor and some aren't, namely, Phyllis Thaxter. But if she's suffering from a deficiency of Hollywood Vitamin G, Phyllis has plenty of other personality molecules in her makeup that are just as potent and ten times as rare. In fact, not since Margaret Sullavan hit town years ago, has such a fresh and solid American girl charm quotient been seen ambling around these parts.

It's her girl-back-home appeal that landed Phyllis Thaxter in Hollywood—as the perfect Ellen Lawson, the girl heroic Captain Ted Lawson left behind him when he flew to glory in the historic bombing premiere of Japland. Producer Sam Zimbalist spotted it the minute he saw Phyllis' screen test of "Claudia" made in New York two years before and latched onto a great casting inspiration for "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." And even though Phyllis tosses her real self aside to play a split-personality witch in Arch Oboler's "Bewitched" (which you'll be seeing any day now) just to prove she can mix her dramatic shots—underneath that All-American girl is the real Phyllis Thaxter—right down to her initial "T"—and it's absolutely no accident.

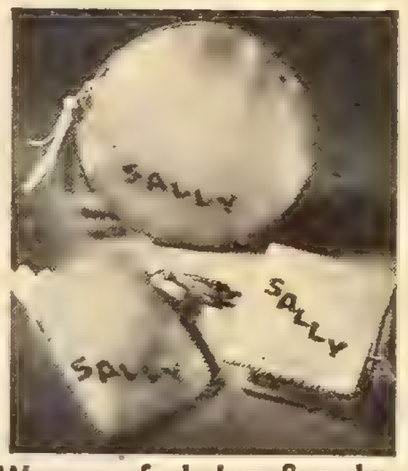
Phyllis is from Portland, Maine, the very citadel of Yankeeland, and she says "Mommer" and "idear" if she doesn't watch her step. Her dad's a judge of the Maine Supreme Court and her brother's a Harvard man who's serving his country in the U. S. submarine service. Phyllis herself learned her Longfellow, Whittier and Emerson right in Portland's public schools and, like most Maine girls, improved the body beautiful by skiing in the winter and sailing in the summer. Not exactly the Bohemian background you'd expect to steer a young girl on to New York's stage-happy Rehearsal Club, with her starry eyes bent on Broadway and her soul dedicated to art and the theater, is it? But like most girls, Phyllis had a mother, and



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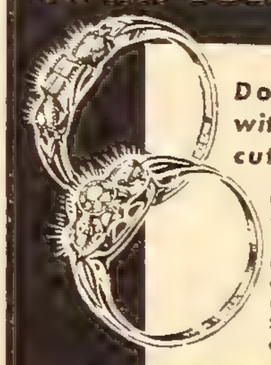
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hers happened to be the former Phyllis Schuyler, who brushed off a dramatic career of her own to marry and have children like Phyllis Number Two.

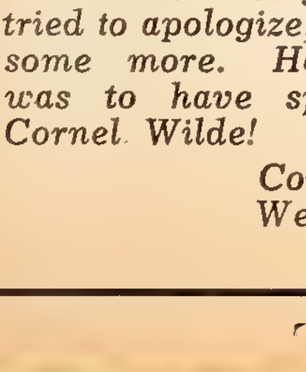
And somehow in the biological shuffle, all the dramatic chromosomes ganged up on Phyllis. Her mother found that out when Phylly was a mere moppet. She'd put on little plays around Portland to dabble away her own theatrical frustrations, and always it was daughter Phyllis who ran away with the penny productions, playing Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz" or something terrific like that. So when she finished Deering High and calmly announced she'd skip college, which nice girls just don't do in Maine, Phylly had a private Fifth Column plugging for her in her Maw.

deep dram-er . . .

She went up to Ogunquit, Maine, for summer stock, paying her own way out of some money her grandmother left her. Because her practical judge dad, with Yankee reason, okayed the project only on the condition that Phylly made good. "And when you do," he promised, "I'll pay the bill. Until then—it's your party." Later on, too, when Phyllis clicked in "Claudia" she got her check from papa in full for the early summer training expenses. That shows you the kind of solid citizens the Thaxters are in their thinking—and maybe hands out a hint why Phyllis made as good as she did and still kept her Triple-A's right on the ground without a rush of glamor to the head.

Phylly got going early. She was just sweet sixteen when she espoused the artistic life up in Ogunquit, dwelling in an attic over a flower store (which she thought was very poetic, because her own tag, Phyllis, means "Green Bough") and having all the mad little theater moments that kids do in the Summer Circuit. As for early art: It's on record that the first Thaxter footlight triumph was wheeling a baby buggy across the stage in "Boy Meets Girl" and the immortal first Thaxter lines were, "Say 'Da-da.'" But Grandmaw's legacy wasn't entirely frittered away, because, as it always has, Phyllis' fresh American girl charm soon paid off. Laurette Taylor, the Broadway

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While I was visiting California with my cousin, we decided to dine at a famous restaurant. When we got there, my cousin reprimanded me for staring at everyone. Then a young man walked up to our table and asked to borrow the ketchup. Because I was irritated, I just slammed the bottle toward him without looking up. But I slammed it too hard; the bottle cracked and ketchup splashed on the three of us. The young man started to laugh as he brushed off the bright red stains from his attractive tweed suit. What a—swell guy he was to take it so nicely! I looked up and tried to apologize, but he only laughed some more. How embarrassing it was to have splashed ketchup on Cornel Wilde!

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star, came to Ogunquit, took one look at blooming Phylly and cried, cryptically, "There's Daphne!" Turned out that Daphne was a sweet, unspoiled character in one of La Taylor's new plays and naturally Phyllis added right up. She played it for her first real stage job and got so wrapped up in the part that she darn near changed her professional name to Daphne Schuyler, honoring that and her mother. But she came to in time.

Just the same, the Ogunquit summer infected Phylly with a stage fever from which she's never entirely recovered. She's as starry-eyed today about such matters as she was when she walked into the Rehearsal Club in New York and became one of those ambitious young characters they made the movie "Stage Door" about—remember?

please, mr. producer . . .

All those odd young bodies seem to do about the same thing when they descend on Broadway. They see all the hit plays from the peanut gallery, carry casting sheets of the new productions in their purses, sit up all night for the newspaper reviews, eat lunch at the Automat and make pests of themselves at all the agents' offices. Somehow, the Good Lord lets them live until It happens. Phyllis was a typical type. She got her dainty foot in Producer Oscar Serlin's sanctum one day. Mr. Serlin was very nice. "But it's a little girl's part," he explained. "You're not young enough." Thaxter rushed back to the Rehearsal Club with a burning idea. Pretty soon she reappeared in disguise as a little girl. Mr. Serlin pretended he didn't know. He was very nice again, but at the end he said, "But Miss Thaxter—you're *still* not *young* enough for the part." He should have called the cops, Phyllis admits.

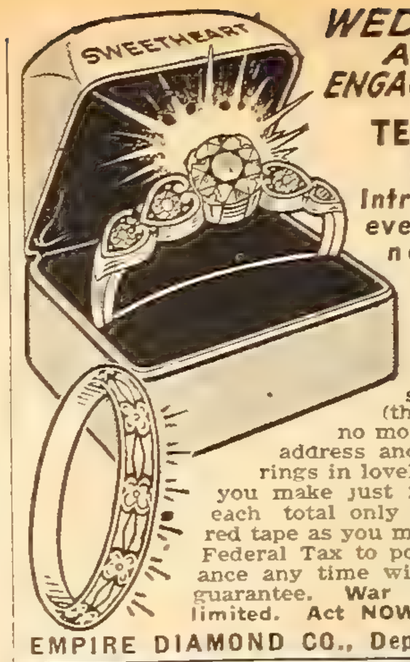
She finally landed a job in a George Abbott show, "What A Life," at fifteen dollars every Saturday and the great dramatic task of walking across the stage once during the evening. That thrilled her so—just to be actually on Broadway—that Phyllis wrote her folks and her ever loyal Mother made the long trip down from Maine to see Junior do her stuff. Only just as Phyllis' big moment arrived that night, a fat man lifted himself up smack in front of Mrs. Thaxter and leisurely removed his coat. By the time all was clear again, Phyllis had entered and exited, too. Her maw never did see her in action.

Tripping across a stage night after night, no matter how brightly lighted, got to be a bit of a bore, even to Girl Scout Phyllis. But she stuck it grimly for a whole year and finally saved up $350.

Phylly celebrated with a skiing excursion upstate with her brother, Sidney, and was all set to go on home with him for a Maine vacation when her first experience with an Inner Voice occurred. Phylly isn't psychic but she gets a bunch of hunches every now and then and she's superstitious, too. Somebody gave her a lucky silver dollar dated 1843 once and she carried it for months, because the cartwheel was supposed to bring her buckets of luck at its centennial in 1943.

Well, later, way out in Butte, Montana—of all places—where she was on tour, she found herself broke and had to spend her lucky dollar. She was desolate, but never gave up hope and sure enough, in 1943—boom—what did she do but click in "Claudia"? So she never sells an Inner Voice short.

This one told her to grab a rattler right back to New York instead of Portland, because something was going to happen. Phylly did. First person she talked to was a Rehearsal Club girl who gave her the important word on a new



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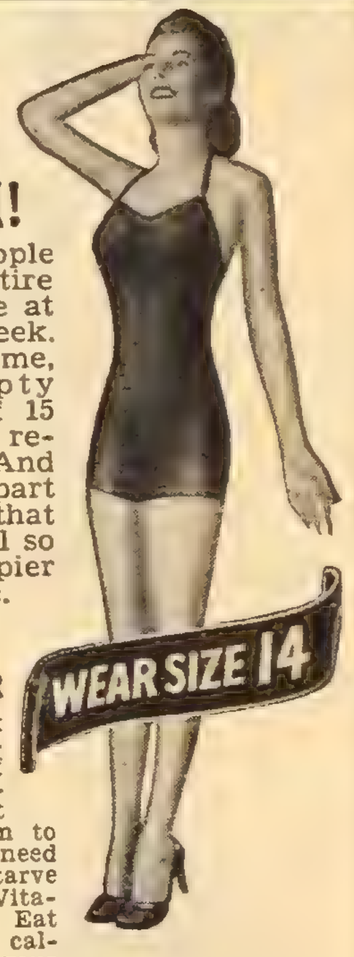
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Lunt and Fontanne show, "There Shall Be No Night." "There's an understudy job open," revealed the girl. "Why—that's what I came back to New York for!" breathed Phyllis.

It was easy as pie. Lynn Fontanne took one look, as Laurette Taylor had done, and Phyllis had the job. She understudied in the show for a year, traveled all around, never played a scene but paid her first income tax—$6. She also learned plenty from Miss Fontanne, who turned pretty soon into as good a fairy godmother as a girl could ask for when Thaxter's crack at "Claudia" came along.

another claudia . . .

If many more ex-Claudia alumnae turn into Hollywood stars they'll have to order graduation pins, start a hockey team and learn a class song. Phyllis makes the third sweet young thing to invade Hollywood wearing a Claudia cap-and-gown. Dorothy McGuire, Jennifer Jones and now Phyllis Thaxter. Phyllis knew that the role was right for her the first time she read the script. She was determined to get it and her turn finally came—but they sort of dared her to do it, though. John Golden, the producer man, wanted a Claudia for the Chicago company, every bit as good as Dorothy McGuire, which was a fairly tall order, seeing as how Dotty had created the role and clicked like a turnstile. But again Phyllis' demure and dainty American girlishness turned the trick. Producer Golden took one look at the youth-through-joy or vice versa or whatever it is that Phyllis packs around and smote his brow. "Good Lord—a child bride if I ever saw one!" he cried. "Give her a crack at it by all means."

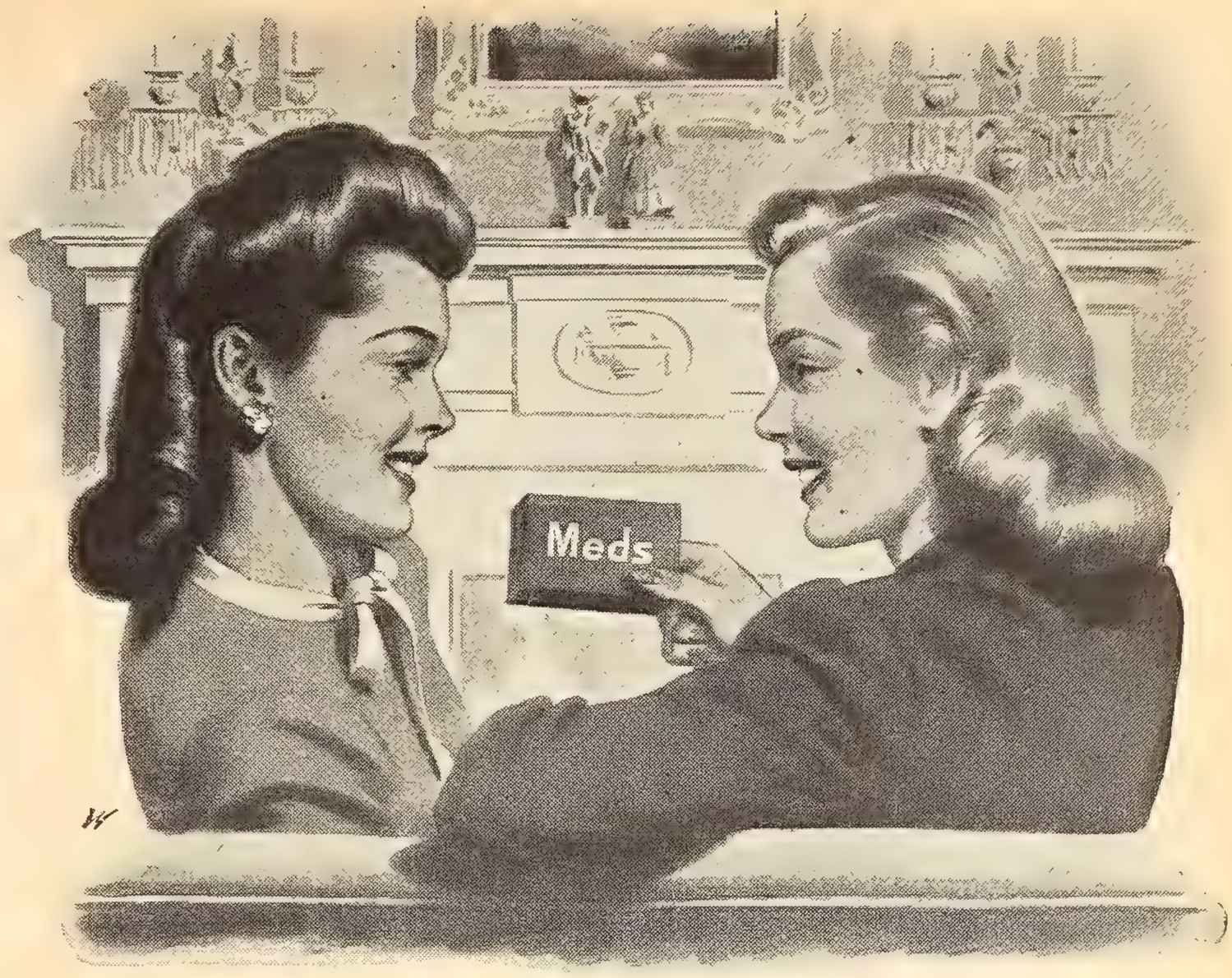
Today Phyllis gets edgy if you call her the perfect "Claudia"—she thinks it's a reflection on her dignity or talent or something—but that's just what she is, so let's face it. If not—unless she was Bernhardt—how the heck could she have pulled off the miracle matinee that she did?

It was a Tuesday when she got the go-ahead to try out by taking Dotty McGuire's place at the Wednesday matinee. She knew the lines by heart after all the off-and-on exposure she'd had to Claudia. She'd even made a movie test from the play (and that's the one, remember, that cinched her M-G-M contract). But still—well, when everything hangs on one performance and about all you've done before is trot across a stage and look charming—it's a state of crisis, and no mistake. "Can you go on tomorrow?" asked Mr. Golden blithely.

"Oh, natch," replied Phylly nonchalantly, or words to that effect. But down inside it was a plain case of panic.

She had time for one quick rehearsal. Mama Thaxter was in town, thank goodness, so she whipped along Fifth Avenue and got new clothes because Phyllis didn't have such things as a slinky negligee, which the play called for. But what really did it was that night—and Lynn Fontanne. She had panicky Phyllis over to her New York apartment, calmed her down with tea and stayed up all night priming her for the performance. They acted out Claudia until it came out Phylly's every pore—and can you imagine a better coach for anything in the acting line than Lynn Fontanne?

Next afternoon Phyllis walked out of the wings—the perfect Claudia by nature, and about to find out is she is or is she ain't an actress. She opened her mouth—nothing came out. She tried it again. Out popped her first speech and she doesn't remember a thing after that until the end of the first act when John Golden hugged her in the wings and cried, "You've got the part!" Then somebody brought her a



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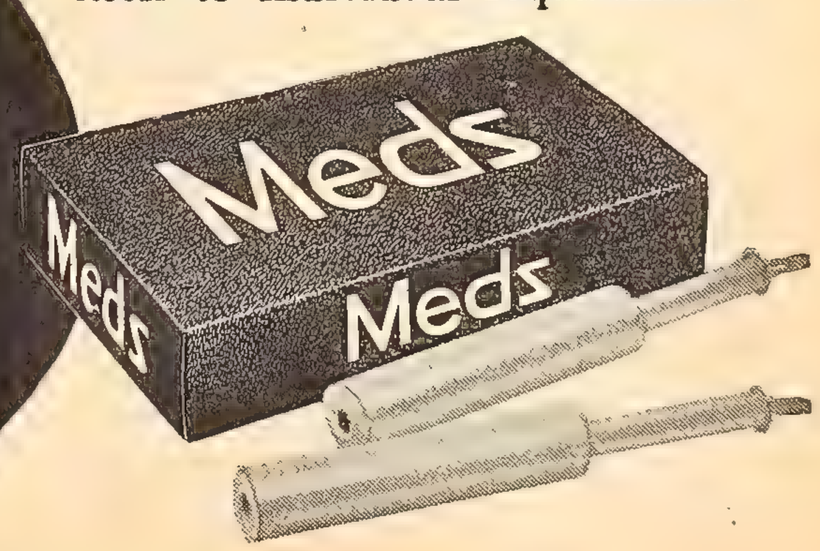
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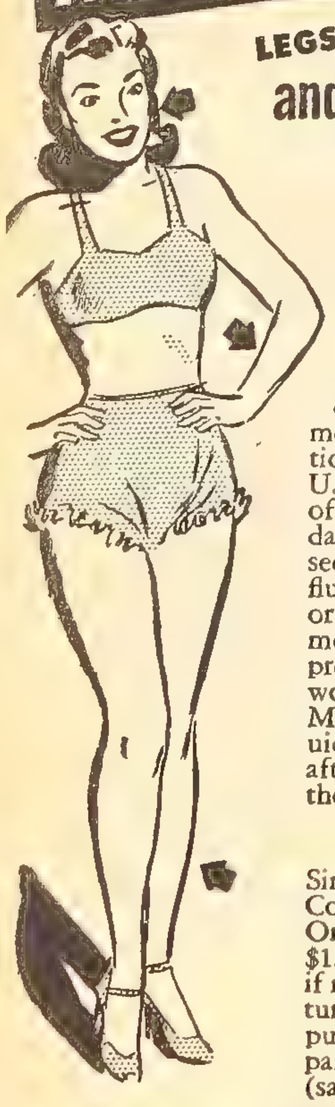
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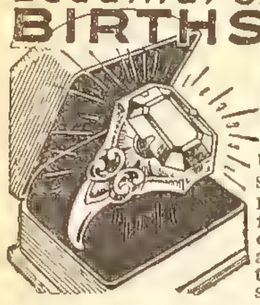
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cup of tea and she knew whom it was from—Lynn Fontanne, of course—it's sort of her trademark. And knowing that Miss Fontanne was right there in the audience, and Mama and all her Rehearsal Club pals—well—Phylly sort of spread herself from then on, and the applause left her on the deaf side. She celebrated with her family afterwards.

Phylly was just as solid a hit in Chicago, and later, touring around with the show, she had the practical experience she needed to sharpen her natural talent into professional skill. She had her triumphs as well as her trials, such as the time she fell downstairs right in the middle of the show and the time her negligee zipper caught during a two-minute quick change and she had to dodge artfully around the rest of the show to keep her scandalous bare back away from the audience. Then, too, the time the cast tricked her by filling with water a pickle she had to crunch so that the minute she bit in, it squirted her all over. But all in all Thaxter was mad for the life. That's why, perhaps, when Zimbalist spotted her for Ellen Lawson Phyllis said, "No." Also, she hadn't forgotten that disastrous first test with the Cleopatra hairdo. Remember, too, she was one of those young star-struck arty Rehearsal Clubbers whose creed is to boo Hollywood as a crass commercial joint—until they get a fat contract.

lucky thirty seconds . . .

But Mr. Zimbalist knew what he wanted and how to get it. "Will you read the script?" he wired Phylly, and sent it right along. By then Phyllis was playing around San Francisco and busy as a bee so she just kicked the script package from Hollywood around for a few days and then one night, with nothing better to do, riffled through it. Well—she didn't sleep much *that* night. The Inner Voice was shouting in her ear again. And the next morning Phylly was calling Hollywood and inquiring, "When do I start?" That's what it did to her. She blames it all on the wonderful story of Ted Lawson and his wife, Ellen. And today she'll tell you the thing she is proudest of is her job in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." She's flooded daily with letters from service wives with husbands overseas, thanking her for the courage and hope the picture blessed them with. Phylly knows now what a vast influence a Hollywood film can have—what a wonderful audience she plays to. As for art—no Broadway stage could give her a better crack at it than she has in "Bewitched," the Oboler psyche-study I mentioned a while back. M-G-M has no kicks either, naturally, what with Phyllis' landing on MODERN SCREEN's popularity poll almost before you could say "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo."

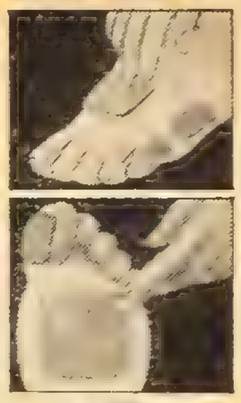
But I suspect the main reason Down-East Thaxter is so happy about being a Horrible Hollywood citizen at present could be traced to another source without too much sleuthing. If she hadn't come to Hollywood she wouldn't have met and married Jimmy, pardon, Captain James T. Aubrey, U.S. Army, Air Transport Command.

Phyllis met her fate in as neat a boy-meets-girl sequence as a Hollywood scripter could dream up. On a blind date. And even if her New England ancestors took a turn or two in their graves at such a thing, Phylly's sure it was worth it. Jimmy's a six-foot, young ex-Princeton University footballers, and it was a case of love at very first sight.

Phyllis Morgan, who runs Hollywood's famous Cock and Bull restaurant, was the Cupid in the case. She's a young, pretty matron, whose friends call her "Kelly," which is a good idea here since there are

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already too many Phyllises cluttering up these pages, anyway. Kelly's husband's away to war and she's a demon home front activity girl with a flock of friends. So it was natural that when handsome young flier officers from families she'd known back East started roosting at her place on their leaves, she'd try to fix them up with dates. That's not such a breeze around busy Hollywood as you'd think, even with the manpower shortage, but the lonesome look in Capt. Aubrey's eyes stirred Mrs. Morgan to drastic action. She called up a girl she'd just met at a party, even though she barely knew her. The girl, of course, was our Phyllis, who was getting around by now but was not optioned by any means. Phylly was sorry, she had a dinner engagement, but she promised to drop by the Cock and Bull and meet the boys afterwards. So she did, in her usual sweater and skirt, and with her short hair flying in all directions. She didn't look any more like a Hollywood actress than the gals Jimmy'd met around Smith and Wellesley. He'd never heard of Phyllis Thaxter and wasn't a bit bedazzled by glamor which, of course, Phylly hasn't anyway.

But that night Kelly Morgan's phone rang in the wee hours and scared her out of her wits. It was only Jimmy sighing, "Kelly, what have you done to me?"

And no sooner had she slipped back into bed than the thing jingled again and this time it was Phyllis singing in a love-in-bloom voice, "Kelly, I've met the man I'm going to marry!"

continued story . . .

They had a typical war time, installment plan courtship. Because Jimmy flies big four-motor jobs all over the globe. And he's as like as not to be off to Alaska or somewhere at a minute's notice. Luckily, though, he brings a lot of damaged planes into the Douglas Santa Monica factory for repairs and that's right over the hill from M-G-M.

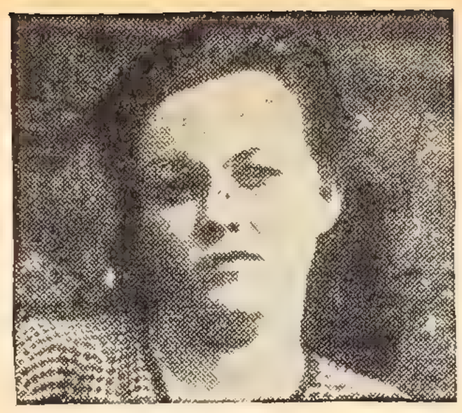
Maybe the reason Jimmy and Phyllis clicked so solidly at romance is because both were away from home in a strange land. Anyway, in no time at all Phyllis went back to Chicago on her first layoff to meet the Aubreys and Judge Thaxter was there and also Jimmy, who'd had a lucky flying break in that direction. From then on it was just a question of when,

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While Betty Hutton was appearing at the Chicago Theater here in the "Windy City," I managed to get a seat in the third row. Sitting about three seats away was a smart alec who annoyed everyone around him. When the lovely Betty started her songs, he shut up, only to start again the moment she stopped singing. Betty started "Murder, He Says," the first line of which goes, "Finally found a fellow, almost completely divine." The nuisance bent forward and shouted, "Oh yeah? What's he look like?" With complete poise and typical Hutton speed, the star stopped singing, looked down at the offender, and replied, "Not like you, Bub!" We had no more trouble from him, and Betty Hutton had scored another victory.

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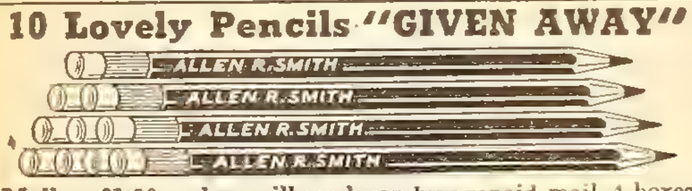
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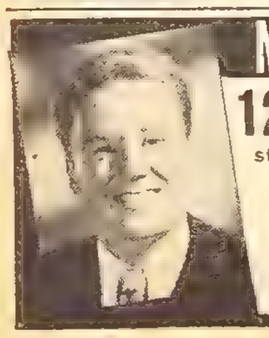
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and again a lucky flying break decided that.

Phylly was bicycling back and forth between "Weekend at the Waldorf" and "Bewitched." Then Jimmy flew into Hollywood for an overnight plane pickup. Only as he landed, the big ship got banged up and he laid over a week for repairs. That seemed like fate to Phyllis and the Inner Voice got going. Next day she made a bargain with M-G-M that she'd work until midnight if they'd let her off over the week end. From that moment things began to pop.

Phylly rushed from Lot Two at Metro during her noon hour to meet Jimmy for the license business. It was a pretty hectic wedding, as most wartime weddings are. Phyllis worked until 5:30 with the rites set for 7 o'clock. And Jimmy's flier best man from March Field got lost and just made it to the church five minutes before the wedding march. But a preacher finally made them one in proper style. Movie villain Sidney Greenstreet, who'd fathered Phyllis through "There Shall Be No Night," gave her away, Kelly Morgan came through with a gala reception at her home with champagne, wedding cake and everything, and Bob Landry, the war photographer, snapped a set of private stills for their memory album. So they were off to a Palm Springs honeymoon at last.

dinners 'n' dust . . .

The Aubreys are cozily at home these days in a tiny little furnished apartment out near M-G-M, and Phyllis knows what it's like to be a war bride. By now, Mama Thaxter has been out for a visit, leaving Margot, a Norwegian maid whose sister raised the Thaxter kids and who's practically a member of the family. That's lucky for the care and feeding of the Aubreys because Phyllis will cop an Academy Award long before she'll ever win a prize in domestic science. In the cooking line she's handy with popovers—but you can't live on popovers. Sometimes she can sew on a button, but having started acting too young she's just not handy around the house. When Ellen Lawson was expecting her last baby, Phylly thought it would be nice to knit some tiny garments. She started months before the event but at the last minute had to run out and buy the gift. Her effort was still dangling on the needles.

She would live off avocados herself, yami yogurt (a kind of thick milk) and caviar, if Margot would let her. The avocado passion is a California discovery but caviar's been a weakness for years and years. She used to have her friends give her the stuff for Christmas and birthdays and once when she was down to her last two bucks, out of a job and afraid to write her folks, she blew the whole sum for caviar just to bolster her morale. Next day, too, she got a job.

Rich fodder like that doesn't bother Thaxter's trim figure one bit—in fact, Phyllis is always eager on the gaining weight side. She burns up so much energy that chubbiness hasn't a chance. She's no ball of fire as a girl athlete, although she swims and rides well and thinks the beach is California's her best bet for fun and a tan, which she acquires like a Kanaka. She takes tennis and golf lessons now and then when she finds time because Jimmy was a championship links guy at Princeton and she'd like to keep up a bit. But what really keeps her trim is the way she knocks off the calories with work.

Phyllis thinks nothing of staying awake all night sopping up a new script. She'll work all hours on the set, knock herself out and love it. When she encountered this sexy lady part she has to play in "Bewitched," Thaxter knew a wild tomato

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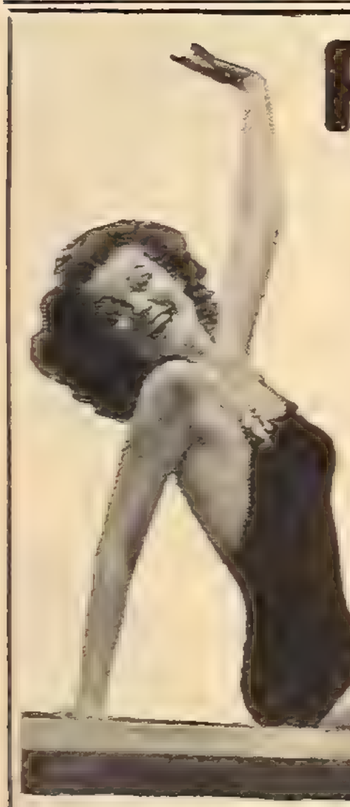
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character like that was nothing like her own naive self. So she studied all the torrid tootsies and the pictures they'd made, all the way from Hedy Lamarr to Theda Bara. That's an old stage trick of hers, too. Some of her most prized possessions are ancient recordings made by old time stage greats like Joseph Jefferson and Ellen Terry.

She knows her business so thoroughly by now that Phyllis is never threatened with a camera freeze or stage fright the way you'd expect any gal suddenly catapulted into stardom, would be. The only time on record of any such bucks and balks took place the other night when Phyllis did a radio skit with Van Johnson on the Screen Guild Theater. A bunch of bobby sockers in the front row gave out with such vocal hysterics at Van that Phyllis lost her voice in amazement. After the show some of them, to be polite, asked for her autograph along with Van's, although they really didn't have any idea who she was.

clothes clash . . .

Phyllis' clothes help keep her incognito in public. She still sticks to suits, sweaters and skirts, peasant dresses and things like that. Her favorite she calls her "Aubrey suit." That's the pink one she was married in, but the advent of Jimmy into her life hasn't helped glamor any. He sent her an Army raincoat for Christmas! Phylly just can't wear hats, for some reason. They tried exactly one hundred bonnets for a scene in "Thirty Seconds" where she simply couldn't go bareheaded, before finding one that didn't make her look silly. She's allergic to most jewelry too, outside of a beaten silver belt Jimmy bought her in Arizona and which she wears constantly, and her wedding ring. Anything like costume baubles make her look a fright.

Coiffures, of course, are impossible, considering Thaxter's hair habits. She snips her own unruly mop and washes it every other day in the shower and as a result it would take a wrestler to hold it down. But somehow on Phyllis it looks good. Besides, Jimmy likes it that way. He doesn't spoil her, though. He calls her "the ugly duckling," and tries to hide the love light in his eye.

Jimmy flies in and out as usual for Uncle Sam, but when he does get home Captain Aubrey and his busy bride have themselves a time about town. They like to dance and they've got lots of friends, especially Jimmy's pilot buddies at nearby California's airfields. Major Ted Lawson and Ellen (of "Thirty Seconds" fame) are old friends by now and Phyllis sees them constantly, especially since the hero of the Doolittle raid is now solidly established in business near Hollywood. Sometimes, too, their friends, Tom Harmon and his bride, Elyse Knox, blow in town and then that's a celebration.

scared o' the law . . .

They steer clear of all Hollywood parties, and previews are avoided like the plague, because they make Phyllis squirm, especially if she's in them. So a dance place like Mocambo or the Grove and oc-

QUIZ ANSWERS
(*Continued from page 14*)

1. c
2. a
3. b
4. a
5. c
6. b
7. b
8. c
9. a
10. c
11. c
12. b

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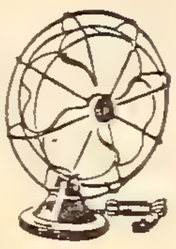
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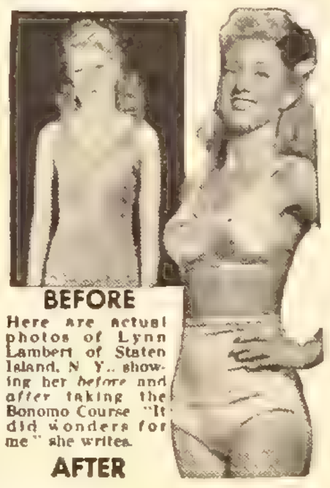
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casionally a trip to the Palladium to watch the jitterbugs whirl, is the answer. Jimmy always drives their little Ford car when he's home, because Phyllis is kind of careless about cars. Once she left the door of her flivver open and when she rounded a corner it tossed her right out on the pavement, bunged her up and scared her half to death. She flunked her driving test in Los Angeles but blandly trotted out to Beverly Hills the same day and passed it, so she's not sure it's all legal anyway. Phyllis is continually worried about such official matters. She wouldn't let them say she was twenty-one at the studio when she really is twenty-four, because she thought she might land in jail or something. And her bad habit of writing checks and then not entering the amount on her stubs worries her half to death, but she can't help it. The first thing a resolute Phyllis did when she got married was to buy a steel file and a set of books so she wouldn't disgrace Captain Jimmy with her wayward finances.

sentimental gal . . .

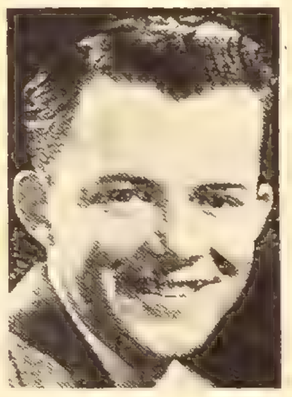
When Jimmy's off to the ends of the earth, Phyllis walks strictly alone except on Canteen nights. She's probably the most sentimental bride ever invented. It's an old failing, really; she had her mother send out her Santa Claus stocking the first Christmas she spent in Hollywood. After she married and Jimmy flew off to the wars again, Phyllis made a vow she'd go to church every Sunday until the war ends—and she has.

The other night Phyllis came home, as limp and frayed as an old shirt. She'd made retakes until all hours for "Bewitched" and all she could think of was the heavenly hay, pillows and white sheets. But when she'd tucked herself in, so tired she ached, a funny thing happened. She couldn't sleep. She tossed and turned and counted little lambs eating ivy but it was no use. Bushed as she was, she stayed wide awake and staring.

Then she remembered. No wonder—she hadn't written Jimmy! Phyllis hopped out of bed and scribbled the daily report, trotted to the corner and mailed it, then climbed back in bed. In a second she was off to Dreamland.

She may be in gay, glamorous Hollywood but Phyllis Thaxter's New England conscience is still clicking on all six. Or maybe you'd call it love.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



During the shooting of "Home In Indiana," all the bobby-sockers in town wanted to get autographs of the stars. Lon McCallister was staying at a hotel, and after about two weeks, my friend and I sneaked up the servants' entrance in a final attempt to get his autograph. I had a pretty good idea of where his room was, so when I got to what I thought was the right door, I peeked through the keyhole. Just then the door opened, and I don't remember anything until I woke up on a couch in Lon's room. He was bursting his sides laughing. I didn't think it was very funny, because I had an awful headache. Then he apologized, talked with me, and finally saw me home . . . with his autograph!

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SMALL IN THE SADDLE

(*Continued from page 48*)

galloping down a narrow roadway. Velvet was to stand squarely in his path, and he was to slacken speed and approach her almost with nuzzling gentleness at the end of his wild charge.

The director, the horse handler and others discussed the scene. "I think we'd better use a double," someone said. "We can get a real jockey to stand with his back to the camera. I don't think we should risk Elizabeth."

perfect faith . . .

Elibabeth looked horror stricken. In her light, gentle voice she objected, "Gracious, The Pi, I mean King Charles, wouldn't hurt me. We're friends. We can try just once, and I'll stand close enough to the fence to slide through if he doesn't seem to want to stop."

Reluctantly, the officials decided to try it. As Elizabeth predicted, King Charles poured down that lane like lightning aimed at lodestone, but when he saw Elizabeth he turned partially sidewards, eased his stride to a prance and drew up softly beside the girl who had already begun to covet him for her very own.

She brought up King's ownership at home one night. Her father is an art dealer and her mother, (an amazing pretty woman who looks like Elizabeth's older sister) was once an actress, so she can always depend upon their sympathy and understanding. "Do you suppose we could buy King Charles from the studio?" she ventured.

"But, darling, you already have a horse," protested Mrs. Taylor.

Elizabeth smiled rapturously. "I've thought that all out. If we had Prince Charming AND King Charles—two horses—you and I could go riding together, Mother."

Mr. Taylor laughed. Mrs. Taylor laughed and said she'd be afraid even of Prince Charming, since she wasn't such an equestrienne as her daughter. Bill laughed and said that even if she became King's owner, she would probably give him away to the first person for whom she felt sorry.

Elizabeth looked horror-stricken, but she grinned a little, too. This open-handedness of Miss Taylor's is something of a family joke. The reason: When "National Velvet" was first planned, the assumption was that it would be directed by Mervyn LeRoy. However, when the final directorial schedule was perfected, it was found that Mr. LeRoy's commitments were such that he couldn't handle it along with his other pictures. The assignment was handed to a joyous Mr. Clarence Brown. Elizabeth and her mother admired both men equally, but Elizabeth felt certain that Mr. LeRoy would be bitterly disappointed.

That morning, Elizabeth's father had made her a present of a handsome horse carved of teak; its mane rose magnificently from a strong neck, the muscles in his shoulders and hocks appeared, in the heavy black polished wood, to ripple with eagerness to race the wind. The carving, exquisite and not to be duplicated at any price, was an antique that Mr. Taylor had acquired in the course of his purchase of art treasures for his gallery, and—well aware of his daughter's adoration for oaters—he had presented it to her.

When Elizabeth and her mother went to the studio, toward noon, Elizabeth carried the horse—heavy as it was—with her and showed it to everyone. Then they went to Mr. LeRoy's office where he



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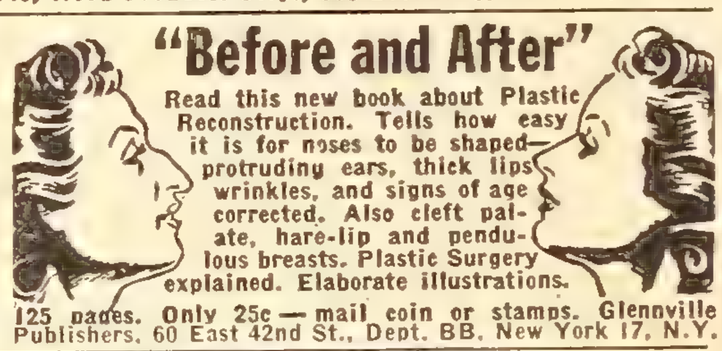
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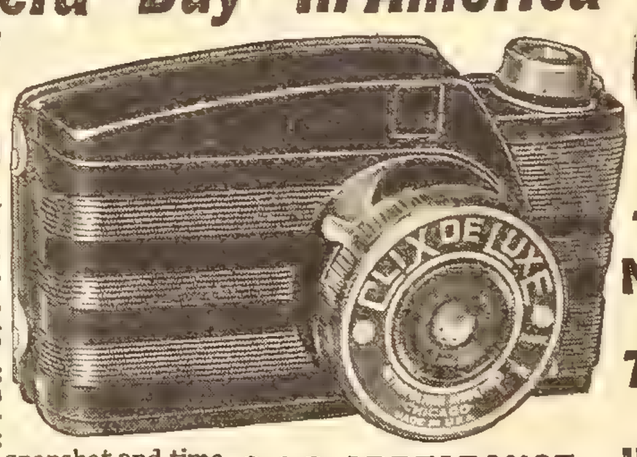
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THE CAMERA MAN 139 North Clark Street Dept. 164, Chicago 2, Ill.

confided his disappointment. He wasn't to have the intense pleasure of directing "National Velvet." As Elizabeth turned to go, she reconsidered, came back to Mervyn, and handed him her teak horse. "Even if you don't get to direct the picture," she said, "here is something to make you remember it and Velvet Brown forever."

Mr. LeRoy stared at the slim sprite smiling at him. "I couldn't accept this," he announced as he hauled out a handkerchief. "It's swell of you, Elizabeth, but . . . well, it wouldn't be right."

Elizabeth's hands clasped behind her. "It's yours," she insisted quietly.

Mrs. Taylor, feeling perhaps that Elizabeth was making a gesture that she would regret later, suggested, "Why don't you think it over, dear? I'm sure Mr. LeRoy would understand. If you still want him to have your new horse tomorrow, then you can bring it back."

But Elizabeth understood what her mother was trying in a tactful way to say: That Mr. Taylor might be hurt to have his prime gift passed on so quickly. "Father will understand," Elizabeth said, nodding into her mother's eyes. "No, I've made up my mind and I know what I'm doing. The horse belongs to Mr. LeRoy."

So, when Elizabeth's brother kidded her about giving King Charles away, she knew what he meant. And it didn't bother her in the least. There are things one *must* do and things one must *not* do. On the *must not* list would be giving King Charles away.

"Well, we'll see," said Mr. Taylor.

On her own, Elizabeth telephoned the studio and asked about how much King Charles would be, say in round millions. They said King wasn't for sale. That was comforting; it meant that someone else wouldn't snap up King before she had persuaded her family to buy him for her. Not for an instant did the nasty thought arise that King wasn't for sale to anyone. Miss Taylor, like Velvet Brown, had definite convictions about intrinsic ownership. Ever try to separate a ten penny nail from a four inch magnet?

Came then the witching day, February 27—the day on which Elizabeth was 13. She was called to the telephone by the secretary of Mr. Thau, one of Metro's executives. Said Mr. Thau, "Elizabeth—happy birthday! I have a gift for you—his name is King Charles."

"Jeepers!" gasped Elizabeth.

"The studio is giving him to you because you and The Pi belong together," he added.

"Oh, Jeepers," repeated Elizabeth as huge tears formed in her incredulous eyes and slowly moved down her cheeks. Mrs. Taylor, having been tipped off in advance, was also drying her eyes. Mr. Thau, hearing Elizabeth's third exclamation of "Jeepers" grow tremulous, was digging in a hip pocket for a handkerchief, and his secretary—who had been invited to stay on the wire in order to hear Elizabeth's comments on the subject of King Charles—was diving into the bottom drawer of her desk for a tissue.

"Well, jeepers!" said Elizabeth for the fourth time. And then she really started to cry.

Mr. Thau said it was the most sincere and eloquent speech of acceptance he had heard in a long life of after dinner addresses.

horseless hobbies . . .

Don't think for a moment that horses are Elizabeth's only interest in life, because she has more hobbies than a merry-go-round. Take reading, for instance. Her allowance is fifty cents per week (which Mrs. Taylor frequently forgets to give Eliz.,

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and which she forgets to request) and she spends it entirely on comic books. She has also read the entire Little Colonel series with the exception of five volumes. The books had to be purchased from time to time in second hand book shops throughout the country, because the many-volumed saga of the Old South is out of print.

Another activity is her music. She studied piano for a year, but she and her mother agreed that Miss Taylor spelled backward would never be Iturbi, so they abandoned her studies in black and white. But Elizabeth did show one early interest: When she stood only knob high to the home radio, she used to sing with Lily Pons, and when Lily held a high note, Elizabeth held it just a trifle longer so that her astonished family would know who deserved the more enthusiastic applause at the song's end.

So, for the past three years, Elizabeth has been studying voice, and that glint visible in the eyes of certain Metro officials is strictly a golden (as in Fort Knox) glow in anticipation of the début of their new singing star.

Elizabeth's taste in music is longhair. She has albums and albums of classics and plays them by the hour, with never a boogie beat to mar the Mozart, but when it comes to selections for her own singing that is something else again. Her all-time favorite is Gershwin's "Summertime."

And recently she was given a military air, newly equipped with lyrics, to try. It was so stirring, so fluttering with banners, that she wanted to cry it out. She could feel the music marching down flag-draped streets, echoing from tall buildings, ordering thousands of rhythmic feet, and it throbbed in her blood, making her burn to give full voice to the sound. "Keep it down, keep it down," ordered the director. "There's plenty of time for that. That will come later. Right now—KEEP IT DOWN."

Practically everyone has seen pictures of Elizabeth with her chipmunk. She trapped him herself in a private Taylor invention. The trap consisted at first of a rectangular wooden box with a trap door tripped by a string; on the floor of this furry Alcatraz was placed a thick carpet of wheat. However, Elizabeth discovered that a chipmunk, quick to sense his mistake in going for black market grain, made a mad dash for the light, i.e., his original spot of entry, and got away. She solved that one by boring a few very small holes in the opposite side of the box so that the confused chipmunk cast himself at the wrong exit. Some of the chipmunks she captured simply never got the idea of local culture, but Nibbles took to civilization like Breathless took to Shaky's safe deposit dough. Currently, he is hand fed and lives luxuriously at the end of a long string which is used chiefly to withdraw him rapidly and forcefully from the nervous attention of the resident cat, a character named Jeepers Creepers.

help wanted . . .

Elizabeth has several household duties. On Thursday and Sunday mornings—when the maid is out—she makes her own bed. (This is an indication of progress, because the previous maid had given Elizabeth strict orders that Miss Taylor was to make her bed EVERY morning. The new maid is more indulgent.) She is required to set the table for dinner, to remove the dishes to the kitchen after dinner, and to set the table for breakfast before she goes to bed at night. She is also learning to cook.

Her decision to make with the pots and pans was reached in an unexpected way. Elizabeth and her mother were on the set

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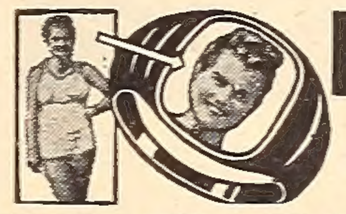


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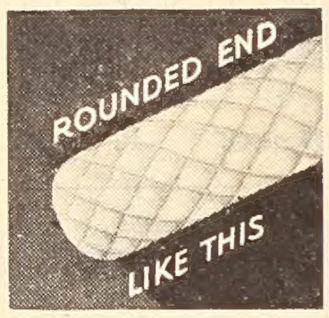
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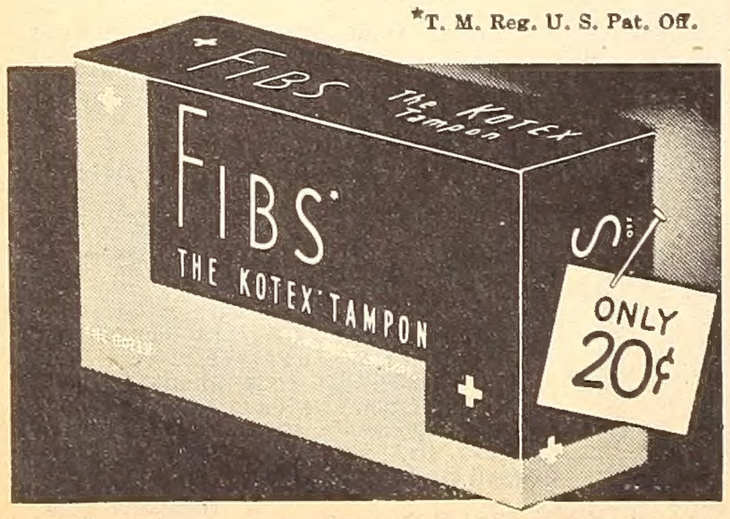
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one day when, quite by accident, they overheard the conversation of two extra players. One girl was saying to another, "I can't boil water without burning it. Really, I'm totally helpless in a kitchen, I can't even fry an egg."

The other girl, not to be outdone in reverse domestic virtue, said, "I burn myself and spill things and break dishes and generally create havoc in a kitchen. I'm strictly a career girl, I guess."

On the way home that night, Elizabeth broke a long silence to observe to her mother, "I don't think being useless in a kitchen is anything to be proud of, do you? I mean, why shouldn't everyone know how to go into a kitchen and prepare an appetizing meal? We don't ever know when it might be very necessary to know how to cook well."

"That's right," agreed Mrs. Taylor.

lookie at cookie . . .

"And besides, it's feminine to know those things. I think every girl should be able to be a homemaker . . . even if she *is* a career girl." So Elizabeth is learning how to make light bread rolls, several different kinds of cake, salads, and how to cook vegetables properly. So far she hasn't had a serious failure, so it would appear that her future husband is going to be robbed of that bridal biscuit gag.

One of Elizabeth's best friends is the daughter of a tremendously wealthy family; she is a girl who has, literally, everything, yet she is required to perform the same household tasks as Elizabeth is. Also, she takes care of the simple mending of her clothes; when a dress needs to be shortened or lengthened, this girl is perfectly capable of attending to it.

Recently, Elizabeth, accompanied by her mother, bought two lightweight frocks for summer. Both dresses needed to be shortened for Elizabeth, so she persuaded her mother to pin in the hem, then Elizabeth settled herself with needle and thread and ran a fine seam. A third girl friend arrived in the midst of this work and demanded pityingly, "Does your mother make you do your own sewing? Gosh, MY mother does all those things for me. You and Mary sure have your troubles."

"My mother doesn't MAKE me do any of the things I do around the house," Elizabeth said easily. "I like to have responsibility, and that's the way Mary feels about it, too. We think it's womanly to know something about domestic tasks."

The following afternoon all THREE of the girls spent in shortening slacks and sewing on buttons.

Elizabeth's taste in clothing is something over which the Kodacolor cameramen drool. One outfit consists of a pair of purple slacks, a chartreuse blouse, and a chartreuse sloppy joe. Another is made up of silver grey slacks, a coral blouse, and a coral sloppy joe. The last time she counted them, she had 30 sweaters, some in matching sets, some singletons, but her favorite ensemble is a pair of russet frontier pants, western high heeled ridingboots, a yellow blouse, yellow ascot, and a russet fringed suede vest.

Her favorite dress-up dress is summersky blue silk on which are hand painted a herd of wandering, cottony clouds. It's really dreamy. The rest of her skirted wardrobe is mainly peasant, with white blouses and full skirts decorated with wide bands of color and rainbow ric-rac. She is parting her hair just now from the middle of her forehead to the nape of her neck with the hair brought upward from the temples and a hank of yarn braided into a plait on each side of her head and crossed over to meet in the middle.

Mrs. Taylor, catching her before the mirror one morning completing this coiffure, shook her head slowly. "I don't think so, dear. It's pretty, but honestly I think it's a little too mature for you. Not old, exactly, but just a trifle too grown up."

"May I wear it this way today while you think it over?" Elizabeth, the diplomat, wanted to know. Mrs. Taylor said, "Well, all right."

They stopped in a shop in Beverly Hills to check the blouse situation, and Mrs. Taylor's conversation with the salesgirl was interrupted by her daughter's joyous request, "Please turn around, Mother!"

About four feet away stood two little girls, one about six, the other about eight. Their hair was combed exactly like Elizabeth's, yarn and all.

"Too mature?" queried Elizabeth.

Mrs. Taylor grinned. "It's very becoming to them—and to you, dear," she said, giving in gracefully.

People who know Elizabeth well are convinced that she never walks; she runs. Everything must be done in a hurry, life is short, there is excitement everywhere, nothing can be missed. So—on one of her streaks from sound stage to school room—Elizabeth tripped over some lurking object, fell on her foot and broke one of the tarsal bones. She was rushed to a doctor who took X-rays and committed the foot to a cast, "And there, young lady, it will have to remain for at least two months. Come back in three weeks and we'll see how you are getting along."

Pictures taken at the end of three weeks time indicated that the break was healed. However, the doctor thought that she should use crutches for several weeks.

"What if she won't use the crutches?" asked Mrs. Taylor.

milk maid . . .

"She will because the foot will pain her," said the medical man. "The reason she has recovered so rapidly is her love of milk—her system really produces the calcium needed for fast repair, but I don't think the repair will be so fast that she will give up her crutches for a long time."

She discarded them at the end of a week. Currently they are gathering dust in the garage and Elizabeth hasn't even suffered a twinge since.

There are six girls in the immediate vicinity of the Taylor home, so they recently organized a slumber party to be held at Elizabeth's. For dinner they had four hamburgers and two hot dogs each, then settled down for a long, complicated gab session. They talked about boys—"not very interesting, but our ideas may change"—about dogs, horses, clothes, Dick Tracy, L'il Abner, good places to go bicycling, and the summer vacation. Elizabeth scorched everyone with envy when she announced that within a week her family was leaving for a month in Wisconsin where her uncle owns an estate embracing several lakes.

At midnight the girls decided the time had come to raid the icebox. They tiptoed downstairs, giggling, and viewed the larder. Mrs. Taylor had anticipated them with a huge bowl of potato salad, cold fried chicken, and fruit.

The girls looked at the marvelous, beautiful food. Then they looked desperately from one to the other. They were too filled with hamburger and hot dogs to eat a bite. They slipped back upstairs and turned in, after having sworn a solemn oath to meet every year on the same night for another slumber party. "To compare notes about our futures," Elizabeth said.

One of the girls giggled, "And next year, maybe you'll be able to pronounce 'linoleum.'" Elizabeth is inclined to call it "niloleum" or "niloneum."

No matter how she pronounces floor covering, Elizabeth is pronounced adorable

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